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The Equipage of the Millionaire.

BY FRANK S. ARNETT.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FASHIONS IN HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES, AND THE COST OF ESTABLISHING AND MAINTAINING AN UP-TO-DATE CARRIAGE ROOM—GOOD FORM IN EQUIPAGES, AND THE ETIQUETTE OF DRIVING.

IN purchasing a victoria or tooling a four-in-hand the man who has attained his millions overnight can be as guilty of bad form as in dining. He can offend much more easily, indeed, for while the average man instinctively knows at least the rudiments of table etiquette, the laws of good form in equipages and in driving, to say nothing

of the art of driving well, constitute knowledge laboriously acquired.

Occasionally, in New York's Fifth Avenue a brougham blazes with a coat-of-arms. A crest is the limit of the permissible, and a monogram would be best. A servant may accompany a type of carriage wherein properly he has no place; or he may appear with a run-



A SPIDER PHAETON, A LIGHT AND STYLISH FOUR-WHEELED VEHICLE FOR THE ROAD OR THE PARK.

This and the other illustrations in the present article are from photographs by Bidwell, New York.

about in livery suitable for a landau. Less frequent are two men where but one is allowable. More probably bridle rosettes clash with carriage trimmings; or, with a victoria, steel kidney links ally themselves with brass-mounted harness, making undress that which should be dress. Again, pole-chains, intended as an added touch of smartness, should not appear where the coachman drives;

are instructing us in sensible and swagger driving—for in handling the ribbons, though in few other things, these terms are pretty nearly synonymous.

The American millionaire once sent abroad for his private carriage. To-day our product is found in Europe, and our coach-builders fear none of any nationality. Half a century ago the creation of a single vehicle required six months'



A DEMI MAIL PHAETON, USED AT NEWPORT BY ALFRED G. VANDERBILT, WHO IS DRIVING IN THE ENGRAVING.

yet they are so used in America. A woman who knows better than to wear diamonds at breakfast will ornament her trap or horses with similar bad taste. Men who, in the saddle, show a thorough understanding of the correct handling of the horse will continually violate good form as drivers.

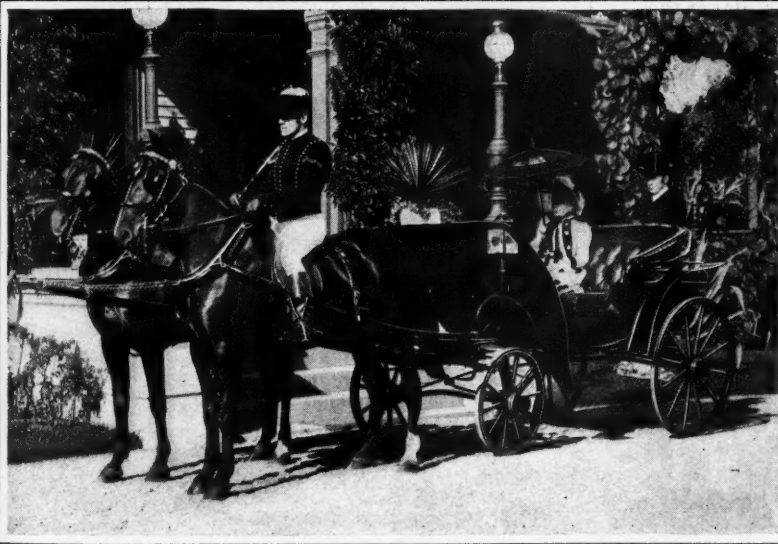
Such facts indicate a recent birth of the fashionable American equipage; yet the fact that these niceties are studied evinces the increasing popularity of horse-drawn pleasure vehicles. Our carriage-builders are educating us in appropriate conveyances and correct appointments, while European whips

labor. Factories now furnish better results at one-third the cost, although in the carriage *de luxe* machinery still plays but a minor part.

We have an advantage in our woods, ash and poplar being used in the body, second growth hickory in the spokes, and elm in the hubs. For expensive carriages, wood naturally seasoned—a long process—is employed. For the cheaper sort, resort is had to the quick drying-kiln. By the use of steel and naturally seasoned woods grace unites with strength. This union, increased luxury, and innovations in color tones are the distinctive features of to-day. Rubber



A TILBURY, A CART NAMED AFTER THE ENGLISH CARRIAGE-BUILDER WHO FIRST SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF TWO-WHEELED SUSPENSION.



A DEMI DAUMONT USED BY MRS. JAMES H. KERNOCHAN AT NEWPORT—THE DAUMONT IS A VEHICLE OF STATE, WITH FOUR HORSES AND TWO POSTILIONS; THE DEMI DAUMONT HAS TWO HORSES AND ONE POSTILION.



AN IRISH JAUNTING CAR, A VEHICLE OF WHICH PERHAPS THREE SPECIMENS ARE IN USE IN AMERICA
—MRS. GEORGE P. EUSTIS IS DRIVING; WITH HER IS MRS. R. L. AGASSIZ.

tires can hardly be called a novelty, for they were introduced a century ago in London by the Earl of Shaftesbury.

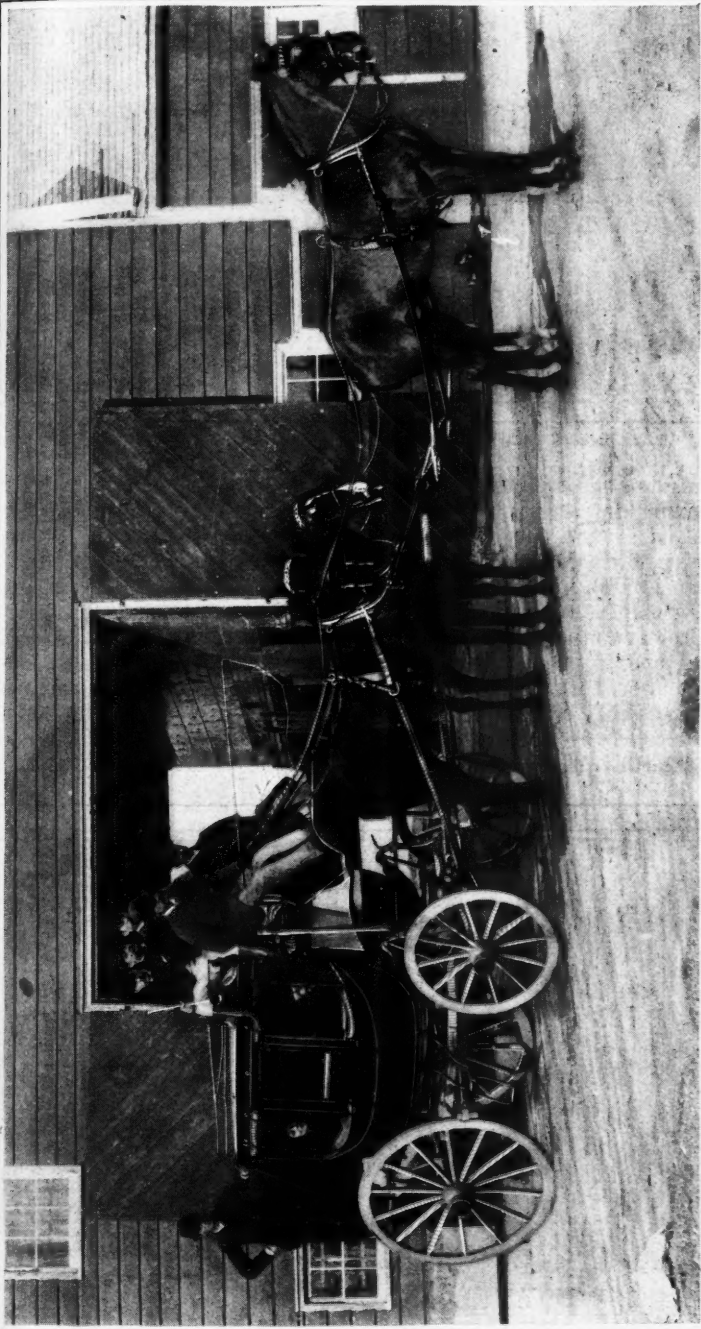
THE REIGN OF THE HORSE.

To the carriage-maker is due part of the credit for the fact that the thorough-

bred and the automobile to-day hold equal rank in the millionaire's stable and in his heart. Despite the tremendous advance of the motor, there are many indications of a coincident increase in driving. The Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club, for instance,



A TROTTING SULKY, THE TYPICAL VEHICLE OF THE TRACK.



AN OLD-TIME CONCORD COACH, WITH BODY HUNG ON LEATHER STRAPS—BUILT ABOUT 1820, THIS VEHICLE WAS USED FOR FIFTY YEARS ON THE ROAD IN MAINE, AND IS STILL IN GOOD CONDITION—IT NOW BELONGS TO E. D. MORGAN, WHO KEEPS IT AT HIS COUNTRY PLACE, WESTBURY, LONG ISLAND—IN THE ENGRAVING MR. MORGAN IS DRIVING; CENTER HITCHCOCK SITS BESIDE HIM, AND THOMAS HITCHCOCK, J. L. BERESFORD, AND STANLEY MORTIMER SIT BEHIND; INSIDE THE COACH ARE MRS. MORGAN AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.



R. F. CARMAN AND HIS SMART DRAG READY FOR THE SHOW RING.

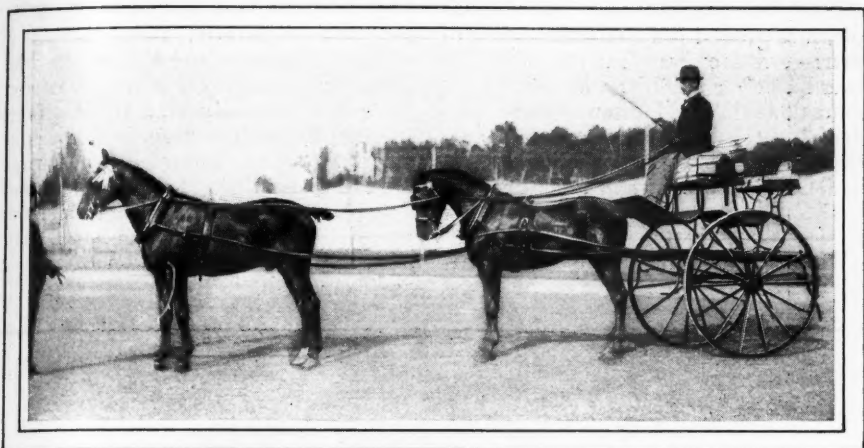
at the entrance to Prospect Park, is not unique in having, in its great carriage room, one hundred and fifty vehicles, including light pleasure traps, broughams, and victorias, the private property of members who have additional equipages in their own stables.

Convincing, too, is the increase in private and public coaching. Yachts, newspapers, and public coaches are proverbially the most costly amusements of the man of wealth. While their seats

are open to all who can pay for them, these vehicles are not intended to be money-makers. The price of a place for the run from New York to Lakewood is twelve dollars, but the expense of equipping the coach for the brief season is twenty-five thousand dollars. The Liberty, which covers this route, carries fourteen outside and four inside passengers. It was built in Paris, and weighs three thousand pounds, some seven hundred more than the heaviest



A SKELETON BREAK, WITH FOUR GREEN HORSES BEING BROKEN IN FOR COACHING.



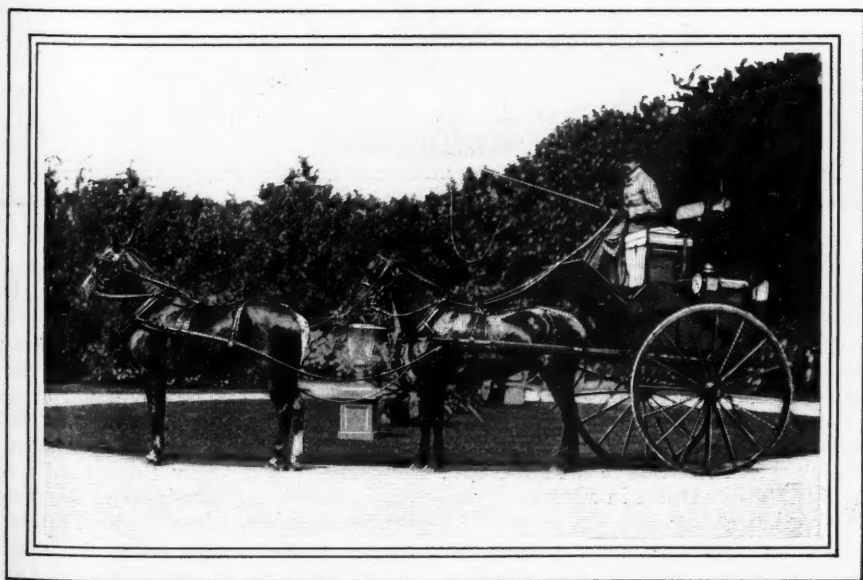
A SKELETON HIGH CART, WITH RUMBLE FOR GROOM, AND WITH A PRIZE-WINNING TANDEM TEAM.

of the now almost forgotten mail-coaches of England. The guard, whose scarlet coat is braided with gold, sports a drab high hat, breeches, and leggings. The red sweaters of the grooms at the nine relay stations show horseshoes enclosing the initial letter of the coach.

A faltering faith in the romance of the thing, as pictured in English sporting fiction, is encouraged by "togs" like these. It is rehabilitated the moment the melody of the bugle is heard.

It becomes perfect when the guard, in response to a question from the coachman—who is, perhaps, a Vanderbilt, or some one equally free from necessity for such an occupation—prefaces his reply by rising and saluting. The romantic or picturesque, whether in coaching, in fighting, or in making love, requires a tinge of the olden time.

The "coach and four," figuring in the dreams of every schoolgirl, is not numerous even in Central Park, yet



OLIVER H. P. BELMONT AND HIS ENGLISH SPORTING CART, WITH A TANDEM TEAM.

during much of the year that famous pleasure-ground is a continuous show of carriages. Nowhere in the world is there a better exhibit; and next to the annual affair in Madison Square Garden, it probably does more than anything else to promote the equipment and maintenance of splendid turnouts.

THE SMART TANDEM.

Here, more frequently than elsewhere in America, is seen the tandem,

vor, it is not seen so frequently as to have lost its novelty. Particularly is it the test of woman's skill, and she who drives it properly has nearly mastered the art of horsemanship. Driving four, whether to coach or drag, is not so difficult as tandem, although—so minute are the distinctions in appointment and deportment—it is easier to violate the proprieties with a four-in-hand than with any other combination of wheels and horseflesh.



A TWO-WHEELED FRENCH PHAETON, A TYPE OF VEHICLE SELDOM SEEN IN AMERICA.

than which there is no smarter form of equipage. To this the fashionable hackney, essentially a show horse, possessing beauty, style, and action, is especially adapted. The tandem of to-day originated at the old-time English fox-hunt, when the drive to the meet was made in a cart, and, in place of having the hunter tied to the tail-board, he was put in harness in advance of the driving horse.

Like all bizarre driving customs, the tandem lacks utilitarianism; but it is picturesque, and, though it grows in fa-

But the American woman whip, worthy the name, has little of which to be ashamed. She has good nerves, a greater delicacy of touch than a man, and an erect but graceful poise. She does not stoop, extend her hands or elbows, or jerk constantly at the bit. She holds her whip at the proper angle, grasping it just below the second ferrule. In driving four-in-hand, her lash gently touches the leaders, and, returning, is neatly caught upon the stick. Occasionally she is found familiar with the whip signals, by which those that



W. E. D. STOKES IN HIS RUSSIAN DROSHKY—THE HORSE, OF THE FAMOUS ORLOFF ARAB BREED, IS A PRESENT FROM THE CZAR OF RUSSIA.

follow may know she is about to start, to stop, or to turn to right or left.

Whether tandem or otherwise, two-wheeled vehicles must have a perfect balance, or both horse and driver are

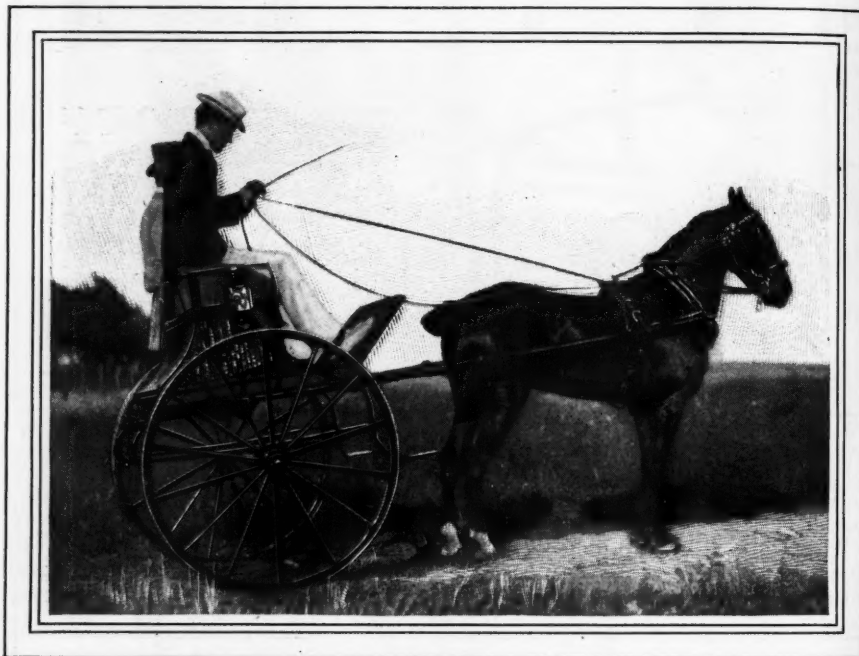
miserable. This is true equally of a currie, a skeleton cart, the two-wheeled French phaetons that are still a novelty here, the imposing English sporting cart which O. H. P. Belmont



A TYPICAL CART AND TANDEM TEAM, A STYLISH AND POPULAR EQUIPAGE FOR PARK DRIVING.

introduced in America, the Irish jaunting car, of which possibly three are used on this side of the Atlantic, and the neat but unpretentious tilbury, named after the English carriage-builder who first solved the problem of two-wheeled

carriage, harness, horse, and servants—none, that is, save perhaps the daumont, which, with its four horses and two postilions, seems the equipage of royalty itself. Introduced in the reign of the first Napoleon, and taking its name



A LIGHT HIGH CART, OF A TYPE OFTEN SEEN AT NEWPORT AND THE SUMMER RESORTS.

suspension. All these, as a usual thing, must be heavy. They must be built with extreme care, and are to be drawn by horses of a size to insure a perfectly horizontal seat.

Unlike the tandem, the unicorn—three horses, two abreast and one in the lead—is driven from a four-wheeled vehicle, preferably the break. At the National Horse Show no class is provided for the unicorn, and it is seldom seen elsewhere; a regrettable absence, its attractiveness commanding attention.

THE PARADE OF THE PARK DRIVERS.

Outnumbering three to one all other carriages in the park, the victoria, no longer cumbersome, but graceful and luxurious, is, as always, the typical conveyance of a duchess. No vehicle more insistently demands perfect appointments and absolute harmony between

from the Duc d'Aumont, the turnout is so regal that even at gorgeous Newport—as may be seen from the engraving on page 643—Mrs. Kernochan contents herself with the demi type, two horses and a single postilion.

Together with the victoria as an essential in the millionaire's carriage room stands the brougham. Finished in perfect taste and the latest form, it is a typical and serviceable vehicle of the twentieth century. It is continually being constructed along lighter and more graceful lines, and with greater interior comfort and convenience. Its complete appointments include a mirror, a dainty clock, an umbrella holder, racks for books and parcels, toilet articles of silver and cut glass, and rests for arms and feet. Its doors easily unlatch from the inside, its noiseless windows really remain open or closed at



A VERY LIGHT ROAD WAGON FOR DRIVING A PAIR OF HORSES—A DEMOCRATIC AND TYPICALLY AMERICAN TURNOUT.



A SKELETON HIGH CART, WITHOUT REAR SEAT—A VEHICLE MUCH USED IN THE RING AT AMERICAN HORSE-SHOWS.

your pleasure, and a signal bell makes unnecessary your former shrieked instructions to the coachman. It is a vast improvement on the French vehicle which Lord Brougham, more than threescore years ago, had copied by his coach-builder in England.

The mail phaeton, whose present purpose belies its name, is imposing, high and heavy, yet comfortable, its

settes, and if a servant is carried he is in undress livery of whipcord breeches and leggings.

We have not completed the list of types found in a millionaire's carriage room, and of each of these and of others there are many styles. There are, too, special vehicles for special purposes: the station wagon, akin to a light and business-like brougham; the



STANLEY MORTIMER'S CURRICULE—IT HAS A PAIR OF HORSES UNITED BY A METALLIC BAR EXTENDING FROM THE HARNESS PADS AND SUPPORTING THE POLE.

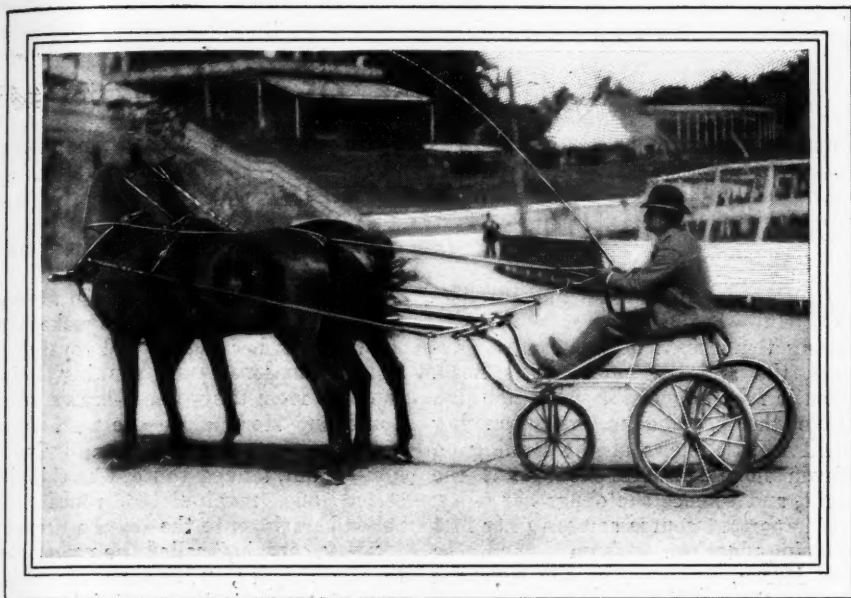
harness brightened by polished pole-chains, jointed links, and rings. Properly appointed, it has two servants in the hinder seat. Prior to the advent of the railway, one was at the bridle of the horses by the time they were halted, while the other drew from beneath the body of the vehicle its folding steps. To-day the retention of both is sentiment, but so is the picturesque in many matters of graver importance.

More universally used in America than any one type is the runabout, light, inexpensive, and adapted to infinite use. Although possessing a score of other traps, the millionaire invariably has one or more of these. The proper body is black, with running gear of red. The correct whip is the lash, the monogram appears only on winkers or ro-

private omnibus for theater or station use; the governess cart, a two-wheeler like a large but graceful clothes-basket, in whose depth and strength the little chaps find safety.

WHAT OUR CARRIAGES COST.

Despite all modern economy in manufacturing processes, the up-to-date carriage is a costly luxury. Even its housing is palatial, Frank Work having expended for this purpose more than half a million dollars. From chandeliers fit for a ball-room comes light in many a stable where carriages stand in stately line. Everywhere are racks of burnished brass, harness closets of plate glass, and fittings of carved wood and marble. Within the hitching-up room at the country seat of a wealthy New



A THREE-WHEELED SKELETON TROTting RIG, SAID TO BE UNIQUE.

Yorker a four-in-hand can easily be swung around. Handsome rugs extend throughout the center of the one-hundred-foot carriage-room, walled and ceiled in polished hardwood. The vehicles, ranged along the sides, stand on white sand, edged with horsy designs worked out in colors.

The cost of a stylish equipage is no trifling matter. For the brougham you hire, eight hundred dollars may have been paid; one you would have in your own carriage room will represent not less than fifteen hundred, and it may go as high as five or six thousand. A reasonable estimate of the millionaire's stable room would show the following:

Victoria	\$2,000
Landau	2,500
Daumont	2,500
Brougham	1,500
Runabout	300
Mail Phaeton	700
Drag	2,000
Light Speeding Wagon	400
Light High Cart	600
Station Wagon	500
Governess Cart	400

\$13,400

These are not the only expenses. High-priced jewelers display whips, crops, and carriage fittings mounted in

gold, silver, and copper. At least once a year, too, every vehicle should be overhauled by an expert—not merely painted and varnished, but taken entirely apart. The millionaire can scarcely escape an annual repair charge of from three hundred to five hundred dollars.

Servants, of course, add something. The most important, and the hardest to find, is the coachman who not only knows his business but also meets fashion's requirement that he should be not less than five feet seven and a half inches in height, nor less than one hundred and forty pounds in weight. He and the shorter and lighter groom must, of course, be clean shaven, although there is a certain distinction, almost a guarantee of lineage, in the old negro coachman with his tiny whiff of snow-white side-burns. Properly to fit out a coachman with great-coats, breeches, boots, leggings, capes, robes, and all the rest, involves an expenditure of not less than six hundred dollars. Altogether, even a modest bachelor's stable expenses, including wages, renewal of liveries, and repairs to his traps, may easily come up to five thousand dollars annually.

The Evangelist of Culture.

THE SUMMER IDYLL OF AN ISLAND OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

I.

VERY early in the morning the Sea-Gull begins her winding trip among the islands of Eastern Bay toward the mainland city at its head. Even in full summer the sun is not high above the heaving waters when her shrill whistle blows at the landing on Haven Island, where she spends the night, and whence she chugs her noisy, self-important course across to her first stopping-place on Balsam Island. In late March, however, by the time she reaches that rough and precipitous little heap of land, it is only a wonderful red that is seen above the low point where Balsam's rocks barricade the sea.

It was this glory of color, flaming suddenly over the dark ocean, flushing its edge of foam, illuminating the somber, scrubby growths which give the island its name, that made Florence Wendell gasp as she beheld it.

"Father," she said imperatively to the gentleman who slumbered uncomfortably in a camp chair against the pilot house. "Father, look!"

Mr. Wendell, who had come greatly against his will to Haven Island for a day on legal business, and who had brought his daughter because she had insisted upon accompanying him, blinked at the sunrise.

"Very fine, my dear, very fine," he said, and turned his coat collar higher about him.

Florence stood at the rail, a lovely figure in the dawn. Her fine-spun, dusk-black hair blew about her pale, spirited face, her gray eyes were lustrous with admiration and resolve; her tall, lithe body swayed rhythmically with the movement of the boat. She had taken off her hat as a mere toy for the wind, and the high collar of a dark golf cape framed her head and face. She pointed dramatically to the island.

"Father," she cried, "we must come here! We must have a place here!"

Her father opened his eyes in worried protest. But before he could make clear his views on her sudden and royal decision, a young man came running toward the boat from the weather-beaten warehouse and store above the pier. Florence's wide gaze of approval included him—a tall, tanned youth, who skilfully seized and manipulated ropes, and rolled barrels on to the vessel with ease.

"Say, captain," called the young man to the skipper, "Miss Debbie Snow wants to go up to the city this morning, and I promised to hold the boat for her if she wasn't here on time. She won't be more than a few minutes late. She never is."

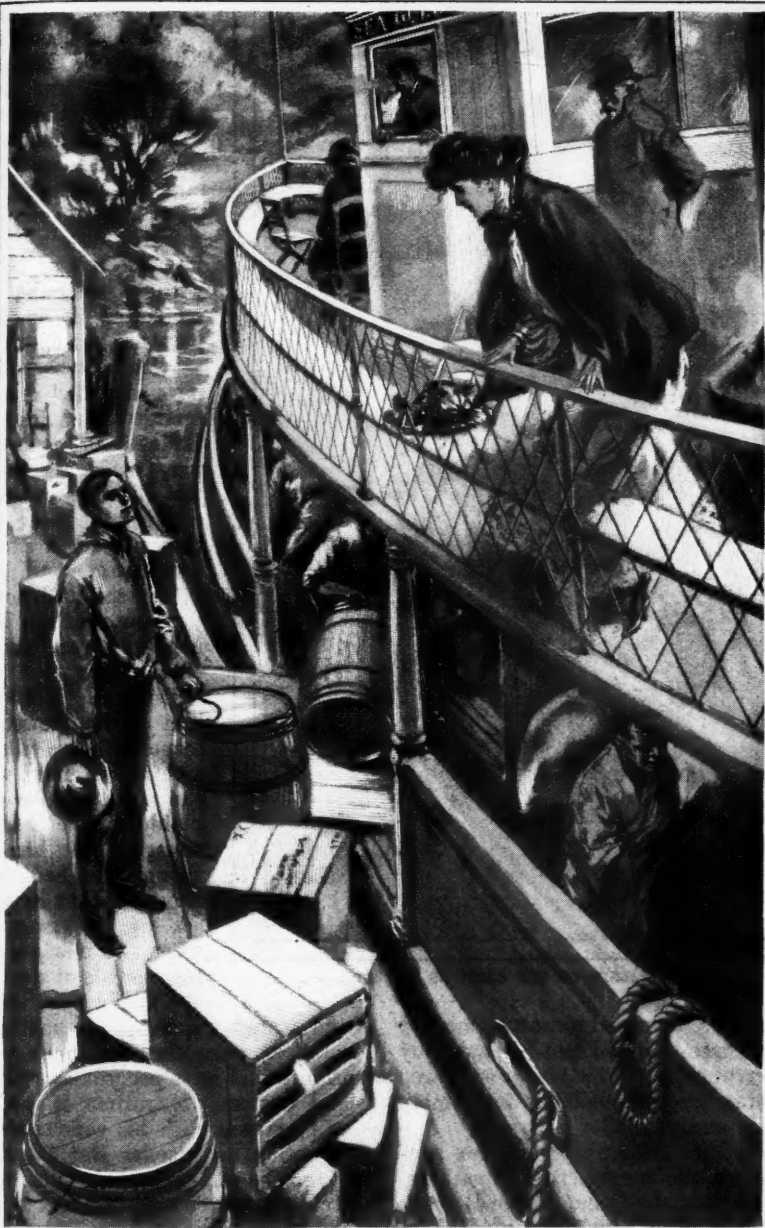
The captain agreed indifferently to this arrangement. Florence leaned over the deck rail.

"I beg your pardon," she called in a voice flute-like and penetrating, "but can you tell me if there is a cottage or any land for sale on this island?"

"Florence! What folly!" ejaculated her parent, joining her at the edge of the boat, but Florence merely smiled upon the young man.

"Not such a cottage as you'd care for," he answered, and her eyes rewarded him for his discrimination. "But land, yes. There are a few summer people here already, and there's more land for sale on the cliff"—he nodded toward the sea end of the island.

Despairingly—for Mr. Wendell knew the obstinacy of his daughter's impulses and the irresistible beguilement of her persuasions—her father began to object. It was a matter of form rather than of hope. Florence smiled her golden smile upon him, and his denunciation of her scheme dwindled into throat-clearing. He mentally retreated to his last stronghold, the belief that she would fall a victim to some other



"CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS A COTTAGE OR ANY LAND FOR SALE ON THIS ISLAND?"

passion before she was irretrievably the owner of an estate upon this God-forsaken island. He wondered vaguely if all girls reared by doting fathers were as headstrong; he half wished that she had not come into the money her aunt



DEBBIE PAUSED ON THE CREST OF THE HILL.

left her. A moneyed young woman of twenty-three who had had her own way uninterruptedly since she was three was a terrible responsibility for a mere attorney and counselor at law!

When Miss Deborah Snow came running down the rough, crooked path toward the pier, she found Hiram Dedrick engaged in close conversation with the attractive stranger on the upper deck of the Sea-Gull. Deborah's brown eyes grew wide with surprise; then they clouded. And Hiram's manner of wishing her a pleasant trip to the city seemed to her unnecessarily formal.

When she returned that evening, he

told her that he foresaw a future for the island.

"It is as beautiful as Newport or Bar Harbor," he announced, standing on the central height and surveying the six or seven square miles of rock and stunted evergreen growth.

"How do you know?" inquired Miss Snow, with a somewhat untactful emphasis on the personal pronoun.

Hiram, whose journeys had led him no farther than Bowdoin College for a term or two, made no answer. But his eyes swept the cliff for the most desirable site for a summer dwelling, and took rather scornful note of the houses of the fishermen who were his compatriots.

Deborah looked at him as he viewed the scene. There was a tension at her heart which she could not have explained. She was not engaged to him, although she had always expected that he would ask her to marry him when the mortgages on the one island store, the one island pier, the one

island express wagon, all the holdings of his father, were cleared. Such a conclusion would be in accordance with the island custom. Meantime it was not hers to reason with his conclusions, or to question his moods. But the necessity for the self-respecting silence that she must perforce maintain was a physical hurt to her.

"Good night," she said abruptly; "I must be getting on."

He came back from his contemplation of the island's future, or whatever vision had absorbed him, and smiled at her.

"You can't get on without your pack-

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ages," he reminded her, "and I'm carrying them for you."

II.

MR. WENDELL'S good angel was not with him that day. During the rest of the brief voyage Florence saw no sight to drive the memory of Balsam Island from her. She sat buried in some mental calculation until they reached Northport. There they dallied over luncheon, killing time until the south-bound train should be ready to bear them to Boston. Food put courage into the father's heart. He broached the subject of the island.

"Of course," he said, "you were romancing when you talked to that young man in the jumper about a cottage?"

"Did he wear a jumper?" asked Florence dreamily and irrelevantly. "I didn't notice that. No, father dear, I wasn't romancing. Now, tell the truth. Did you ever see such a lovely spot?"

"Thousands of them," replied Mr. Wendell promptly.

Florence shook her head and smiled at him.

"Lucky man!" she said. "I never did. It appeals to me, I can't tell you how powerfully. I feel that I could do something really worth while there"—Florence was by way of being an artist. "The color, the clarity of the air, the intensity and austerity of the beauty—"

"Austerity! You've hit it there. It's as bleak a place as I ever saw in my life."

"Ah!" she said. "Didn't you notice, father, that most of the houses were the little unpainted cabins of the poor fisher-folk? Didn't you notice that one store at the pier, all wonderful velvety-gray from the weather, and rambling and queer? And the rough hill back of it, and the firs? That's no smug, prosperous summer settlement! And we are going there, father, and you'll forget that you ever had dyspepsia, and I'll paint. And we won't have Aunt Belinda. We simply won't. I don't need a chaperon in a simple place like this. And we'll live among the people—the real, human people, not the same tiresome lady and gentleman manikins

that we see all the year. I think," Florence wound up in a sort of ecstasy—"I think that I'd like to do the housework myself. I want to get close to the realities."

"Um-m-m," commented her father. "I think we'll take a cook. Come, my dear. Our train is ready. We'll discuss these plans later."

Florence swayed along behind him, rapt and shining-eyed. She saw herself leading the "simple life," and the vision pleased her. A plain, rough blue sweater would do, she thought, for the boating expeditions; she was glad that she was slender enough to wear it fearlessly. For the house, rough denim skirts and shirts, open a little at the throat. For freedom of movement should accompany simplicity, of course. And the people, as she moved among them, interested in their daily joys and sorrows, painting perhaps *genre* pictures in their poor kitchens, or their hard-won garden patches—how the people would grow to love her! She must bring a great deal of brightness into their bare lives. She must teach them the easiness of beauty, so to speak. If she could banish tin and agate ware, for instance, and induce them to use the coppers of the French or Russian peasant, what a blow for beauty she would have struck!

Well, she would see what she could do. If the coppers were out of the question, still there were other reforms which she could undertake. She must write to that Mr. Dedrick to-night!

III.

WHEN Deborah Swan learned from Hiram Dedrick that the bare-headed girl in the golf cape—the vision of that March morning which was continually in her mind, demanding explanation—was coming to the island for the summer, she grieved openly.

"They are going to take the Whitakers' cottage," said Hiram.

"How do you know?"

The jealous question was out before Deborah could realize that she had thought it.

"Miss Wendell has written to me about it," answered Hiram.

"Oh!"

"You see, since I'm the postmaster," he added, "it's natural that people should write to me about such things. Postmasters have a great deal of odd mail themselves." He realized, as he spoke, that his explanation was made not to banish the resentment from Deborah's heart, but to show that Miss Wendell was all that was dignified and distant—decent, according to the code of Balsam Island. "And if the Wendells like it," he continued, "as much as Miss Wendell is sure that they will, they'll buy land and build, too. There's another chance for your father."

"I hate this summer business," said Debbie defiantly. "If pa took my advice, he'd sell no more land to them. They only overrun the place for a while, and treat us half like servants and half like cheating landlords, and make us depend upon their miserable money. We got along very well before ever one of them set foot on the island. I know one thing, I shan't take boarders another year, no matter what happens!"

The shrill whistle of the Sea-Gull, making its way down among the islands, sounded as she made her way homeward, and Debbie paused on the crest of the hill she had reached. The noisy little steamer puffed into the deep cove that was the island's only harbor. She watched the men making it fast to the moorings, she watched the gangplank laid. How masterfully and how gracefully Hiram did all things, even those common tasks of the waterside and the warehouse! She would recognize his gestures anywhere at any distance.

The passengers for Balsam Island began to descend the plank. A tall, slight figure whose dark blue frock was worn with an air so distinguished that Debbie promptly accused the wearer of overdressing swayed down toward the pier in the wake of a stolidly-built man. Debbie saw Hiram's hand outstretched as to an old friend when the slender figure had reached the pier. Then she stumbled home and announced to her father that she could not possibly superintend the ordering of supper that evening; she felt too ill. And in her own room under the eaves she lay upon her bed and pressed her fingers against her

ears. She had an insane impression that there was bad news abroad which she might escape hearing so.

IV.

THE work which Miss Wendell had hoped to make her chief summer occupation was not inaugurated at once. She had come with the most ardent intentions. A whole tray of her trunk was packed with black and white prints of the most famous paintings. With these she planned gradually to replace upon the cottage walls the colored lithographs which the generosity of soap and tea merchants had made familiar on the island. There were even some plaster casts in a box, but when Florence had made her first visit of state and had been received in the parlor of one of the fishermen's cottages, decked with shells and tidies, she felt that the plaster casts might be obliged to wait for their day. She had also a few East Indian cotton prints; the crazy patchwork quilt should go, she had declared, if she made not a single sketch the whole summer. But when she saw how wide was the popularity of the patchwork quilt, how deep the veneration in which it was held, how closely the recollections and affections of its owners were knit into it, she was a little daunted.

She confided some of her plans and hopes to Hiram when she had known him about a fortnight. They were sitting among the rocks at the end of the island, watching the surf make its frantic and almost successful efforts to reach them in their stronghold. The sun was dazzling upon the sea, the air almost stinging with salt fragrance. Florence, in the open-throated denim shirt waist of her dreams, and with a duck hat pulled over her eyes, leaned against a rock and talked to Hiram, who sat and watched her.

"They're dear and courteous to the last degree," she said, "your people here; they seem glad to have me come and chat——"

"That's strange, isn't it?"

Hiram smiled upon her as he spoke, and there was a look in his eyes that Deborah had never seen there.

"I know I'm a mere interloper," she answered prettily, ignoring the question. "But—you won't be insulted, will you?—you all seem to me so dreary here. I want to bring some of the charm of life, as we—I mean the people in the big cities—know it, to the people here. Why don't you have a library? Why don't you have any music except those doleful hymns? Why don't you have pretty things in your houses? Even useful things, the most commonplace utensils, nowadays, can be lovely. There is no excuse for ugliness."

Hiram shook his head.

"You'll have an awful time converting us, I'm afraid," he said. "But I'll tell you how to make a beginning. We need a bell for the belfry. We've needed it for years. We talk about it all the time. We plan to have it about the millennium. Get up an entertainment and devote the funds to that. You will be so solid with the community you won't know yourself."

"Oh, thank you!" cried Florence rapturously. The ecstatic light of a high resolve shone upon her face. "I will. I should love to. It shall be a musical entertainment, and it shall not only buy the bell, but teach you—them something about modern music, too. There's plenty of talent here, both local and imported. We'll give 'The Persian Garden.'"

"'The Persian Garden'?"

"Yes. Liza Lehmann's thing—of course you know the Rubaiyat?"

He shook his head.

"Oh, well, but you shall," she said, and resumed the part she was sometimes in danger of forgetting with him—that of the lady patroness.

Now, it so happened that Hiram had a voice of melody, although it was untrained except in the choruses and hymns popular on the island. When there was a testing of voices for "The Persian Garden," his was found far too good to be lost. He submitted to learn under Florence's tutelage, and Debbie took to sending her younger sister to the store for the mail and provisions.

Deborah Snow was the one person on the island who never unbent in any degree to Miss Wendell. She returned curt answers to Florence's conversa-

tional openings; she turned her shoulder upon the young missionary when they met in public places; she made long détours of the island to avoid passing the Wendell house. She gave up the picking of balsam in the fir grove after the day she met Hiram and Miss Wendell there engaged in the fragrant, sticky quest. The nine-hole golf course which the summer people had laid out in her father's old pasture she would never look at after the morning when she had seen that hated, willowy figure posturing there in an effort to teach Hiram some absurd stroke. She would not row in the cove, she would not sail her brother's sloop in the bay, though these were her favorite recreations, because the water as well as the land had given her glimpses of Hiram dangling, as she put it, after that woman. And after the day when she had heard the voice which used to warble and rumble through the strains of "Nancy Lee" tuning itself to

Ah, love! Could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire—

she remained closely at home, angry, wounded in pride and love, full of impotent hatred and of girlish jealousy. She knew that the islanders gossiped about her attitude; her sister-in-law kept her informed of that, anxious to instil a "proper pride" into her. But nothing could rouse her to conduct herself as the island code of behavior demanded in such a situation.

The schoolhouse where the great entertainment was finally held was a stone's throw from the Snow house. It seemed to Deborah that evening that she was the only inhabitant of the place who did not go to the musicale. Through the shuttered window of her bedroom she watched them going in—the summer people with their air of familiarity and amusement, their easily-worn clothes, their light looks, and the islanders creaking up in badly-greased boots and awkwardly-worn ancient finery. Her bitterness gave her a new power of perception; she saw her people with the eyes of the hated intruders. She saw even Hiram blundering in unaccustomed attire; it seemed to her that her blood boiled in her veins with unavailing anger at it all.

By and by the schoolhouse was full. Debbie threw open the blinds to feel the night air on her hot forehead. The night was a miracle of blue and silver; there was a moon, high, serene, above the sea; the breakers thundered monotonously against the rocks at the sea end of the island; the violin and the piano in the little hall across the road seemed so thin, so tinkling, against that vast, solemn swell of mighty melody. She saw in her mind the picture of the little room across the road, crowded when there was such great space of silver quietude without; garish with shaded lamps, when the moon led the pale stars in such peaceful, perfect beauty. The scent of the firs and the salt breath of the sea came to her in her casement. She thought she could catch the breath of the perfumes with which the women over there were impregnated. She drew a great, deep, lung-filling inspiration to banish the impression.

Then as she listened, with strained ears, for the music so incongruous here, so inappropriate, so inharmonious with the night, the place, the lives and tastes of those who listened, there came to her the line beloved of lovers. She heard the voice of rapture and of longing and of passionate sadness:

And Thou beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

She could endure no more. She went away from the window, closing it softly. She slipped out of the house and went stumblingly down the island toward the landing-place. It was here that her boat was anchored.

V.

THE bell was assured to the church. So was a new cushion for the reading desk. The concert had been a great success. Every one was congratulating Florence, who was a vision in a slimsy organdie dress, all lilac bloom and pale green leaves flung upon a creamy ground. Her eyes shone with pride in her achievement. Her cheeks were flushed. Hiram, in a hasty glance at her, recognized her unusual beauty. Then his eyes continued their search. Suddenly he bore down upon a buxom young woman in the corner. He made

his way to her, leaving Florence rather abruptly.

"Mrs. Snow," he began, "how do you do? Glad you came. Where's Debbie? I haven't seen her yet."

"Deborah?" said that young lady's sister-in-law, with elaborate unconcern. "Oh, no! She didn't come to-night. I disremember whether she had some company to home or not."

Hiram looked at her steadily. She flushed.

"Anyway, what is it to you where she is? It's a precious lot you've seemed to care lately."

"Maybe so," agreed Hiram; "but, Mrs. Snow, this is the first time in all my life I ever did anything and Debbie wasn't on hand to see. You don't know how queer it seems. She used to be on hand Friday afternoons when there was speaking. When I went to Northport to High School, you know how you and she came up for the exercises. When I graduated, Debbie was there. Always Debbie! I had forgotten it all, I admit that; but when I came here to-night and didn't see Debbie, and realized I was going to sing in public and Debbie not hear me—it was like a real shock."

"Good evening, Mrs. Snow," broke in Florence's voice. "It's so nice to see you. Mr. Dedrick, will you take me home? Father's gone on ahead with some of the others. Didn't he sing well, Mrs. Snow?"

"Oh, we've always knowned that Hiram Dedrick had a voice," said Mrs. Snow coldly, turning away.

They went out into the moonlit night. "What a night for a little sail!" sighed Florence.

"Yes," said Hiram absently, as he glanced at the forbidding house of Deborah Snow.

"Those silly people have gone up to my house to eat," announced Florence. "Are you hungry?"

Hiram answered truthfully that he was not. It was strange, the disquieting effect which Debbie's absence had had upon him, he told himself. It seemed like a change in the order of nature. He had a nervous desire to see her—to have it out with her, as he expressed it.

"Then let us take a little sail instead; just a little one," said Florence

daringly. The heat of the schoolroom, the excitement of the entertainment, had wrought upon her. She wanted—she did not know quite what she wanted.

Hiram looked at her.

"Ought you to go?" he hazarded.

Florence straightened and turned her head toward him.

"Why not?" she said a trifle sharply.

"Oh, I don't know. Here on the island—well, the girls don't much," floundered the young man. "At night, alone, I mean."

"Ah!" said Florence sweetly. "Well, you know the island code is not mine. Of course, if you have something else to do, or are anxious to get home, I can get some one else to take me. Only——"

"Oh, no!" said Hiram.

After all, if Debbie was abed already, he could not see her until the morning. Strange, that disquietude of his about Debbie, that impatient indifference toward Miss Wendell!

He ran ahead, down the stairs at the side of the pier. The little fleet of pleasure boats was moored there to the great piles that supported the pier. He began unfastening the rope of his dory; he would row out to the sloop, lying slender and violet in the shadow of the moon. Suddenly he looked up. His eyes swept the bunch of rowboats clustered there.

"Here's something queer," he said.

"Miss Wendell, there's a boat missing here—a boat I know as well as my own—Debbie Snow's boat. It was there when I came in from Haven Island, about six this evening."

"Perhaps," said Florence, "Miss Snow has forgotten the custom of the island and has gone rowing, by moonlight."

Hiram still paused. Then he began again.

"I don't think I've acted just right toward Debbie," he announced. "I—you——"

"Are you engaged to Miss Snow?" Florence wondered why she felt so curious a sensation of faintness.

"No; but every one on the island knew I was going to ask her to marry me as soon as I could, and that she was going to say yes. We don't get engaged

on the island until just before we get married. Sometimes we get married without ever being engaged at all. We just go together."

"I've heard the term," said Florence coldly.

"And that's been the way with Debbie and me," pursued Hiram, "until you came. You—you seemed—you were all that the future might have held for me if I hadn't been an island man, and hadn't come back to the island. If I had finished at college, for instance, and had become a surgeon—that was what I wanted—had lived in cities, seen pictures, read books, heard music—everything—you were like that to me. But Debbie is all my life on the island; I'm here, I'm its, I'm hers—do you understand? And I haven't been fair to her."

Florence came down the stairs toward him. She forgot a good many things then—her station in life, her altruistic-esthetic aims, her baubles in general. She put her hands on his sleeve.

"I'm not quite sure that you've been fair to me either," she said. "And I know that I haven't been fair to her. But I'm glad to hear you say this. What is it you want to do?"

"Debbie's boat is gone," he said. "Debbie was not at the concert. I want to go and look for her. I feel—did you ever have a presentiment? I have one. Will you run back to her house and find out if she is there? Then come to the end of the cliff and wave a torch if she is all right. If she isn't, come without one. You see, it's a row-boat—and she isn't in the cove. If she's in the boat—it may just have slipped loose, of course—but if she's in it, it's out in the bay. It may have rounded the end of the island into the sea."

"I'll go," said Florence briefly.

She was not too warmly received at the Snow homestead. No one took any stock in Hiram's presentiments, or paid much attention to the tale of the missing boat.

"She's in bed these hours, and asleep, I tell you," maintained Mrs. Joe Snow. "She won't thank me for waking her, either."

Then she went grumblingly up-stairs.

She came quickly down again. Her face was pale.

"Debbie ain't there," she said.

Florence ran back toward the end of the island, while the others chattered and planned and ran to the boats. Hiram had just rounded the curve of land. He could make out her light-gowned figure, and he could even hear her shout above the noise of the breakers.

"Not there!" she cried. "I want to come with you. I could help you row. Let me come!"

"I haven't time to come back for you," he shouted, "and you can't get aboard here!"

He pulled away again, and she stood on the headland and wrung her hands. She heard the others hurrying down to the pier. She did not dare to ask them to take her. She could not go to her own house, where the piazza was filled with summer idlers. She sat on the slope behind the warehouse, and waited. She tried to pray and she found no words. There she was sitting when Hiram's boat came back, with Hiram rowing valiantly and a limp figure leaning against the other side. She ran to the head of the pier stairs. The other boats were scattered among the coves made by the islands in the bay. Hiram had known Debbie's favorite sea haunt, out beyond the sea end of the island, in a sort of strait made by Balsam and its nearest left-hand neighbor. There he

had found her with a broken oar and a boat shipping water. All this he told Florence while he fastened the boat to the pier. He helped Debbie out then, and led her tenderly up the stairs. Florence still stood at the head.

"I am so glad," she murmured.

She put out a hand toward Debbie, but Debbie turned away.

"I—I should rather not," the island girl said, and Florence's hand dropped to her side.

Hiram looked apologetic.

"It's all my fault," he said miserably as Debbie passed slowly on. "We're slow to—forget things—on the island; but by and by——"

"If only she won't send back my wedding present, I shall feel that it is all right," answered Miss Wendell, laughing a little. She was proud of her voice and laugh afterwards.

The next morning she saw the sun rise golden and splendid over the rocky point of the island. The Sea-Gull was bound for Northport, and she with it. Men were rolling bales and barrels down to the boat. Hiram was directing things, as usual. She slipped behind the pilot house to escape his adieux. She heard him whistling blithely. Suddenly he burst into rollicking melody:

A sailor's wife a sailor's star should be,

Yo ho, my lads, yo ho!

he proclaimed to the rising sun.

Florence laughed through a sudden mist of tears.

THE PRODIGAL.

MY heart is home again, dear love;
And, though it sought an alien shore,
And fed on alien kisses, still
Will you not welcome it once more?

Its pilgrimage is over, sweet;
Betimes were far, forgotten ways,
And yet your memory even then
Swept like a song across the days.

And dreams of your rare smile effaced
That other mouth, those other eyes,
Veiled with subtlety and guile,
And orient mystery strangely wise.

And so, across the radiant east,
The dim allurements of the west,
Unfettered, dear, it has returned
To seek the shelter of your breast!

Charlotte Becker.

Libraries and Art Education.

BY KATHERINE LOUISE SMITH.

A BENEFICENT AND GROWING MOVEMENT—WHAT AMERICAN LIBRARIES ARE DOING TO PROMOTE THE LOVE AND THE KNOWLEDGE OF ART AS WELL AS OF BOOKS.

EVERY town, no matter how small, can have a library. And every library should have an art collection, for the educational value of a good picture cannot be overestimated.

To the rich and the poor alike, beauty has grown to be a thing apart, and Americans often consider it too much of a luxury to take into their daily lives. Fortunately, the mistake is capable of correction. Good work has been done in some of our cities by the establishment of art galleries in the same building with the public library. For example, the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg and the Minneapolis Public Library display valuable paintings for the benefit of the public. The Boston Public Library entered the same field as long ago as 1869, when it acquired by gift the Tosti collection of engravings.

THE VARIOUS METHODS OF WORK.

The Free Public Library of Worcester, Massachusetts, claims to be the first in this country to make a large expenditure for photographs, engravings, and pictures of all sorts to use in connection with its daily work. Several copies of Jones' "Grammar of Ornament," one of "L'Ornement Polychrome," and similar works, were brought together, and all of the pictorial matter acquired was placed at the disposal of teachers. Elaborate presentations of pictures are planned at this library; colored plates representing Indian life, Moran's pictures of the Yellowstone region, and other things of the sort, are used to illustrate lectures; and teaching geography by means of slides has received attention here, as at Harvard, where a list of geographical slides was prepared for use in the Cambridge schools.

One of the best means to promote art

education through libraries is to call the attention of the average people to the art of our illustrated journals. The Denver Public Library has held original exhibitions of mounted pictures designed chiefly for schoolroom purposes, to show what can be done with inexpensive material towards decorating schoolroom walls. The pictures consisted of full page illustrations, colored supplements, and cartoons from our current magazines, photographs of celebrated paintings, and Japanese prints.

Another way of displaying these pictures is to be found in the Brooklyn Library, which is the possessor of six elephant folio volumes containing thousands of engravings and pictures, the gift of a lady interested in the work. The Forbes Library at Northampton, Massachusetts, makes large use of pictures, and the children's department of the Minneapolis Library displays posters done by school-children. These are appropriate to the month, and often contain verses and references to men whose birthdays occur at the time of the exhibition.

In New York, the Lenox Library has a fine collection of paintings and a well-managed print department, which arranges periodical exhibitions of engravings covering special periods or illustrating special subjects. Some of these displays have been of great educational value, and have deserved more attention than the general public accorded them.

Foremost in educational matters, the Boston Library is always interested in popular entertainment. It recently purchased a collection of three thousand half-tone reproductions from paintings and sculpture, and one thousand prints of European architecture, to

be used exclusively for its branches and schools. Besides a permanent display of Arundel prints, attention is given to hanging pictures appropriate to the day in the children's department. Christmas has been found a good time for the "Nativities" of different schools and types, Easter brings forth Madonnas; Washington's Birthday calls for portraits of the Father of his Country, and other holidays suggest views of battles, generals, and so forth. This work in the children's department is carried out in various ways, some places having story hours, when the children listen to the stories of the pictures.

THE TRAVELING LIBRARIES.

The Carnegie Library of Pittsburg sends out to the poorer districts small cases of books containing juvenile literature and pictures. This little library moves from one district to another, and the picture accompanies it; so that one photograph gladdens the hearts of innumerable children.

"How can small towns avail themselves of these advantages?" is a question that may arise. Frequently generous organizations are willing to lend photographs to any library that will pay the freight and attend to the hanging of the pictures. Some of the magazines will lend drawings from which their illustrations have been prepared. A good and inexpensive plan is to cut illustrations from periodicals, mount them on stiff cardboard, and arrange them in catalogue drawers.

Another aid in the distributing of pictures is the plan adopted by some traveling libraries, which circulate pictures as well as books. In New York, Boston, Troy, and Minneapolis those who are in charge of mothers' classes in the slums send out collections both of books and of pictures; and it is inter-

esting to note that in the distribution of the contents the pictures are usually most in demand. An Italian immigrant, for instance, will always prefer a print. The inception of this work we owe to Hull House Settlement, in Chicago, where two exhibitions are held yearly. Some of their pictures are the publications of the Arundel Society, and photographs of paintings by the old masters. These are loaned for two weeks at a time, and the enterprise has been so successful that it is worth the cost of innumerable prints to see the happy faces of the hard-working people as they carry their pictures home.

TAKING ART TO THE FARMHOUSE.

Nor have those who cannot have access to libraries been wholly forgotten. Miss Mary Tanner, of Stevens Point, Wisconsin, is working among the farmers. Miss Tanner surrounds prints or photographs with a border of gray matting, attaches a manila back to this simple frame, inserts eyelets by which to hang the picture, and adds a library card. The picture is finally enclosed in a large envelope, is numbered, and then is ready for circulation. Photographs dealing with homely scenes of life seem most popular among the people reached by this method, though religious and landscape pictures are also in demand. Often families become so attached to a picture that they exchange it for another with reluctance. They will drive miles through the snow to obtain something to decorate their barren farmhouse.

Such are a few of the practical methods adopted by American libraries for the dissemination of a love for art. To make these efforts worth while, the best pictures should be used, and those which make the strongest appeal to the community into which they are sent.

THE KEY TO THE PAST.

HE wrote his memories with eager zest,
And said: "I have them fast—may live again
Each joy if I but read!" He read in vain;
The words were but chirography, no more;
Rekindled naught to life. Then he forbore,
Left his dim chamber, put away despair,
And sought the open. Lo, through sunlit air
His happy past flew homing to his breast!

Grace H. Boutelle.

An Episode in Elinor's Life.

A NEW YORK IDYL OF THE SICILIAN QUARTER.

BY MINNIE J. REYNOLDS.

I.

ELINOR was eating lamb chops and creamed potatoes, which she had just prepared at her little gas range, with a lettuce salad and sliced pineapple set handily by, affording pleasing promise of courses to come.

The quaint, black-eyed *bambini*, the toddlers who made up her kindergarten in the Italian colony on Elizabeth Street, had all departed, under the supervision of mothers returned from work, or of older sisters home from school. Elinor was tired, but her fatigue was grateful to her, since it came through services which were faithfully rendered, and of which, it seemed to her, her new friends stood in need. The music to which she was listening as she ate rested her, and made her think with less distressful keenness of the fact that little Giacomino had been removed from kindergarten to help his father pick rags; and that little Giuseppina would probably be crippled by her fall from the arms of a sister not much larger than herself.

The music came every evening from the next room—a violin, playing pretty Italian tunes, very softly and sweetly. At the moment it was the haunting sweetness of the "Intermezzo" that made Mascagni famous. She was thinking that she would like to thank the unknown player, when she heard his door open, and he walked out into the hall. As he passed her door, he glanced in. Her attitude was so plainly expressive of interest that he half paused.

"I want to thank you for your music, signor," she said.

He did not understand, and she repeated her words in halting Italian.

"My leetle musica, she please you, mees?" he inquired radiantly.

It did, indeed, she told him; it was a great gift to be able to rest tired people who could not hear good music in any other way.

"My coffee is just hot," she added. "Won't you have a cup?"

He hesitated, longing to accept.

"Then you can play to me afterward," she said winningly.

Ebbene! It would not be the first time he had played for his supper.

So the daughter of the Puritans and the son of the Sicilies sat down together, and ate and drank and talked of sweet music and the so beautiful Italy. And he told her all about himself, in the simple, artless, ingenuous way that young Italians have, unfolding his inmost soul and all the trials thereof, even as a young American would cut his throat before doing.

He told her of his family, expatiating with simple pride and satisfaction upon its importance and high standing in Sicily. He told of his student days at the University of Naples, and of his grand tour to the cities of northern Italy, and to Paris and Vienna; of all the so expensive and generous education which his father had given him. He told how, after the kind father had died, and his patrimony had been portioned to him, along with the others, somehow it had all disappeared; all gone, all, *tutto, tuttissimo*; by the too great extravagance, and the too great confidence of soul, and the too great ignorance of business. He told how he had borrowed a thousand *lire*—two hundred dollars—of his brother, and had come away without saying good-by to his family. His brother had warned him to no more ask for the money of him; and so he was at this so cold and dark and dreary New York, with its so inconstant climate, and its streets rushing so like an inferno, where all they say is "Hurry up!" or "Are y' asleep?"

He would not ask his brother for money again, no, not if he starved; and, indeed, he had almost starved, and had actually played with his little *carissimo* violino in the streets to get the bread.

And those of his own race that he encountered in New York had flouted and cheated him; yes, even when he came on the boat from Ellis Island one *malefico Italiano* had sold him a ticket to New York for five dollars, and he had found it was only an "L" ticket, worth five cents. So many good *lire* gone, and he had so few!

He told how his money dwindled and he had no work, until at last he went out under a *padrone* to work on a railroad; and the *padrone* kept half his wages, and when he expostulated he was knocked down and his head struck a rail, and they took him to a hospital, and he did lie there many weeks, very ill, *sissignorina*!

Then came the tale of how he walked back to New York, playing his fiddle on the way; and the farmers sometimes gave him his supper, and sometimes set the dog on him; and of how he got a job in a printing office, and printed envelopes fourteen hours a day for five dollars a week. Then he got a better job, to set type on an Italian evening daily. He wrote also for the paper a little, and had found a friend, a journalist of the American papers, who, when he gave information for stories of the Italian quarter, would write and sell them, and would then give him a dollar for each one. So he was doing very much better; and when he had saved the whole of the thousand *lire* to send back to his brother in Palermo, he would be much more comfortable. Until then he must cook for himself in his little room, and after his so frugal meal he had but one solace for his so sad heart, the leetle feedle, yes, mees!

After he went away Miss Atwater reflected that not for years had she passed so interesting an evening.

"It's better than Duse," she said. "That's why the poor people make everything else seem so unreal and affected. With them, it's the real thing!"

II.

It was partly on account of her New England conscience, blindly groping in an unaccustomed environment for some way to make itself felt, and partly to escape an inextinguishable boredom,

that Miss Atwater had fled a very pleasant and conventional home to open her little kindergarten on Elizabeth Street—in a quarter where the Sicilians of New York congregate, as do the Calabrians on Mulberry Street, and the north of Italy people up around Bleecker.

When Miss Atwater graduated from school, she had found herself the richest and prettiest girl in the conservative, little, old city where she was born. She had thereupon danced gaily through four social seasons. The first had been a dream of joy; the second, delightful; the third, fairly pleasant, and the fourth, a bore. If, at its end, she had graduated joyously and sensibly from her social career into matrimony with George Clayton, it would have seemed perfectly natural and admirable to every one.

George had invited her to do so. He had been a little surprised when she refused, but his respect for her had insensibly increased. A girl who could refuse to name the day when he asked her to must have a good deal of character. As a matter of fact, Elinor accepted him conditionally. She would marry him some time. If he cared to wait, all right; if not, all right. And George had waited, with that dogged devotion to one woman in all the world which man, the natural varietist, sometimes displays so amazingly.

Elinor, meanwhile, went for a two years' trip around the world. Then she spent two years in a kindergarten training-school. Then she announced her intention to go down somewhere in the slums of New York, rent two rooms, open a kindergarten, and live by her trade among the working people.

Her own family never objected to anything Elinor did. She had a small but sufficient fortune of her own, which she had always managed with admirable sense. They had entire confidence that she would take care of herself and do the proper thing under all circumstances. She had been brought up without a chaperon. There were two other grown daughters to supply the needed element in the home circle.

Mrs. Atwater did say one day:

"I don't know, Elinor, if you are going down there, but what I would a lit-

tle rather have you go in with some of the settlement people."

"I couldn't do that, mamma," said Elinor tranquilly. "The settlement people define a settlement as a 'home where fortunate people live in order to share their possessions with the unfortunate.' As my motive is merely to relieve the monotony of my own daily existence, I couldn't conscientiously go in with them."

"I don't see why you should think the settlement people are any better than you are," said her mother.

"I don't," said Elinor.

As for George, her conviction of the perfect reasonableness of his demands making her unusually brutal, she had closed the discussion with the remark:

"If you don't let me do it, I won't marry you at all!"

"So I suppose," he had responded. "That's the way you have kept me silenced for the last four years. But you must see that in sheer self-respect I can't keep it up permanently. See here! If I shut up now, will you marry me next June? That will give you the fall and winter and spring for your new scheme—a full school year."

So it had been arranged, Elinor agreeing to the compromise because she had always expected to marry George some time, and these were the best terms she could get.

III.

AFTER that Gervaso Alfano came in often for an hour or two of an evening, and she told him all the ideas she had for stories, that he might make profit of them from his newspaper friend. Finding one of these stories in print, she read it, and said to Gervaso:

"You and I can do better than that. Now, mind, not another idea do you give to that fellow. *Capite? Ebbene.* You shall write these stories in Italian, just as you tell them to me, and I will translate them into English. We will sell them to the Sunday papers, and you and I will have the money. See? Let your journalistic friend go rustle his own tips. Understand?"

They really did it, for Gervaso could wield a trenchant pen in his own

tongue. He told of the immigrants and their woes, their fleecings and their heart-breakings, their loves and their hates and their vengeance, with a wealth of "local color" and "human interest" that had not yet appeared in any stories of the quarter, not then so bewritten as now. Elinor, who had not the creative gift, could translate, and, in translating, criticize and modify the tale from its *bellissimo, splendidissimo, distintissimo, effusivissimo Italiano*, until she had got it within the bounds of self-contained, self-respecting, newspaper American, and still had left a pretty flavor of originality about it.

In the very first one that came back there was that mighty compliment, a note from the editor, saying that the idea was suitable, and such and such alterations would probably make it acceptable. The changes were promptly made, and a one-column story appeared the following week in a certain small literary supplement. Two more followed, Elinor meanwhile having developed into an avid reader of the Sunday press. Then one day there came a letter, which proved to be an invitation to call upon the Sunday editor of a certain great illustrated daily.

Elinor made the call. The editor told her that she seemed to have a "line" on the Italian quarter, and that he was willing to publish a series of three or four of her articles, provided she could get up the photographs to illustrate three-quarter-page stories, the staff photographer to be at her service. Elinor had about as much idea of a trip to the moon as of the getting up of such a set of photographs; but she had had too good a training in society to let a little deception like that freeze her, and took the contract calmly, promising to send for the photographer when she was ready for him. And the astute Sunday editor let one of the richest sensations of the day walk out of his office in the person of the daughter of the rich banker from up the State.

When Elinor told Gervaso the news they executed a waltz, to the tune of a hand-organ in the street below, before sitting down to plan out the articles. Then how they worked over getting the photographs; and how they watched for

the first story to appear; and when the check came how they gloated over it, and celebrated by going to the opera house and hearing the song birds from the top gallery, supping gaily thereafter at a Hungarian restaurant, at seventy-five cents apiece—an unheard-of extravagance!

They got in the way, that winter, of having their suppers together; for Gervaso would bring his eggs or "bifstek" into her room, and she would cook his provisions along with her own on her little gas stove. Or, if she came in late, he would have the coffee boiling in his room, and the omelet all ready to serve, hot from the frying-pan. And they would tell each other where they could buy things cheap and good, so as to get the most food out of a nickel; and he taught her to cook macaroni, Italian style, and she introduced him to Boston brown bread and baked beans.

And they would eat, and tell each other the events of the day, and plan their stories, and then write, and at last he would play a little to wind up the day; all most simply and happily.

They wrote that winter a story on "The Italian Greenhorn." It described the little Calabrian or Sicilian village from which he came; the evil-doers who lay in wait for him; the fleecings and cheatings they practised upon him. They got pictures of the fake boarding-houses where he was taken, and the artist of the big illustrated journal made a lurid picture of policemen in front of the Barge Office clubbing away the friends and relatives, so that the sharks might spirit away the poor greenhorn. And they do say that that article was the final impetus that led to the organization of the Italian Aid Society.

They had a story on "The Padrone System," and one on "Italian Groceries," which brought in all the foods and wines and macaroni manufacturing of the quarter; and one on "Italian Children," all illustrated with pictures of the quaint *bambini* in Elinor's kindergarten. It proved a very popular series, and on the strength of it they sold a magazine article for a hundred dollars, and talked of writing a book, and were very prosperous indeed.

Gervaso insisted that Signorina Eli-

nora did it all, with her translating and her clever head, and her pretty way of talking to the editors. Elinor insisted that Gervaso did it all, with his knowledge of the quarter, and his pretty way of saying things.

"This boy," she reflected considerably, "is so full of talents that they lap over one another; but he needs a head to make them commercially available. He wants a manager; that's it, a manager!"

Excepting on Sunday they rarely saw each other till evening, for both were busy all day. But whenever Gervaso went out first in the morning, he would troll a stave from "*Il Trovatore*," or "*Rigoletto*," or "*Cavalleria Rusticana*" as he passed her door. If she were the early one, she would give a funny little whistle in the hall, for she had no artist blood in her, the little American girl; she could express the big heart in her only by deeds.

IV.

So the winter flew on gossamer wings through Elizabeth Street. All the sad and lonely lines had faded out of Gervaso's face, and he grew gay and blithe and more beautiful every day. But as the months slipped by a small, cold stone seemed growing in Elinor's heart. She could feel it there at night when she went to bed. For her wedding day was swiftly approaching.

And yet she reproached herself bitterly for that little cold stone. She realized, as never before, George's love for her; his kindness, his devotion, the way in which he had made everything secondary to her for years, and the coolness with which she had let him do it. It would not be square, it would not be honest, it would not be decent, to throw him over now. She had done the right thing by him so far. She had never been more than a friend to any other man, and she would keep it up to the end; and yet—and yet——

"Oh, I wish George weren't so good!" she cried.

A certain look began to come into that fair face of hers, a sweet and pathetic expression, which made it a very lovely and touching little face, where

before it had been only a piquant and charming one. And young Alfano, seeing it, would go away by himself, because if he stayed he knew he must take her in his arms and say excited things in that impassioned Sicilian way of his. And that he knew he must not do. She would not allow!

When the soft spring days came, she lived as if it were never to come again, grasping the dear moments as they slipped by forever. Their circumstances being so plutocratic now, they treated themselves occasionally to that dearest possession of the toiler, a day off. When the spring languor crept subtly into their veins, they went to Staten Island in the ferryboat—ten cents the round trip—and dined at a very good little table d'hôte near the ferry-house on the other side, and rode home in the light of the young May moon. They went over to Orange, climbed to the top of Eagle Rock, and gazed over that mighty painful of cities; and then they wandered down the lovely mountain road among the budding beeches, with the air full of the sweet, sappy odors of spring.

Somehow this made Elinor think of a black-eyed boy, wandering homeless and heavy-hearted through a strange land, playing at alien doors for a meal; and certain old lines came back to her:

He'd nothing but his violin,
I'd nothing but my song;
And we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long.
Sometimes we supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay,
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes, the dear old tunes.
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love song.

For even prim girls with Puritan grandmothers will have such thoughts at times, since Mother Eve was behind all the grandmothers. But though the day off was sweet and gay, it was sad, too; for though she had not told him, yet somehow he had divined—perchance by some stray word, perchance by the subtle melancholy that enveloped her—that she was going away to her own people; that this was only an episode in her life; that all her after years must be spent far away; that he must write his

stories alone henceforth, with the violin and the sweet love song put by. And so, after he had taken her home to Elizabeth Street, poor Alfano would go out and walk and walk through the streets, and wonder and wonder what he should do; for he knew he could not support her unless she worked, too, and how could he ask her so?

For Hymen and Pecunia must ever trot in harness, though little Cupid sit by the roadside and weep.

Thus things were going in the soft spring weather, when the letter came, the letter she had been expecting from George, claiming the fulfilment of her promise. She let it lie all day, and after the children went she sat with it still unopened beside her, not starting supper, for she felt she could not eat. She heard Gervaso come up the stairs, but she did not stir when he tapped at her door. Then, as he went on to his own room, she took it up and said:

"I must read it now and tell him."

She cut it slowly; and thus it read:

I held on to you all those years, my dear girl, because, in spite of all your treatment of me, I had a notion that, in your own curious, cold little fashion, you really loved me. But this year it has gradually been made clear to me that you don't. I've learned it not only from yourself, Nellie, but from another woman; for her eyes light up in a way yours never did, even when we were first engaged. And so, my dear girl, I'll always be a good friend to you—you know that; but as soon as you let me know it's all right I'm going to ask that other woman to marry me.

When she had read this extraordinary letter, Elinor fell to laughing and crying over it, and saying:

"Good old George! When did I ever know him to fail me? How was it I didn't know he'd do the right thing? She's got the best man in the world, and she may just thank me for it all her days. No wonder she thinks I'm a fool!"

With that she ran and tapped on Gervaso's door, and when he came she gave him the letter to read.

When he had read it he looked in her eyes, and saw there a prohibition removed; and he took her in his arms, and said all those excitable Italian things which had been accumulating in his brain all winter.

Far away a hand-organ played the "Intermezzo"; and the spring lay sweet on Elizabeth Street.

The Detention of Clarence.

A STORY WHICH SHOWS THAT ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR.

BY ETHEL SIGSBEE SMALL.

I SPIED something out under a shade tree. It was pink, principally, but there was also a dash of gold about it. I went up to investigate.

My air of surprise when Mrs. Willoughby looked up at me out of the pink bewilderment of her gown would have deceived a baby or an idiot only. However, though Mrs. Willoughby is a good deal of the former, she is far from being the latter, as time will prove. Mrs. Willoughby never does what one would expect her to do. On this occasion I had hoped for a pleasant "Oh, is that you?" and a drawing away of pink skirts to make room beside her. As I ought to have anticipated, she did nothing of the sort.

"I thought it might be Clarence," she remarked, raising clear gray eyes to mine. Clarence is her son. He has reached the age at which no one but his mother loves him. In most boys this state is not until the age of ten, or even twelve, but Clarence had by indefatigable effort acquired it at seven.

"No, I am not Clarence," I assured her.

Mrs. Willoughby turned her head about in the hope of being rewarded by a glimpse of Clarence's bare legs, but, seeing them nowhere, she leaned against the tree trunk and sighed gently. I could not suppress a chuckle of unholy joy as I remembered the condition of those legs when last I had seen them. They had been waving rather wildly, I remembered; but Billy Brown was muscular, and besides, I had laid great stress on the dollar that was to come. I was confident that the thought of it would render him impervious to anything, be it kicks or coaxings.

I felt secure, and, without waiting for an invitation, sat down so near the pink skirts that Mrs. Willoughby was forced to draw them aside to prevent their possible destruction.

"I wish you would be less spasmodic," she murmured reprovingly, smoothing out a ruffle. "You had an expression on your face which said as plainly as words, 'I am going to continue standing for at least ten minutes longer;' then without a word of warning you suddenly shut up like a jackknife! It is very wearing on the nerves."

But I was too happy to feel repulsed. I leaned my head back against the shade tree and crossed my feet; a blissful and probably idiotic smile played about my mouth. I was in paradise. The goal was reached; I was where I had prayed and striven and struggled to be. The day had come—I was alone with Mrs. Willoughby!

Hitherto such a situation had seemed absolutely unattainable. The cause of my failures lay some rods away, waving with its legs and wailing with its mouth; and though my conduct may seem reprehensible, I gloried in his downfall. I was weary of constantly sharing my thoughts, intended for Mrs. Willoughby's ear, with a third person. I was tired of having my finest speeches cut short with "Mr. Farquhar, do listen to Clarence! He's talking to you!" I was sick of forever playing second fiddle to a tow-headed, freckle-nosed boy. My day, like the other dogs', had come. I had cut the Gordian knot. I was alone with Mrs. Willoughby!

I looked at her to make sure it was true. Were there really no fat and grubby hands pulling at her dress? Were those sunburned legs in actuality yards away, or were they sprawling over her lap, the feet clad in rusty yellow shoes gently kicking her skirt? No, there she sat, fresh and dainty, and, what is more to the point, alone—alone with me.

"You are very stupid," said Mrs. Willoughby critically.

I started.

"How do you know?" I asked argu-

mentatively. "I haven't said anything yet."

"That is why," she returned. "If you weren't stupid you would be talking, but as you aren't talking you must be stupid. That sounds like the 'Mad Tea Party,'" she added, laughing.

"You might just as well say that 'I breathe when I sleep is the same thing as I sleep when I breathe,'" I quoted, "and what you say doesn't follow a bit more than that. I am not stupid; I only haven't had time to say anything."

"Where do you suppose Clarence is?" asked Mrs. Willoughby, looking about her.

I groaned. Was Clarence to invade our speech like some uneasy spirit, even though he himself was disposed of?

"What is the matter?" asked my companion, turning to look at me sharply.

I must have groaned aloud.

"A shooting pain," I said weakly. "My head—I have them, you know."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Willoughby, "and I don't believe it. I believe you were groaning at Clarence."

As I knew that Clarence could groan very nicely for himself, this would have been silly. I assured her that she was mistaken.

"Well, then, don't groan," said Mrs. Willoughby graciously, "and read to me." She had brought out a number of magazines and a copy of "Alice in Wonderland." "I was going to read it to Clarence," she explained. "There is his name in front; he wrote it himself;" and she pointed to some scratches made with a pen.

I concealed my disgust at his abominable chirography and put the volume by, but she handed it back to me.

"Read a little in it," she said. "You are the laziest man I know. You never do anything but sit up and look wise; so far as I can see, you can't even talk."

Mrs. Willoughby had this little way of speaking to me, but as I am sure she did not mean what she said, and as she looked very pretty when she said it, I did not mind her. Still, I cannot say I felt I was progressing. And Billy Brown's services were over in an hour!

I had just reached "You Are Old, Father William," and was reading—

Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—
What made you so awfully clever?

when Mrs. Willoughby interrupted me.

"You have a very nice nose," she said.

I endeavored to look unconcerned and indifferent.

"Oh, it does very well for a nose," I said carelessly, turning my face so that she might get the best view of it.

Then she spoiled it all by adding:

"It is very much like Clarence's."

I shut the book with a bang. Just then I heard a sound that froze my blood. It was a long, low howl, varied at intervals with a series of yelps, with a roar in the middle. It was not a pleasant sound. I looked at Mrs. Willoughby to see if she noticed it. She looked up from the book.

"What is that noise?" she asked.

"Nothing," I said foolishly, "nothing at all," and I shook my head to convince her.

"Nothing!" she cried indignantly. "How can you say so? It's a dog or a child."

"It's a dog," I said, grasping at a straw.

Suddenly she jumped to her feet, a terrible thought blanching her cheeks.

"It may be Clarence!" she exclaimed, and started in the direction of the sound.

They say that all great criminals in moments of supreme danger are cool. I can vouch for this. All at once, to my surprise, my panic left me, and, catching her by one hand, I announced in a voice so convincing as to astonish me that it was the little Wilson boy. It was an inspiration.

"That child will worry me into an early grave!" she exclaimed, sinking down beside me. "He's always crying, and I always think it's Clarence. He is really a most annoying boy."

To my mind, young Wilson approached a degree of semi-respectability when compared to her own hopeful, but I did not say this. I agreed with her. Besides being criminal, I now became intriguer and diplomatist. And over all was the knowledge that my conscience was not disturbing me in the least; that while I should have been calling myself names and feeling guiltily sorry for being the cause of Clarence's agony, I found myself hoping that he would not escape and

praying that Billy would sit on him harder. Once, as a more desperate wail than ever reached us, I came very near shouting, "Choke him, Billy!"

Though Mrs. Willoughby did not dream that her darling was the generator of the shrieks we heard, she grew anxious at his prolonged absence.

"I wish Clarence were here," she said restlessly. "What do you suppose has become of him, Mr. Farquhar?"

Mrs. Willoughby has a very pretty appealing way with her at times.

"Oh, he is somewhere around," I said with an ease that should have shocked me. "Climbing trees with Billy Brown, or fishing, or jumping, or—er——" Here my imagination failed me.

"Oh dear, I hope not," said Mrs. Willoughby anxiously. "I don't allow him to play with that horrid Brown boy. He is so rough and rude; don't you think so, Mr. Farquhar?"

Did I think so, when I had selected him from some dozen eager aspirants on these very qualifications?

"Oh, no," I said encouragingly; "he seems a gentle lad."

Mrs. Willoughby looked at me with contempt.

"I don't think you know what you are talking about!" she said scornfully. "When you call Billy Brown a gentle lad it implies a lack of something somewhere." Here she looked at my head. "You are really unusually tiresome to-day; I think I'll go in."

As it appeared later, I should have done well to let her go, but I was young and rash—well, not so very young, but if rashness is a proof of youth I was not quite sixteen.

"Don't go," I said; and whether because I have a persuasive way with me, or because she had no intention of going, she leaned back again against the tree trunk. I looked at my watch. It was three o'clock, just half an hour before the time when Billy would go off duty. I must make the most of it.

At ten minutes past three I was reading love poems aloud from the magazines; at three fifteen I had Mrs. Willoughby's hand; at three twenty—there was no one in sight, and there could not have been a better time or spot—I kissed her.

"Goodness!" said Mrs. Willoughby. "You needn't have done that, I think!" Her cheeks grew so pink that I kissed her again. We really were getting on.

I had just started a speech which I had prepared some days before, the end of which ran "Will you be Mrs. Farquhar?" when a small cyclone was heard in the distance. I had already noted, half unconsciously, that the tumult had subsided somewhat, and had rejoiced consequently. I might have guessed it was but the lull before the storm, which now came on us apace. First the sound of running feet, with a wailing accompaniment of sobs; then louder wails, and finally a figure coming into full view around the side of the house.

The figure was that of a small, tow-headed boy. He was as dirty as a small boy can be, which is dirtier than anything else in the world, and he was torn and ragged as well. His face was convulsed, and the tears had made two pink roads down his cheeks where the dirt was washed away. On he came, tripping, stumbling; his legs scratched, his knees bleeding, his feet tumbling over each other in his efforts to hurry. He ran as one might run to avoid being caught by a pursuing demon. Every other moment he cried "Mamma!" in agonized accents.

I had known that this must happen sooner or later, but I must confess I felt nervous. I sat back doggedly and waited for what was to come.

With a cry of "Clarence!" Mrs. Willoughby ran to meet him. She caught him up in her arms, and he threw his little dirty paws about her neck. Then, in the agony of his spirit, he put his face down on the pinkness of her gown and wept. It was a touching scene. Even I, the hardened criminal, could not but be affected by it.

"Poor little chap!" I said feebly, as she brought him over to where I sat. "He seems unhappy. What is the trouble?"

"I can't find out," said Mrs. Willoughby, kissing her son's ear, the rest of his face being buried on her shoulder. "He sobs so when he talks I can't understand him. Clarence, tell mudder what ails the baby?"

I thought this maudlin, and my sym-

pathies, but lately warmed into life, congealed again. Clarence was sputtering something unintelligible. Suddenly I understood him. He was railing against Billy Brown.

"He seems to have had a fight with Billy Brown," I suggested, with what must have seemed to her remarkable sagacity; and then, to please her, I muttered "Poor little chap!" again. Oh, I had fallen very low.

To Mrs. Willoughby the name of Billy Brown was like the touch of fire to gunpowder.

"Billy Brown!" she cried. "Has he hurt you? Oh, the coward! The great big brute! Oh, the meanness, the contemptibleness, of it to hurt a little boy!"

I looked at the ground. I had a faint hope of finding there an opening into which I could crawl. I could hear her heaping even harder words on me, did she know the truth. But there was no opening. I did not see how I could sneak away, so there I sat with "I am the man!" written in large characters on my face; and had Mrs. Willoughby been less occupied with her son, she must have seen it. But she was dropping tears on his fat scratched legs and kissing his wet cheeks, and did not think of me.

I felt I must do something, so I fell to reviling Billy Brown. I said all Mrs. Willoughby had said and more. I quite astonished myself with my flow of adjectives.

Mrs. Willoughby's face flushed as she heard me. She stopped kissing Clarence to give her hand to me.

"I shall never forget your sympathy," she murmured.

Just then the object of our execrations came around the corner. I saw him first, as one might see a dim figure in a dream; then I perceived that it was Billy, and that he was behaving in a most eccentric manner. He came skulking along by the side of the house on tiptoe—a most disreputable looking youth. He appeared to have suffered as well as Clarence, and my opinion of Mrs. Willoughby's offspring rose. Every few minutes my accomplice would pause, put his hands to his mouth, and call in a sibilant stage whisper: "Hi!"

I could not but suppose he was addressing me, and I was not rendered hap-

py. I don't know whether he thought himself invisible, or that Mrs. Willoughby and her son had been conveniently struck deaf for his delectation, but trifling facts like these did not appear to trouble him. He was intent on attracting my attention.

I turned Mrs. Willoughby's thoughts to a particularly long scratch on Clarence's forehead, and having thus disposed of her for another minute, I cast on the dissolute Billy a look which should have dissolved him into particles before my eyes. But it would take more than a look to dissolve Billy. Pleased at having at last caught my eye, he straightway began a pantomime. First he laid an imaginary something low, sat on it, pummeled it at intervals, then, rising, stretched out one hand, bowed, and put another imaginary something into his pocket. It was too plain.

I was thinking of excusing myself and enticing this simpleton away to some lonely spot, where I could pay him—and incidentally punch his head—when Mrs. Willoughby gave a scream. I knew then that it was all over—she had seen him.

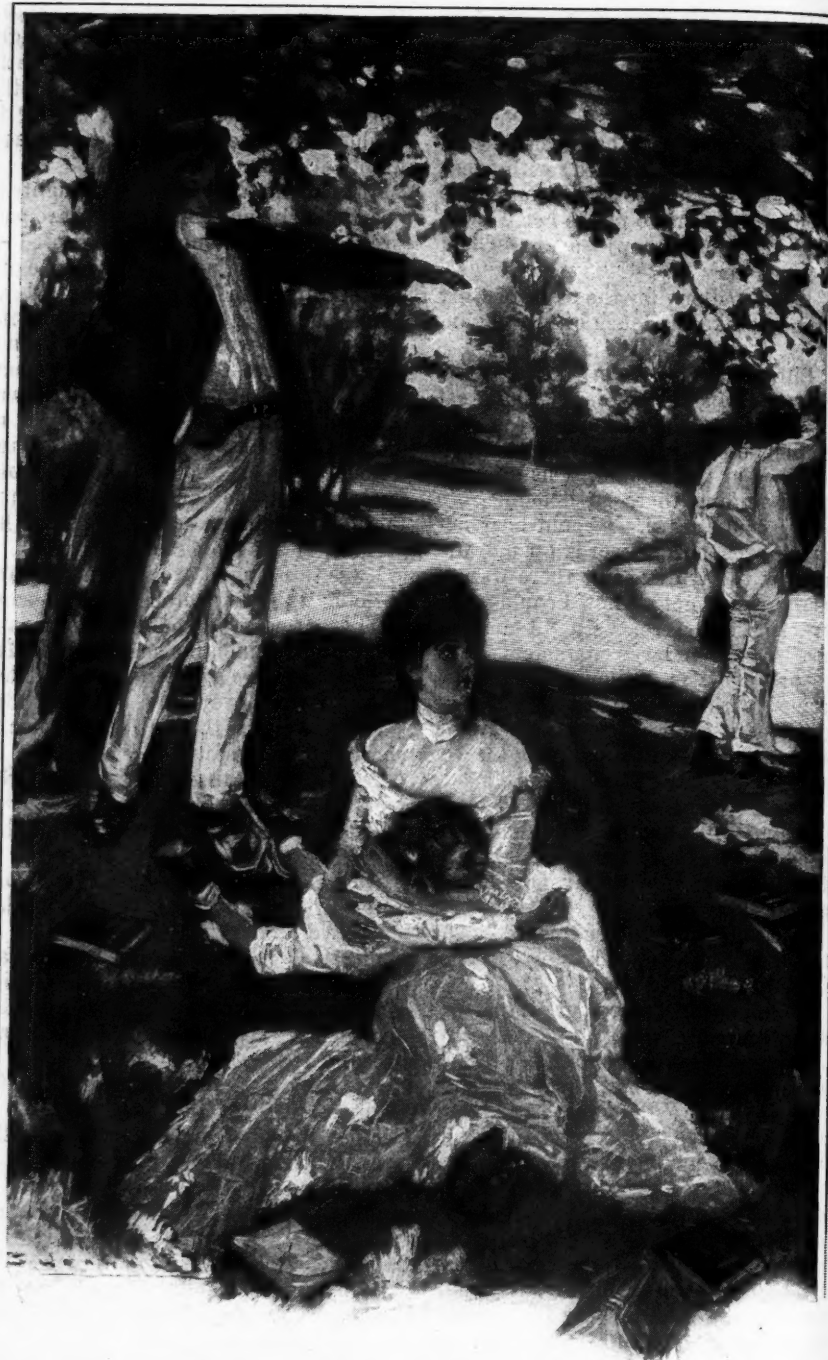
"There he is, there's Billy Brown!" she cried indignantly. "I wonder he dares to come near us, the wretch!" She looked so fierce that I thought of luring Billy Brown within her reach and thus disposing of him.

Just then Clarence espied my partner in guilt. I really had not known Clarence's vocabulary was so extensive. He objurgated in an almost princely manner, showing fine selection, even discrimination, in the epithets that he hurled at his enemy. My opinion of Clarence was steadily rising.

If Billy had been possessed of the faintest sense of the eternal fitness of things, he would have known that this was the time for him to withdraw. He had outstayed his welcome, and he should have seen it. But Billy was not sensitive; his feelings were not at all wounded by our scorn, and, seeing that the mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed proceeded to come to the mountain.

"Why, he is actually coming over to us!" cried Mrs. Willoughby.

I said nothing. I did not care about talking. I felt ill and low-spirited.



I BADE HIM "BE OFF!" WITH THE STERNNESS OF A ROMAN JUDGE.

Billy advanced with confidence. He bowed quite gallantly as he reached us, though he must have seen he was not wanted.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself, treating a little boy so?" began Mrs. Willoughby.

Billy grinned at me, but I failed to see any humor in the situation. Clarence now gave vent to some of his finest eloquence, until Mrs. Willoughby stopped his mouth. But Billy had business to attend to.

"Where's the dollar?" he asked in a loud, hoarse whisper.

If I looked innocent, certainly I did not feel it.

"What do you mean, boy?" I asked, assuming a lamb-like expression and speaking in a tone of childish candor. "You had better run away; this is no place for you."

Billy looked puzzled. He took off his cap and scratched his head; then he tried again, this time in a louder, hoarser whisper.

"The dollar," he explained. "The dollar for holdin' the kid!" and he went through his abominable pantomime, staring the while at Clarence.

"What is it, Mr. Farquhar?" demanded Mrs. Willoughby. "Do you owe him money? What does he mean by 'holdin' the kid'?" And I thought suspicion gleamed from her eye.

Billy was growing indignant.

"Didn't I done it?" he cried, tingling with a sense of injustice, his voice one of injured innocence. "Didn't you

told me to, and didn't I done it? Gimme my dollar!"

I saw myself tottering on the brink of a precipice. For one awful moment I sat there awaiting the crash; then my lost wits came back to me, and I was up and at Billy in a twinkling. I hustled him out into the open, and there bestowed on him the most enthusiastic thrashing ever a boy received. I should perhaps mention that I first whispered in his ear: "I'll give you five dollars, you idiot, if you will shut up and let me lick you!" That proved a talisman. At once Billy became as clay in the hands of the potter. I managed to close the bill into his hand as I finished, for I did not choose to expose myself to further risk; and I bade him "Be off!" with the sternness of a Roman judge.

I then went back to Mrs. Willoughby. Her cheeks were flushed with the excitement of the past few minutes, her gray eyes glittered.

"How can I ever thank you for thrashing that insolent little brute?" she murmured, giving me both her hands, and the look that went with them told me the day was mine. It had been a desperate venture, but I had won.

We strolled back to the house, Clarence in the middle. He had been strangely silent since the fray, but as we reached the door he looked up into my face, delight and admiration shining through his freckles.

"By Jove, Farquhar, that was as pretty a scrap as ever I saw!" he said, and offered me his hand.

FOR MUSIC.

HER heart is love's red rose
Wherein is honey sweet,
A lute whence ever goes
Music with every beat;
A chalice made to hold
A fragrance and a fire;
Love's treasure-house of gold,
Of dream and of desire.

Mine be the joy to take
This red rose freshly blown;
Mine be the bliss to make
This lute's song all my own;
Mine be the dear delight
To know this scented gleam,
And mine the beauty bright
Of its desire and dream!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

The Spanish War Veterans.

BY CAPTAIN J. WALTER MITCHELL,

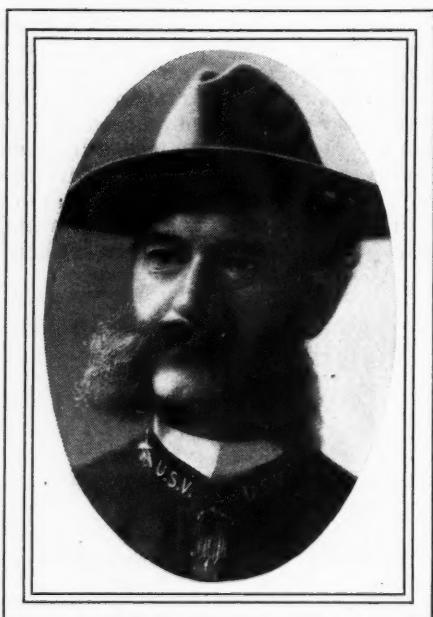
NATIONAL HISTORIAN OF THE ORDER.

THE ASSOCIATION THAT SEEMS DESTINED TO SUCCEED TO THE PLACE NOW HELD BY THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC AS OUR MOST IMPORTANT BODY OF VETERAN SOLDIERS—ITS SUCCESSFUL CAREER AND ITS MEMBERSHIP OF ABOUT A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND.

SOME day when civilization is perfected and the Czar's dream of universal peace comes true, the world will cease to know the veteran soldier. With him will pass much that is inspiring, much that is pathetic, and much that is reverend. Perhaps that bloodless era will have its own instruments for awakening the noble emotions which the sight of the veteran arouses now. It is a cold nature which can look today upon the survivors of the Civil War with no stirrings of patriotism at the visible reminder of the cost of the Union, and no pity for the age that has crept upon the vigor of its preservers. Whether men fight in a good cause or an evil one, blindly or clear-sightedly, they fight for something less gross than the satisfaction of their immediate wants, for something intangible and ideal. That is why all which pertains to the army has a thrill for the beholder, and why before a line of veterans there comes an impulse to bare the head.

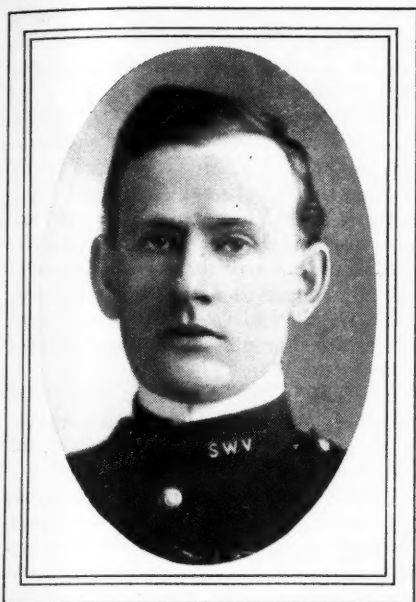
For a period it seemed as if this country would soon have no war veterans left. Then there was a tendency to consider the society of Sons of Veterans the logical successor, in memorial military organizations, of the Grand Army of the Republic—"the disappearing army," as it has been called. But the brief yet momentous conflict with Spain raised up a new crop of fighting men, and its veterans seem to be recognized as the successors of the veterans of the Civil War.

There are some who recall the campaign of 1898 as almost too trifling a military episode to have furnished an adequate supply of veterans to replace the Grand Army of the Republic. It lasted so short a time, and defeat was so conspicuously absent from the American arms, that it is easy to forget how many men volunteered for the conflict. The association of Spanish War Veterans has now about a hundred and thirty-five thousand members in more than a hundred



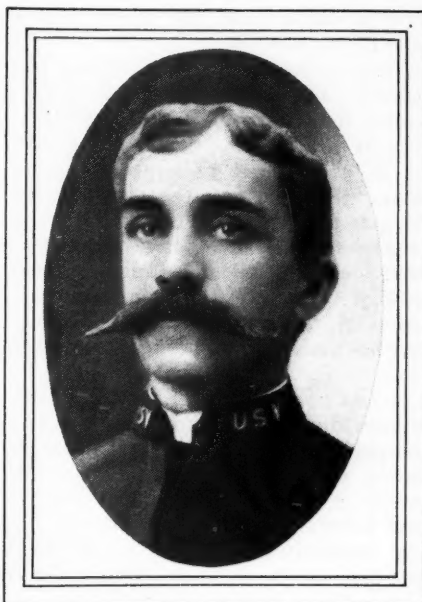
COLONEL M. EMMET URELL, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THE NATIONAL ARMY AND NAVY SPANISH
WAR VETERANS.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.



CAPTAIN L. C. DYER, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL ARMY AND NAVY SPANISH WAR VETERANS.

From a photograph by Stalee, Washington.



CAPTAIN J. WALTER MITCHELL, HISTORIAN OF THE NATIONAL ARMY AND NAVY SPANISH WAR VETERANS.

From a photograph by the Nonpareil Art Studio.

and seventy commands, as the local chapters are called. Its growth has been increasingly rapid, by far the greater part of its membership having come to the society within the past eighteen months. There is also another body, known as the Spanish-American War Veterans, numbering about twenty-five thousand more. This organization is shortly to be amalgamated with the larger one, a joint committee from each having already conferred on the subject.

HOW THE SOCIETY WAS FOUNDED.

The society is only four years old, having been instituted at Washington in May, 1899. A great peace jubilee parade was to be given; the order of the march, the list of the marchers, had been arranged, and the festivity was but three or four days off, when it was seen that almost the only body of men not represented in the procession were those who had fought in the war whose triumphant outcome was the cause of the celebration.

A call was issued by Captain J. Walter Mitchell, and in response there

gathered about two hundred men who had served against Spain. The organizers of the parade had their attention called to the strange omission in the ranks, and the Spanish War Veterans made their first appearance as a body.

After the parade, the Washington organization was made permanent, and calls were issued to other veterans throughout the country to send delegates to a convention for the formation of a national society. This convention was held in September, 1899, and attended by delegates from many States. Some of them were men who had fought against one another in the sixties, and side by side at the close of the century. Virginia, Arkansas, South Carolina, Florida, Kentucky, and Louisiana had representatives, as well as Massachusetts and New York. It being necessary to elect a commander-in-chief, two names were brought forward—those of General Warren Keifer, of Ohio, and Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, then Governor of New York. The vote that followed was a close one, General Keifer being chosen by a narrow margin. Had Colonel Roosevelt been present, it is

very probable that the result would have been reversed.

Next a council of administration was formed. The second name put in nomination for it was that of Colonel Hamilton H. Blount, the commanding officer of a regiment of negro immunes during the war, and the only colored delegate present at the convention. His nomination was moved and seconded by two Southern officers—Colonel Frederick W. Cole, of Florida, and Colonel James H. Tillman, of South Carolina, who has since gained notoriety in other ways.

It was not surprising, when the convention displayed so non-sectional and non-partisan a spirit, that the society should seek to commemorate in permanent fashion the passing of the old feud between the North and the South. The uniform which it adopted has done this very effectually. Gray trousers with a blue blouse and a gray campaign hat indicate the final peace between the Blue and the Gray, the final healing of the old breach in a new common cause.

THE SOCIETY'S LATER HISTORY.

Since its formation the organization has held three conventions—at Washington in 1900, at Buffalo in 1901, and at Detroit in 1902. At this latest convention a resolution was unanimously passed prohibiting any extension of the national honorary membership. The only honorary member elected by the organization as a whole was the late President McKinley, and his is the only name of those not enlisted for service which will ever appear in its rolls. Some of the local bodies have honorary members. President Roosevelt is an honorary member of the Theodore Roosevelt Command, of New York, but he has recently announced his intention of becoming an active member of the society.

There are other distinguished names in the membership list. Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles is a member; so is Admiral Dewey; so are Generals Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee. General Miles has served as commander-in-chief, being elected to that position at the second Washington convention. The Buffalo convention chose General William H. Hubbell, of New

York, to the position, and last year's gathering at Detroit elected Colonel M. Emmet Urell, of Washington, for the term now about to expire.

The Detroit convention was the most notable of the three which the organization has held. Its name was there finally fixed as the "National Army and Navy Spanish War Veterans"; a motion toward consolidating it with the rival veteran society, already mentioned, was carried; the office of historian was created; and it was voted to work toward the establishment in Washington of a Museum of War. This is designed as a monument to the American soldiers in all wars, from the Revolution to the conflict with Spain and its corollary, the Philippine insurrection.

Colonel Urell, the present commander-in-chief, is a veteran of two wars. He went to the front in 1861 as a private in the Eighty-Second New York, and served with the Army of the Potomac during three years of hard fighting. He was wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks, and at Bristow Station, in October, 1863, he was left for dead on the field. He was brevetted captain and major of volunteers for gallantry in action, and afterwards he received from Congress the medal of honor. In the Spanish war he served as major of the First District of Columbia Volunteers.

Like the Grand Army of the Republic, the Spanish War Veterans have their feminine auxiliary. This is composed of wives, mothers, daughters, and sisters of the soldiers of the war with Spain, and of army nurses and other women who were active in relief work. This society was organized in 1901, and had for its first president Mrs. John A. Logan. Its chief object is to help Spanish war veterans who have fallen upon evil days, and its secondary one to share in the various social activities of the parent society.

The most interesting command in the organization is the John Jacob Astor Command at the Soldiers' Home in Washington. It is composed entirely of regular army men, disabled by sickness or by wounds received in action during the late war. Its commander, Captain Leyburn Shorey, is a one-legged veteran of the Santiago campaign.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The New King of Servia.

To Servia may fairly be awarded the evil distinction which France has fortunately lost under the Third Republic—the right to rank as the most revolution-

ary state in Europe. In one respect, however, the little Balkan principality may congratulate itself upon the murderous fury of the conspirators against the late king. They did their work thoroughly. Not since Jehu, the regi-



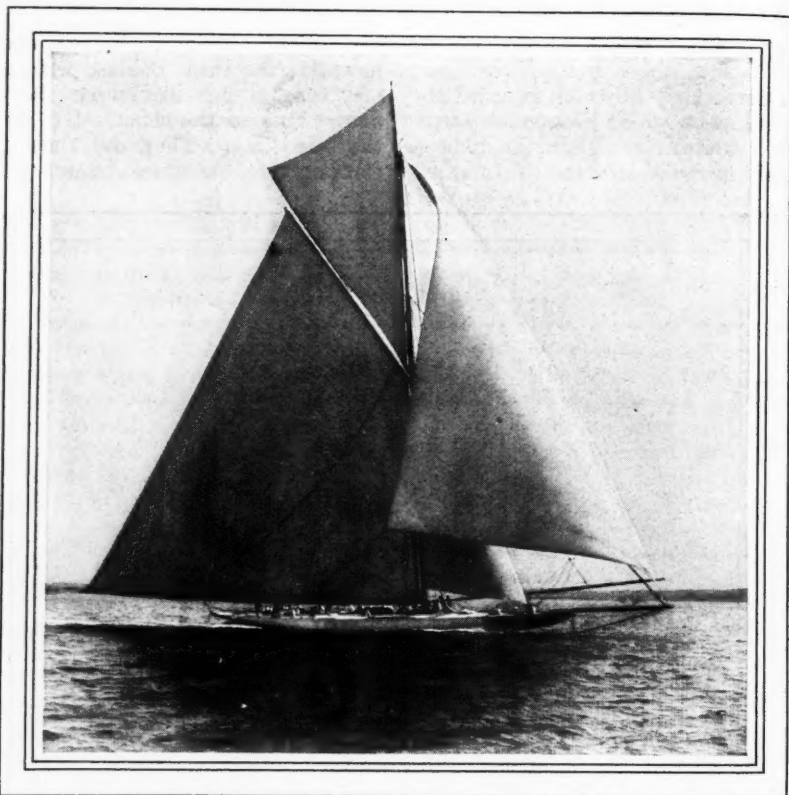
PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH, ELECTED KING OF SERVIA ON JUNE 15, IN SUCCESSION TO THE MURDERED KING ALEXANDER.

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

cide Israelite captain, slew King Joram, Queen Jezebel, and the seventy sons of Ahab, has a royal house been more completely exterminated. The new ruler is not likely to have to face a civil war, and there will be no Obrenovitch pretender

vanced very far, socially and intellectually, above its ancestors.

Only one of the Servian kings died peacefully and in possession of his crown, and of that one it is recorded that he "was of too feeble a constitu-



RELIANCE, THE HERRESHOFF SLOOP BUILT TO DEFEND THE AMERICA'S CUP AGAINST SHAMROCK III.

From a copyrighted photograph by Walter, Brooklyn, taken during one of the yacht's first trials on Long Island Sound.

to plot against him from beyond his frontiers.

But it is hardly to be expected that the reign of Peter Karageorgevitch will be one of untroubled prosperity. That would indeed be beyond the deserts of the prince and his people. Servia is a state with a bloody past, an unquiet present, and a doubtful future. Neither of the two royal houses that have contended for her unstable throne has an enviable record. Both are only a few generations removed from the primitive Slavonic peasantry from which they sprang, and neither seems to have ad-

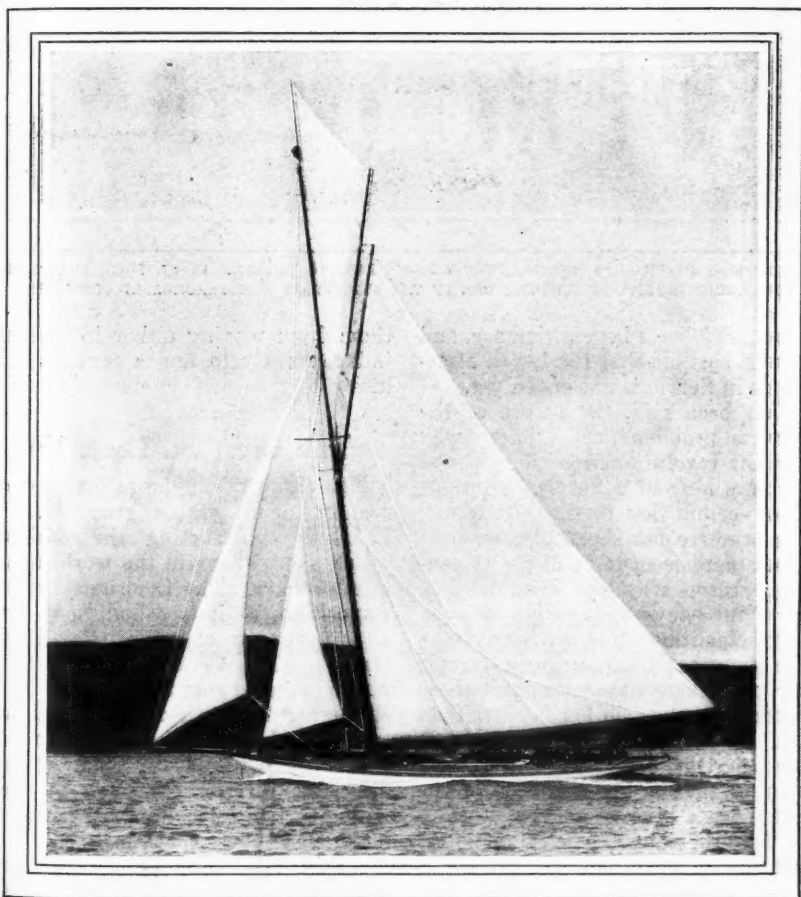
tion to direct the government." All the rest were expelled or assassinated by their dissatisfied subjects or by the rival faction. The late Alexander's father, Milan, who succeeded a cousin murdered by Karageorgevitch partizans, was a spendthrift, debauchee, and gambler, who played ducks and drakes with the liberties of his subjects and with the fortunes of his country. Alexander, as a lad, used to amuse himself by riding a bicycle over the flower-beds of the villas of Biarritz, where he and his mother spent their summers, and by spitting in the faces of indignant householders who

protested. As he grew older, he does not appear to have become much more kingly. The first report of his ending said that he met death bravely; but later and fuller stories told of his hasty flight in search of a hiding-place, and his abject begging for mercy from his merciless enemies.

There are times when blood will tell. In the Reign of Terror, when the great ladies of the Bourbon court were ordered to the guillotine, the matrons of the old French aristocracy stepped proudly upon the scaffold, silent and unfaltering. Only the du Barry, a daughter of the slums, screamed and struggled and pleaded for her life. One is reminded of the gruesome scene she

made when one reads of Alexander, whose great-grandfather was a pig-keeper, and Draga, daughter of a cattle-herder, cowering before their pursuers.

The world knows little of the character and abilities of the prince who succeeds to the blood-stained throne of Servia. It knows nothing to arouse much expectation that he will inaugurate a new and better era for the troublous little state. He is not charged with taking any actual part in fomenting the murderous conspiracy against his predecessor; but it is highly improbable that he did not know what was afoot, and he does not seem to have had any scruples about becoming the beneficiary of the massacre in the Konak at



SHAMROCK III, SIR THOMAS LIPTON'S THIRD CHALLENGER FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP.

From a photograph by Whiteford, Rothsey, taken during one of the yacht's first trials on the Clyde.



THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, THE WORLD'S FAIR TO BE HELD IN ST. LOUIS NEXT YEAR—THE VARIED INDUSTRIES BUILDING, ONE OF THE STRUCTURES NOW PRACTICALLY COMPLETED.

Belgrade. Violence begets violence, and it is quite possible that the list of assassinations in Servia is not ended yet.

As has been said, the future of the country is problematical. There may be further revolutions and new kings; or we may hear of a Servian republic. It is not certain that the little state will always preserve her separate existence; nor does there seem to be any very convincing reason why she should. The spirit of the age is unfavorable to such tiny principalities. She can scarcely be said to represent a nation, for a quarter of her people are not Serbs, and there are more Serbs beyond her borders than within them. Those under Austro-Hungarian rule are more orderly and prosperous than is the fragment of the race that has a king of its own.

On the other hand, Austria and Russia are the only two powers that are at all likely to think of any interference in Servia, and their mutual jealousy may indefinitely continue to prevent

them from moving either in unison or independently to find a permanent solution of the problem she presents.

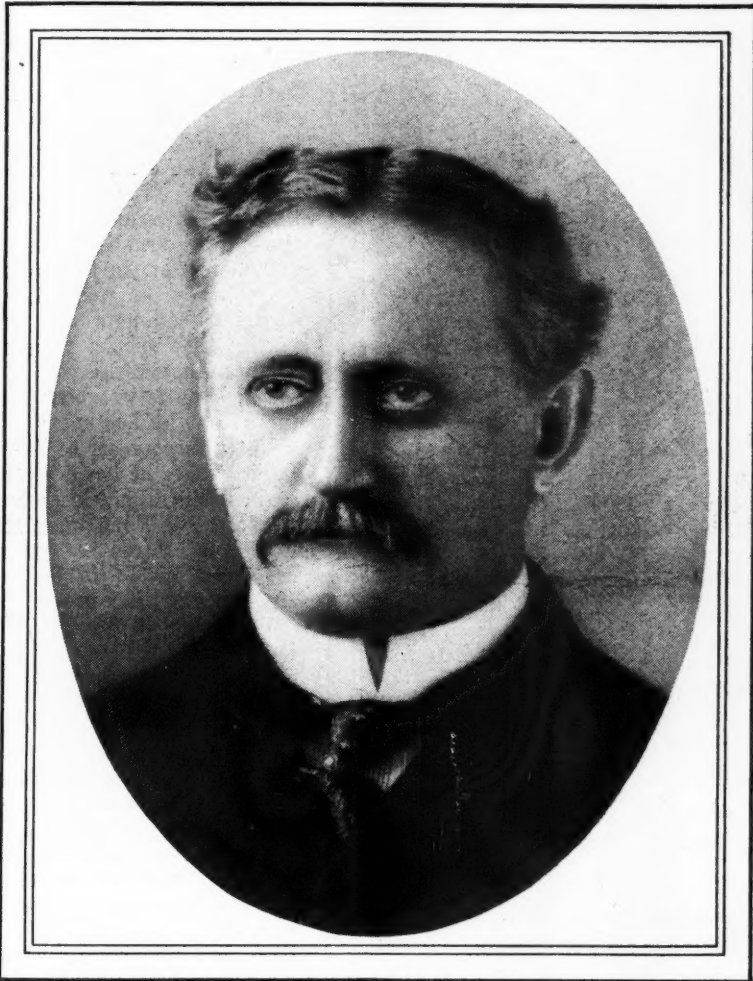
The Great St. Louis Fair.

The country at large has scarcely realized upon what a grand scale St. Louis is constructing the exhibition which she will invite the world to visit next summer. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition, as it is called, is to break all records in characteristic Western fashion. The Centennial at Philadelphia covered two hundred and thirty-six acres; the Paris fair of three years ago, three hundred and thirty-six acres; the Chicago display of 1893, six hundred and thirty-three acres. St. Louis, with nearly twelve hundred acres, will make all of these look small.

Again, the Centennial cost about eight and a half millions of dollars to construct; the Paris exhibition, nine millions. The total cost of the Chicago

fair was much larger, amounting to some twenty-seven millions; but here again St. Louis comes to the front, for it is estimated that when she opens the gates of her big exposition, it will rep-

rior, and who is one of the representative men of his city and State, has done remarkably skilful work in promoting the interests of the exposition. In his appointed task of calling the attention of



DAVID R. FRANCIS, PRESIDENT OF THE LOUISIANA PURCHASE EXPOSITION, FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF MISSOURI, AND A POSSIBLE DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN 1904.

From a photograph by Byrnes, St. Louis.

resent an investment of no less than forty millions.

If the undertaking is the success that it promises to be, the happy result will be due to its president more than to any one other man. David R. Francis, who has been mayor of St. Louis, Governor of Missouri, and Secretary of the Inte-

the world to its importance he has shown himself a diplomatist of no mean order, as well as a "hustler" of the true American type. In the early spring he made a trip to Europe to secure attractions of various sorts, and within two weeks he succeeded in buttonholing three kings and a president. The sov-



ANDREW CARNEGIE AS THE LAIRD OF SKIBO.

From a photograph by Foulsham & Bayfield, London, taken at the doorway of Mr. Carnegie's castle in Scotland.

ereign of Britain promised to send Queen Victoria's jubilee presents to St. Louis. The Kaiser will exhibit some family plate and other Hohenzollern treasures. Two or three minor royalties—among them the Prince of Wales and Prince Henry of Prussia—are said to have expressed their intention of coming over in person, and thereby contributing still more effectively to the éclat of the exposition. Mr. Francis also found time to interest hundreds of European journalists, public men, and merchants in the great fair. Incidentally, he went through a series of banquets with an impunity that speaks volumes for the soundness of his constitution.

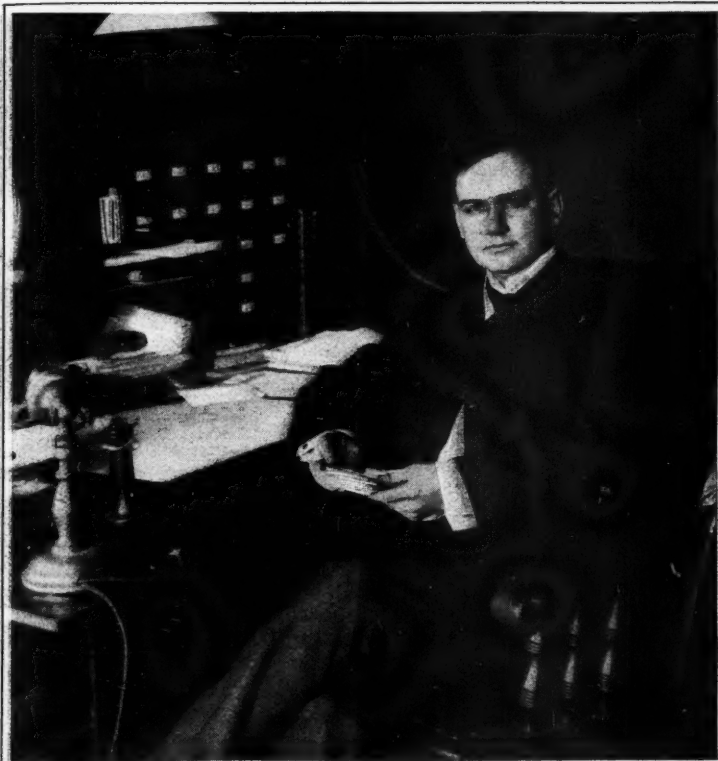
Mr. Francis was born in Kentucky, but he has spent most of his fifty-three years of life in St. Louis, where he has a prosperous grain business and large banking interests. All his work for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition has been done without salary. His success in promoting an undertaking in which the Missouri city is so deeply interested has made many people think that he would be a popular nominee for the Presidency on the Democratic ticket in 1904. He has been regarded as an opponent of the free silver movement; but his attitude on the great question which has so seriously divided his party has not been an extreme one, and it is thought that he might be accepted by both factions as a compromise candidate. That is, perhaps, not exactly a compliment to the strength of his convictions; but "availability" is the prime qualification of a would-be President.

Circuit Attorney Folk of St. Louis.

Five years ago a young Tennessean lawyer went to St. Louis. As with other young lawyers who gravitate to the large cities, his

immediate intention was to hang out his shingle, his ulterior ambition to win fame and fortune in his profession. Fame has come speedily to Joseph W. Folk, though he could scarcely have

lawyer was commissioned to draw up a tentative plan of settlement. His terms were not finally accepted, but during the negotiations he made a favorable impression upon both parties to the con-



JOSEPH W. FOLK, CIRCUIT ATTORNEY OF ST. LOUIS, WHO HAS WON NATIONAL FAME BY HIS FIGHT AGAINST CORRUPTION IN THE MUNICIPAL GOVERNMENT OF ST. LOUIS.

From a photograph by Paul Moore, Columbia, Missouri, taken in Mr. Folk's office.

foreseen the strange chain of events that gave him the opportunity of distinction.

His first two years—again like those of most other young lawyers—appear to have passed uneventfully. Then there came a great strike of street-car employees. Many influential men made attempts at conciliation, among them a Presbyterian clergyman of whose church Mr. Folk was an attendant. To this church the strikers were specially invited, and the pastor preached them a sermon, which was well received. Arbitration was suggested, and the young

trovsey, and suddenly found himself popular among the workingmen of St. Louis. This was his first appearance upon the horizon of the world of public affairs.

As the next election approached, the so-called "Butler machine," which was in complete control of municipal politics, found itself in need of a candidate for the office of circuit attorney. The statesmen of the local Tammany do not seem to have known much about Mr. Folk; but they had heard of his popularity with the labor element, and they

never dreamed that an obscure young lawyer would dare to revolt against their paternal and profitable sway. So they nominated and elected him as public prosecutor, his majority being a little

very low ebb of morality. The city council was being regularly bought and sold as franchises were needed by financial interests. The "boodling" was a matter of common knowledge, but there



JOHN SINGER SARGENT, R. A., N. A., THE MOST FAMOUS OF LIVING AMERICAN PAINTERS, WHO RECENTLY MADE A PROFESSIONAL VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

less than that of most of the other candidates on the Democratic ticket.

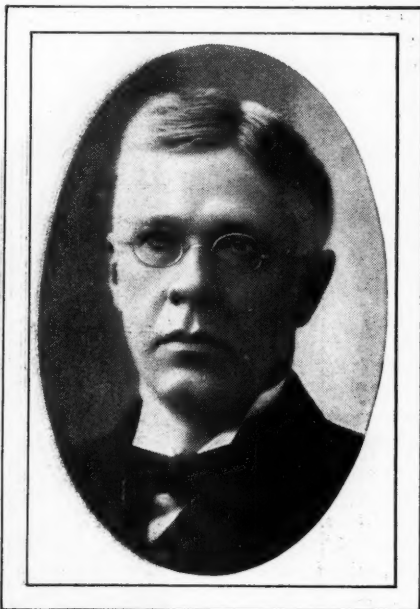
In the light of subsequent revelations, it would be idle to deny that St. Louis politics were at this time at a

was little complaint and no investigation. The public seems to have been content so long as the money came from the corporations and there was no direct looting of the city treasury.

The first positive disclosure of bribery was the result of a quarrel between the hoodlums. Then Mr. Folk stepped in. Having once resolved to strike, he struck vigorously. There was a reign of terror in the city council. Eighteen of the corruptionists were tried, and seventeen of them found guilty. The fact that a higher court intervened to save the guilty from punishment did not destroy the effect of the blow.

More recently Mr. Folk has turned his attention to a scandal in State politics, and helped to expose what seems to have been a distribution of thousand-dollar bills or checks by the agent of a corporation which desired to secure a monopoly for its product in Missouri. He secured the indictment of several members of the Legislature, and other suspects are said to have sought safety in flight.

The other day some of his fellow citizens who appreciate the young circuit attorney's public services offered him a dwelling-house as a testimonial. The gift was declined, Mr. Folk modestly averring that he had only done his duty.



SAMUEL N. DEXTER NORTH, WHO HAS SUCCEEDED WILLIAM R. MERRIAM AS HEAD OF THE UNITED STATES CENSUS BUREAU.

From a copyrighted photograph by Purdy, Boston.

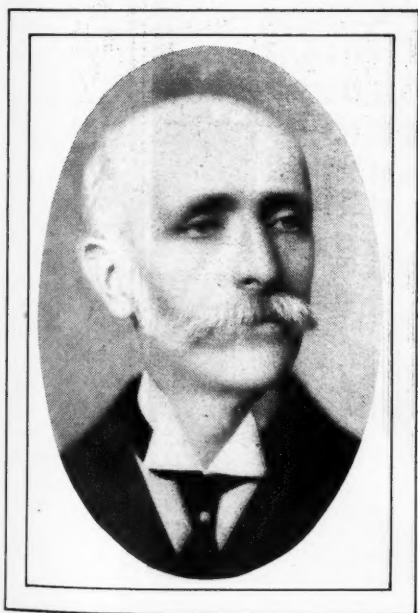
No doubt, as a matter of principle, his action was no more than correct. An official who does precisely what he is paid to do has no claim to special reward; but few in Mr. Folk's position would have scrupled to accept so desirable a present.

He is a man of whom more may be heard within the next few years.

Our Foremost Portrait-Painter.

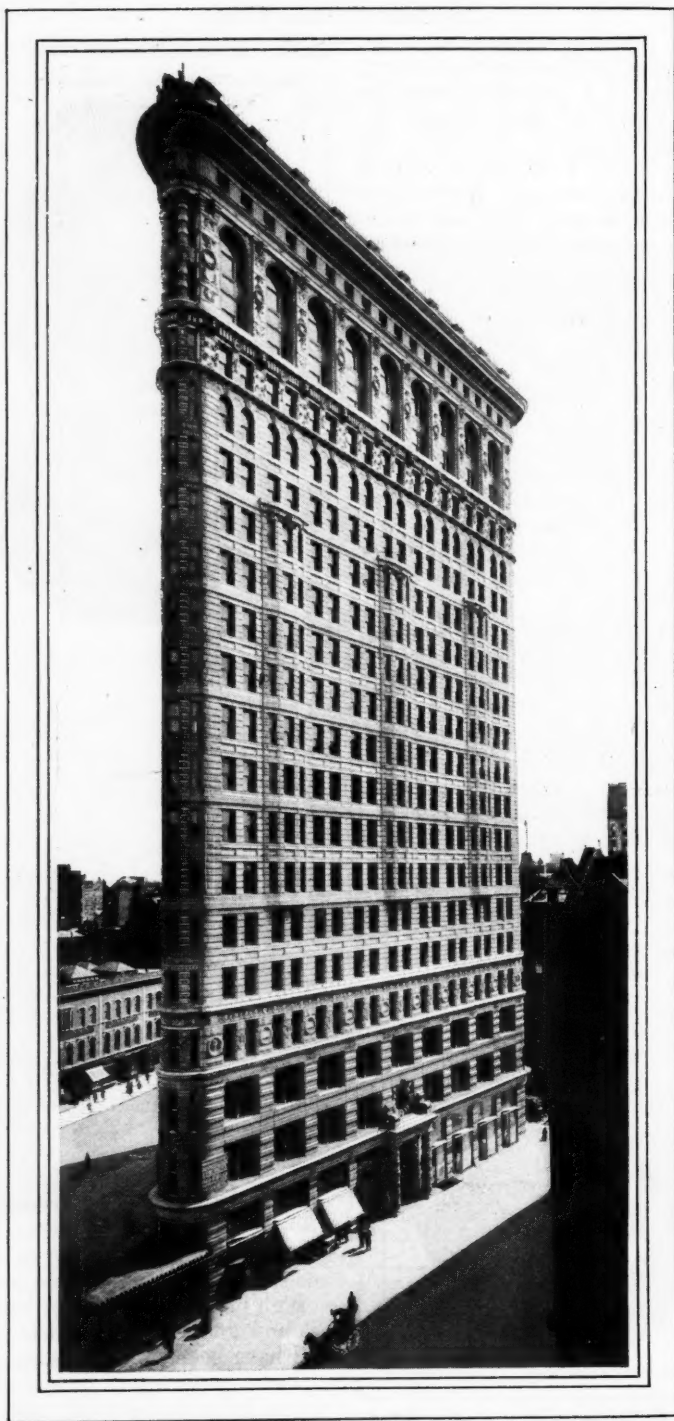
We must leave it to posterity to determine the true rank of the painters of to-day. Judging the future by the past—and how else should we judge it?—there will be many reversals of opinion a hundred years hence. The canvases of men now working in obscurity, perhaps in penury, will be in demand at high prices; on the other hand, painters now at the head of their profession will have been practically forgotten.

There are living men, of course, whose fame is, humanly speaking, secure; and high among them, quite or nearly at the very top, stands John Singer Sargent. Mr. Sargent's excel-



JOSE YVES LIMANTOUR, THE MEXICAN MINISTER OF FINANCE, WHO IS REGARDED AS THE PROBABLE SUCCESSOR OF PRESIDENT DIAZ.

From a photograph by Schlattman, City of Mexico.



THE MOST REMARKABLE SKYSCRAPER IN NEW YORK—THE FULLER BUILDING, COMMONLY CALLED THE FLATIRON BUILDING, AT THE CORNER OF BROADWAY, FIFTH AVENUE, AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET.

From a copyrighted photograph by Underhill, New York, taken from the roof of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

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lences are such as to compel the respect of any generation. Possessed of consummate technical skill and abundant pictorial quality, his work is made great by its simple strength and power. His realism is controlled by unfailing good taste. He does not rely upon any appeal to the fads of modernity, as is the case with Boldini, and to a certain extent with Whistler.

Though Mr. Sargent is always claimed as an American, "cosmopolitan" is the word that best fits the man and his art. He was born and brought up in Italy, learned to paint in Paris, and has long made his home in London. He has painted in Spain, and his style shows the influence of the great Spanish master Velasquez. He never saw the United States until after he came to manhood, and has since been an infrequent visitor, though his work is well known here. His "Prophets" in the Boston Public Library are widely familiar through reproductions, and he has sent over numerous canvases to American exhibitions. He is represented in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Early in the present year he spent some weeks in Boston, where he painted several portraits.

Mr. Sargent is no less admired in France—where he spent his student days as a pupil of Carolus-Duran—than in America and England. His "Carmencita" is one of the few foreign pictures in the official collection at the Luxembourg.

In London, recognition came to him more slowly, but in recent years his conquest of the British art world has been complete. The conservative Royal Academy did not elect him an associate until 1894, promoting him to full membership three years later. In 1898 his portrait of Asher Wertheimer was unanimously hailed as the picture of the year; and every subsequent season his work has attracted more attention and admiration than that of any other London painter.

At forty-seven Mr. Sargent has won a position surpassed by that of no living painter. It would be rash to predict that he will ever be ranked among that select and glorious company, the greatest masters of the graphic art; but

that posterity will regard him as the representative artist of his day is no more than the probable measure of his fame.

Edward VII as a Social Factor.

When the historians of the future shall sum up the life-work of Britain's present king-emperor, and shall essay to strike a balance of praise and blame, let them not forget to credit him with a modern reform of real value—the shortening of the formal dinner. "Thanks to Edward VII," says a recent writer—T. H. S. Escott, a veteran social observer who speaks with authority—"the banquet that formerly filled the whole of an evening is now merely one of the incidents. About the time that earlier kings, or their courtiers in their own homes, were preparing for a second bottle, or it might be a third, coffee and cigars are ready."

It is probable that the change—distinctly a change for the better—would have been brought about, sooner or later, by the improved taste of an advancing civilization; but it is a matter of history that Edward VII was one of its earliest champions, and the one whose championship was the decisive factor in establishing the reform. It was not the work of a single day or season. Years ago, as Prince of Wales, he began to insist that the countless hosts who sought the honor of entertaining him must conform their menu to his ideas; and gradually but surely the force of royal example has made itself felt throughout the smart world.

In some quarters it was predicted that when Queen Victoria passed away her son and successor would lower the rigid bars of etiquette and establish a dangerously unconventional régime. The forecast, never a probable one, has been entirely falsified. The routine of the court has not been relaxed under the present sovereign, nor has its atmosphere taken on the slightest taint of Bohemianism. Queen Victoria and her husband, says Mr. Escott, "began by making English society respectable. Edward VII went on to make it smart, still insisting on its being in all things decorous as well as entertaining."

Milady of the Mercenaries.*

BY LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE.

A NOVEL BY A NEW AMERICAN WRITER—A DRAMATIC NARRATIVE OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE—THE TIME OF THE STORY IS TODAY, AND THE SCENE MOVES BETWEEN NEW YORK AND A SPANISH-AMERICAN CAPITAL WHERE REVOLUTION IS CHRONIC.

I.

THE beginning was Jimmy Curtice, coming out of the West with no money to speak of and a young heart full of confidence in himself and his peculiar abilities. He had, further, a letter of introduction to a certain editor, a bag full of manuscripts—the which he termed “copy”—and not a friend in all New York. It will be noted that he was possessed of all those handicaps which go to point out a successful career.

On the run down from Albany he met Haigh in the smoking-car. Haigh asked Curtice for a match. He was obliged, and the two drifted into that guarded conversation which marks the intercourse of casual acquaintances. Both were young, neither feared the sound of his own voice; yet both, to a degree, were citizens of the world, and cautious. They had lived through a variety of experiences, widely differing; were seasoned, and had learned that it is wise to put no more trust in your fellow man than may be needful. Hence they generalized good-humoredly, neither learning over much of the other's history.

Curtice was tall and spare, with the lithe leanness which comes from knocking about and using your brains when sensible people—people who buy and read your stories—are snugly tucked away in their beds, unmindful of the fact that Struggling Young Genius is pounding a typewriter in a cold, bare room up four flights of stairs. Moreover, he was good-looking, judged by the standards of the day; and there was a certain

sweet firmness about the set of his jaw which inclined men and women to like him, and to ask and accept his advice upon important matters. Twenty-eight years of clean living and of contact with all sorts and conditions of men, during which he had frequently looked want squarely in the eye and talked back to the wolf that howled upon his door-sill, had mellowed his nature, giving him some knowledge of himself and his limitations, and some confidence in his powers. Those who came to know him well loved him and called him Jimmy; but these had been few.

Much of this Daniel Haigh saw or gathered from their talk; and the law of the attraction of opposites being still in force, he took a liking to Curtice, unbent, and invited him to call whenever he “got settled.” For Haigh was short, and plump with good living, no weakling, yet lacking in initiative to some extent. It developed that he painted pictures which didn't sell, and lived in a hive of studios which he called the Barracks. He was a good sort, and Jimmy accepted his card and the invitation.

As the train plunged into the tunnel, the two lapsed into a thoughtful silence. The journey's end gave food for consideration. For the one, there were new conditions to be faced and a living to be carved out of that most unstable of professions, the writer's end of the publishing business. For the other, there was the old life to be taken up after a long absence, the old ties to be renewed, the old ambitions to be revived; and this upon an aching heart. Poor, plump little Daniel Haigh! The stalwart of ro-

* Copyright, 1903, by Louis Joseph Vance.

mantic fiction we have always with us; but who shall write us the love stories of little men?

Somewhere in the tunnel there was trouble. The train came to a grinding halt, and waited for several minutes. Another train, outward bound, lingered on the opposite track, and it was so ordered that the window by which the two men sat looked directly upon one of its state-rooms. Haigh paid no attention to this fact; he was telling himself—and believing—that thereafter life for him held naught but empty husks; the while he sucked dolefully at the stem of his pipe and mournfully regarded the tips of his small, varnished boots. But Curtice looked, and so doing gave vent to a wondering exclamation that roused Haigh.

"Thunder!" said Jimmy amazedly.

"What's the trouble?" asked Haigh.

"Do you see that girl?" Jimmy spoke the words slowly, with a slight pause between each.

Haigh turned and saw; and promptly he was aware that the girl in the state-room was the most beautiful woman in the world, not even excepting one other who had said "No" so very sadly.

She bore herself with that unstudied grace which is given only to the perfectly proportioned. Haigh guessed that she was tall. He could see that she was richly dark, with the bloom of roses warm upon the dusk of her cheeks, which were swept by the long, upcurled lashes of her closed eyes. Her hair was a glowing, darkling, coppery crown. Her head was thrown back, resting upon the cushions; the full sweep of her throat would have tempted the caress of an anchorite. Her attitude was that of utter passivity, of a crushed resistance which assorted strangely with the splendid courage and independence of her mouth—a large, full-lipped mouth, but not too large.

So much Haigh saw, and then again Curtice broke the silence.

"Lazard, or the devil himself!"

There was a man in the compartment—a small man, well built, neither stout nor yet thin, with a sharp hook of a nose and a face bronzed almost to blackness; conspicuous in white flannels, for this was summer. He slouched in his

seat, his arms folded, his head bent forward, his gaze fixed sneeringly upon the girl; and his eyes were grim, cold, black beads.

The girl moved restlessly and opened her eyes. They rested full upon those of Jimmy Curtice; she started, and flashed to him a look of appeal. Curtice half rose, his lips moving as if to speak. At that instant the man saw him and bent forward; for the fraction of a second he glared defiantly at Curtice, then drew the curtain. A moment later the trains moved onward, and rolled swiftly away from each other.

Curtice sat himself down with a half laugh. Haigh waited, but, finding that the other did not speak, asked lightly:

"Who was she—the beauty?"

"Who? The girl?" Jimmy spoke absently. "I don't know."

"The man, then?"

"Lazard—Jose Maria Lazard, one of the most unspeakable scoundrels on the face of God's green earth. I knew him—down South. I wonder"—he fell to musing. Then he swore softly. "I wonder—but what a beauty!"

"Exactly!"

"But what the devil is she doing with that blackguard?"

"His wife?"

Curtice rejected the suggestion with a decided shake of his head.

"It's not nice, Mr. Haigh—I know you'll pardon me for telling you—it is not nice to defame the character of a woman whom you do not know."

Haigh chuckled.

"Thank you, I'll try to remember. Through you I offer humble apology to the lady. But in that case, what—"

"My remark. I want to know."

"At any rate," continued Haigh, "it was sufficiently melodramatic to whet one's curiosity."

"She looks—her face has something of the character of some one I once knew. I wonder—but that is manifestly impossible."

"Better call the incident closed," was Haigh's comment. "Besides, this is New York, sir."

They parted by the baggage-room. Curtice had a typewriter to check. "It's old and rickety, and mostly repairs by this time," he explained with

a smile; "but it's a precious good thing for me. I earn my daily bread by the sweat thereof. So I am careful of it."

"Well, good-by. Glad to have met you." Haigh held out his hand. "Where will you be stopping?"

"Heaven only knows—but I have your address."

"Right. Don't lose it. Drop in whenever you feel like it. Well"—with a wave of his hand he moved down the platform. In a moment, however, he was back. "By the way," he laughed, "if by accident you find out who the lady is, don't fail to let me know. Oh, yes; I admit I'm a woman for curiosity!"

II.

Or Daniel Haigh it may be said that training and family tradition had fashioned him for an excellent civil engineer; inclination had turned him into an indifferent painter; fate had made him an unsuccessful idler. Fate, in his case, had taken the form of an exceeding well-to-do and ill-tempered uncle, who, while cordially despising Haigh, had yet so neglected an important duty that, when apoplexy carried him off, he died intestate. Daniel, as the nearest of kin, became his sole heir; nor unwillingly, although the money was of slight moment to him. The memory of past insults and nagging abuse caused him to take a sort of grim pleasure in mishandling the estate of his deceased relative, whom he would joyously conceive as writhing in his grave at each fresh extravagance of his spendthrift nephew.

He lived casually, ruled by the dictates of a jaded fancy; now in his studio in town, where he dabbled in oils and conceived great subjects which he never executed; now he traveled; or, when weary of the unprofitable sameness of his world—as he not infrequently was—he would retire to his farm in Fairfield County, there to dream and vegetate until unrest drove him forth once more.

He had thought that a summer in the city would tend to distract his thoughts; but he found that it held no attraction for him. Those among his acquaintances for whom he cared were out of town; the theaters were stupid; he had

no mind for work—the reek of oil and turpentine unnerved him with a memory. If he loafed, Her eyes forever haunted him, staring out from his portrait of Her in the corner of the studio—following him about with the light that he had tricked himself into believing he saw in their dear depths. Another would have wrecked the canvas, or turned its painted surface to the wall; Haigh kept it, a monument to buried hopes and vanished happiness, as well as a tribute to his ability; for he had given to it the best that was in him.

Even Curtice, to whom he had taken more than a liking, failed him. Once, indeed, returning from a lonely meal, Haigh had found Jimmy's card in his letter-box; but as that gentleman had neglected to scribble an address on it, Daniel could not hunt him up. Yet so engrossed was he with vain repining, it took a flat fortnight for him to discover that he was yawning. But when he did so, he abruptly packed off to the hills of Fairfield.

He arrived at the end of a simmering day. Stepping from the train at the suburban station, he found his automobile—an electric runabout which he took an ingenuous pleasure in calling his "go-cart"—waiting for him in the crush of vehicles at the platform's edge. He climbed aboard listlessly; but the touch of the levers, the thrill of the carriage as a thing alive, the rush of pure air, the fresh, soothing green of the countryside, roused him to interest. The women of the fashionable summer resort in crisp, dainty, fluffy gowns, briskly handling the reins as they drove their men-folk home from the day's work in the city, awoke a flutter in his breast which he found not unpleasant. Above all, the perfect beauty of a glimpse of the Sound, which he caught from an elevation, and a salt whiff of sea breeze, brought from him a tribute to the soundness of the world at its great old heart.

"This is doing me good," he reflected. "I believe I did well to come."

He let out another notch of speed, and the machine leaped forward over the sandy road. So speeding, he came to the top of a little hill; here the roads forked. To the right he must go to gain

his home, but to the left lay a long stretch of winding road, deserted, tempting. He hesitated, then turned to his chauffeur.

"Tell you what you do," said he: "you get out here and cut across the fields. Tell Mrs. Mitchell that I'll be home to dinner in about an hour. I want to look around a bit."

The man touched his cap and silently slipped off. Haigh turned the machine, and with half a laugh descended into the Valley of Solitude. This was his own christening; to the neighborhood it was but the Valley Road. For miles it wound through rich farm lands, by the side of a little stream, without a homestead to mar its rural beauty, with one exception. This single dwelling was Brookside, a sinister pile in the midst of wide, unkempt grounds, the whole surrounded by a high, spiked wall. Long uninhabited, it dominated the entire valley with its quiet desolation, which, to the taste of Mr. Daniel Haigh, lent it an added charm. Some miles from the railroad station, keeping the country-folk at a distance by its own broad acres of untilled fields, it was little known, and more rarely visited by the summer population of the village. An air of mystery was heavy about it; Haigh had whiled away many an hour of quiet speculation in the grim shadow of its walls, or peering through the rusted gates to catch a glimpse of the broad, weed-grown driveway leading up to a moss-covered *porte cochère* and the blank, boarded, shuttered house-front.

The runabout slipped through the gathering gloom of the Valley Road with scarcely a sound. In the west, the sun had sunk behind the Fairfield hills, sending aloft broad shafts of boldly-tinted light to glorify the clouds. The quiet was almost oppressive; it was as if the earth waited in silent reverence upon the passing of the day. A gentle melancholy subdued the spirits of Daniel, who guided his machine mechanically, scarcely comprehending what he did. Then, abruptly, he was brought back to earth and the material things of life.

From a chimney of Brookside a thin trickle of smoke ascended, and was dimly outlined again a rosy cloud.

Haigh gasped in wonder; his hand closed upon the lever, and the runabout slowed to a standstill. He squinted and stared yet more closely; indubitably it was smoke—a mere thread, but smoke; conclusive proof that life was in the deserted building.

This was news, indeed! At a reduced speed Haigh traveled onward to the point where the wall broke off from the roadway and bordered the fields. Here he stopped again, listening. The wind soughed through the ancient trees; in the distance throbbed a whippoorwill's note. Haigh smiled to himself and shook his head; he had thought that a voice had fallen upon his ear.

As he started up once more, he was sure he heard a rustling in the undergrowth on the further side of the wall; but that he might have imagined, or it might well have been caused by some small animal. And then, again, the silence was broken, this time with a suddenness which shook him. A woman's laugh, deep-toned, clear, distinct, instinct with real mirth, trembled and died away upon the evening air with uncanny effect.

A chill wandered upon Daniel's spine. The old women's tales concerning the evil reputation of Brookside recurred to him with a force which was intensified by the attendant circumstances. In actuality that laugh had been essentially human and natural; in retrospect it was eerie, mysterious, portentous. He sat wide-eyed and wondering, straining his ears.

He was not unrewarded. A dismal cackle seemed to break almost at his shoulder, to be followed by a long, sibilant hiss; and Daniel's runabout took unto itself wings and fled, bearing the young man swiftly down the long stretch of wall. By the gateway he laughed at himself, and was calmed sufficiently to stop the machine for the third time. He turned on the carriage-lamps, and, with their light thrown upon the gate, endeavored to discover some signs of life or human occupancy about the place.

To all appearances it was as it had been since last closed, many years ago. Upon the drive were no marks of hoofs nor wheels; the rank vegetation luxu-

riated unbruised, untrampled. A rabbit darted across the circle of radiance, scuttling off through the underbrush.

By this time the assembled shadows were too thick and deep to permit of much investigation. Haigh turned about, and, marveling, made for his home. The tenor of his thoughts was curious. For the nonce he was lifted out of himself; his brain, over-weary with self-pity and repining, turned eagerly toward an attempt at solving the puzzle. It proved, however, useless—for the present, at least.

The adventure, no less than the change of air and scene, had sharpened Daniel's appetite. This to the intense satisfaction of Mrs. Mitchell, his housekeeper, and wife to the man who acted as tenant and manager of the farm. As she plaintively put it, Haigh, during the past three weeks, had eaten little more than enough to keep a small bird alive; but to-night he did full justice to his meal. This, with a cigar, composed him to attention to Mrs. Mitchell's store of gossip. He was, indeed, in no way indisposed to listen, hoping thus to catch some clue to his evening's adventure. Nor was the housekeeper unwilling to talk.

Yes; there had been a right smart of new people in town this summer. She did hear that lots of folks were renting their places for four months for as much as a thousand dollars. One of the heifers had died last week; she didn't rightly know what was the matter, but John could tell him. Some said as how one of them city fellers had broken the record out to the goff links Saturday, and a lot of them society folks was getting up an amychoor circus. Yes, for a charity; she didn't know what charity, but it did seem a funny way to raise money for religious purposes. Why didn't they have sewing circles, or church fairs, or sociables, same as they (the villagers) did? No, no one had rented the Brookside place. What a queer question, after all that folks said about it! Not that she believed in ghosts; she had never seen one, and didn't calc'late to, either.

Haigh gave it up as a bad job. He arose and went out into the dewy night, to finish his cigar. Then, rather tired, he

sought his bed, where he lay reading Poe and De Maupassant until, when he turned out his light, he said he felt "real spooky." His sleep, however, was more sound than it had been for some time.

The morning, and many a succeeding one, found him up with the birds. He spent much of his time in the go-cart and the Valley of Solitude. But his curiosity was sated not at all; Brookside bore the same aspect day after day. The laugh of the woman recurred not, though he waited time and again in the spot where he had heard it before.

And then, at last, when he was about to give up the profitless affair, something happened.

It was a Sunday, the hour about nine in the morning. The day was very beautiful, the Valley Road more enticing than was its wont. The go-cart swung into it as by custom, Daniel lolling on the seat, immaculate in flannels. He was downcast, and the cigar between his teeth was unlit; he was chewing the butt, and it is a bad sign when a sane man thus misuses a good smoke. In his head, Daniel was composing a little verse of mournful cadence, in which the rhyme "heart" and "part" was followed by "despair" and "passing fair." He was back-sliding, it was evident.

Therefore interruption came opportunely, and in the shape of a peculiar green bird hopping in the dust by the walls of Brookside. Haigh whistled, and lessened the speed of the runabout. The bird cocked its head to one side, eyed him, and flew clumsily to a branch overhanging the road, from which it squawked defiance.

"Why, it's a parrot!" cried Daniel, stopping. "No, it's a parrakeet. Now, what in thunder is a parrakeet doing here?" He studied the bird quizzically. "Pretty Polly! Do you know that you are an anomaly?"

The parrakeet stormed angrily. Haigh laughed.

"Oh, well," he said, "if you feel that way about it, I'll take it all back. You are not an anomaly; you are merely irregular and out of place. Where did you come from, anyway?"

The parrakeet swore fluently, and in Spanish, which Haigh understood.

"Hello!" he exclaimed. "I knew I was a bad sort, but, 'pon my word, I had no idea I was so depraved as all that. You're a naughty bird!"

At this a woman's laughter belled full upon the air. Daniel was startled. He rose in the runabout, looking around him.

"Come!" he expostulated. "This is going too far!"

III.

MEANWHILE, Curtice was remembering.

He sat wearily listless upon a shaded bench in Madison Square. His legs were stretched straight out before him, the feet crossed; his hands were thrust deep into his trousers pockets, counting and recounting, without his being aware of the fact, the few coins that remained of the scanty store with which he had come to storm the citadel of success. He was a trifle shabbier, a little thinner, than when he had parted with Haigh at the station. That was a month gone. His brow was creased with a furrow of thought—and he was very far away from the island of Manhattan. He was remembering.

It was very hot—so hot that men shed their coats and walked droopingly and drank many cooling drinks. If they noticed Curtice at all, they wondered why in the name of common sense he wore his waistcoat buttoned. In truth, this was to hide a shirt which was clean but ragged; but how should they know? The evening papers were issuing "heat extras," at ten o'clock in the morning, further to harass suffering humanity with details of deaths during the night, and of what the thermometer said each hour.

Even in this, the center of the city's life, the roar of traffic seemed to be hushed to a murmurous hum. Over to the south, pneumatic hammers at work on a great new building drove home the rivets with a metallic staccato, in strident imitation of the locust. Toward Fourth Avenue, where work was still progressing on the Subway, steam drills rapped and chugged in ceaseless rivalry. To these were added the rumble of the cars and the sharp clangor of their

gongs. Otherwise the city waited, enduring in hushed, breathless lassitude, praying for promised thunder-storms. The asphalt, where the sun struck it with full force, was soft and yielding, and dazzlingly white; and above it, heat devils danced.

It brought to Jimmy the picture of another open space—a plaza whereon the sun beat fiercely. It boasted no benches, no grass, and but a few straggling, withering trees; its dust was inches deep, and, being moved, rose in dense, stifling clouds. A few heat-defying chickens scratching in the shade, a few mangy, slumbering hounds, still fewer barefooted, drowsy sentries in ragged uniforms, and Curtice—these were the sole life of the plaza. On its north side loomed the bare, white bulk of the President's palace, with shutters closed, expressionless, yet menacing; for it was protected by shining brass cannon and Gatlings, their brazen muzzles flaming in the sun. On the three remaining sides of the plaza were rows of shops, bars, restaurants, all as shabby and dilapidated as is common in Central and South American cities. At present they were, for the most part, deserted; for it was the hour of the siesta.

Curtice defied the sun. He had but just landed, and was on his way, all impatience, to the palace. His instructions were to interview the President at the first available opportunity, and he did not propose to waste any time. You are to understand that an ordinary spring revolution was in progress, Curtice being present in his capacity of correspondent for a Western paper.

He paused for a moment on the edge of the square, mopping his brow, and then the silence was broken. A man resplendent in much gold lace and red cloth came forth hastily from the palace, his sword clanking upon his spurs. He was raving to heaven, shaking his clenched fists up at the sky. He threw himself upon a flea-bitten pony, and struck an orderly in the face. The soldier stepped back, wiping blood from his mouth. The officer smote his spurs deep into the flanks of his animal, and came tearing through the dust, making toward Jimmy.

"The fool's drunk—and in this climate, too!" commented Curtice, waiting curiously to see what might befall. The man on the maddened pony was coming directly to the spot where he stood. "Must want this place," he added; "reckon I'll move out of harm's way."

He was not quite quick enough to please. Out of the whirl of dust he saw the red, angry face of the officer and the flash of an unsheathed sword. The man was shouting something in Spanish; it sounded insulting. He reined in a little and cut at Jimmy with the sword—with the edge; he neglected to use the flat.

"Seems to be something personal about this," said Jimmy, evading the blow.

As the pony tore past, he leaped and gathered in the man by the slack of his coat. Impulsively, and without forethought, because he was very angry, he kicked him in the ribs; then, while he groveled in the dust, Jimmy beat him with his own sword—with the flat of it. The officer wept with rage and called Curtice many evil names. Then came soldiers running and popping away with rifles, and Jimmy went away hurriedly. That they failed to catch him was due to his forethought in taking the officer's pony.

That officer was the Generalissimo Lazard, mercenary and renegade, at that time wielding a tarnished but influential sword in the government service. For this reason Jimmy failed to interview the President; he judged that it would be unhealthy to make the attempt. His blood and his head were so hot that he left the capital, went northward, and enlisted with the revolutionists. It was tough on his paper, which of necessity got but little copy; but it was certainly most excellent fun. And when the man turned his hand to writing, the experience proved of value.

Later, a detachment of revolutionary troops holding the Rondo Pass were surprised and captured by government soldiers led by this same Jose Maria Lazard. By his order, unprintable atrocities were practised upon the prisoners, who in the end were mercifully permitted to die. Jimmy made a mental

note of this, and decided to shoot the man on sight.

Later again, when the revolutionists seemed about to triumph—it was a false hope, by the way—Lazard deserted to their cause. He came into camp early one morning, while Jimmy slept; and within an hour the American narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of one of his own men. Then, because the name of Lazard was a power in the land, and because Jimmy was well-beloved by his general, he received an intimation that it would be well for him to resign his commission. He did so, and immediately challenged Lazard. The general refused, with an insulting message to Jimmy. Somehow the American escaped with his life, took ship, and won to the City of Mexico.

Here, after a lapse of a year or so, took place their third and latest meeting—if you except the incident of the tunnel. Jimmy saw Lazard in a café one evening. Ten minutes after that, as he was returning to his hotel, a peon miscalculated; he aimed for Jimmy's heart, but the knife stuck in his arm. Curtice bandaged the arm, carefully loaded his revolver, returned to the café, and warned Lazard earnestly. The man laughed, cursed Jimmy, and made as if to draw a gun. This was manifestly foolish; Curtice was very quick when angry, and his bullet shattered the mercenary's shoulder.

"Now we are quits," he told the wounded man. "Next time I'll shoot you down like the dog you are!"

The affair made some noise, but Jimmy had friends who were influential; they hushed the matter up, and got the American out of town. He took horse and went on his way back to God's country—which is much further north.

And now, since it was Lazard, undoubtedly more devilment was afoot. What was it? None of his affair, Curtice decided. Nevertheless—he scratched his chin thoughtfully. Somehow he wished that that woman wasn't mixed up in it. What part did she play in Lazard's calculations? Who was she? Whither bound in such company?

Jimmy yawned and dismissed the subject. His thoughts took a new trend, and he mentally reviewed his life

from the time of his leaving Mexico to his advent in New York. There had been a year or so of cattle-punching on a Texas range, followed by a period of wandering before he landed at San Luis, California, and met Mike Clancy. Clancy was the genial proprietor of "the leading newspaper of the Slope," the *San Luis News Item*; eight pages, mostly patent inside. Curtice was even then deliberating his resolution to get out of the newspaper business altogether, in order to "stick to straight fiction"—the stock ambition of every good newspaper man in America; but he wanted to get to New York, so he suffered himself to be installed for a time in the editorial chair of the *News Item*. Besides, Clancy insisted, and offered generous wages.

Here Jimmy stuck for several months, inwardly chafing and finding an outlet in burning, scathing editorials on the "trust evil," which were demanded by the policy of the paper. He used to sit and marvel how the trusts managed to exist when the *News Item* was showing them up in all their sinfulness; but somehow they did. Mike Clancy applauded, paying Curtice one half, precisely, of his salary, every month; he always explained that all arrears would be cleared off before the next pay-day. Then he would take Curtice out and buy him a drink and play poker with him until most of the money had returned to the proprietor's pocket.

Jimmy enjoyed it all, and would not have cared had he not always had with him the thought of the East, and what it held for him. But one night the tide turned; Clancy lost alarmingly. Curtice awoke the next morning the sole proprietor of the *News Item*. It was a white elephant. Curtice sought out his erstwhile employer and explained that never, in all his dreams of avarice, had he aspired to such unbounded wealth; he did not know what to do with it. Would Mr. Clancy exert his influence and procure for Mr. Curtice the courtesy of the railroads between San Luis and New York? In consideration of such action on Mr. Clancy's part, Mr. Curtice would be pleased to convey to him the title and good-will of the *San Luis News Item*.

Would Mr. Clancy? Indeed, he bestirred himself mightily. A week later Jimmy was on his way East, rejoicing, but well-nigh penniless.

A month in the city had reduced him to the verge of starvation. He believed that he had seventy-five cents left. To be sure, he had sold several stories to the various syndicates and magazines; but most of these have an agreeable habit of paying upon publication only; and Curtice had not been fortunate with the blessed minority. He found himself confronted with the alternatives of sticking it out until he starved, or of presenting his letter to a certain editor and resuming newspaper work.

He was accustomed to making quick decisions. Being now suddenly struck with the fact that he must decide, and that quickly, he ran his hands through all his pockets and definitely confirmed his estimate of the financial situation. Then he became aware that he had a longing to live in good lodgings, to experience once more the repletion which comes from a proper and sufficient meal, to know the comfort of a well-cut coat upon his back.

Whereupon he arose and boarded a south-bound car, serenely unconscious that he was being closely followed by a rather undersized and very dark person who had been watching him from a convenient distance. Indeed, to an unprejudiced observer it would have seemed that General Lazard had manifested a consuming interest in Jimmy's actions for several days past.

But now, as the American swung himself easily to a cross seat in an open car, the Spaniard plainly showed his indifference by turning his back and showing his white teeth in an unholy grin, the while he nonchalantly twisted his determined, bristling black moustache. A moment later he retraced his steps across the park, and stepped off briskly into a side street.

IV.

IN addition to that which has already been said concerning Mr. Daniel Haigh, it may be stated that training and environment had made him a gentleman. Therefore, whatever surprise he may

have felt at the lady's sudden appearance—and surely he had reason to be surprised—he was not found lacking in the customary courtesy we accord the gentler sex when we remove our hats. Indeed, he did more; however speechless he may have been, motion was not denied him, and in the fraction of a second he was out of the go-cart and bowing deferentially, as in tribute to surpassing beauty.

The woman who stood before him outside the walls of Brookside—dropped suddenly from heaven, according to Mr. Haigh's amazed idea—was worthy of the tribute. She stood watching him with uplifted chin and sparkling eyes, the corners of her mouth still quivering with the mirth which his conceit had stirred in her. The grace of her bearing was almost regal. In her he saw the mystery of unfettered girlhood conjoined with the freedom of womanhood as yet untried, unguessed at. She wore a fluffy gown—chiffon, perhaps—all furbelowed. The flecked sunlight, filtered through the leaves above, served but to accentuate its splendid, barbaric hue of yellow—a daring color, but one contrasting well with her own dark, compelling beauty. She was, in short, the girl whom Haigh had reason to remember as the vision of the tunnel.

It is doubtful if she recognized him. It is possible that upon their previous encounter she had had eyes for but one man, and him Jimmy Curtice. At any rate, she showed no signs of recollection, but stood waiting for him to speak, not without a pleased appreciation of the havoc her appearance had caused in Daniel's wits.

As for the young man, he vainly fumbled his hat, but found there no inspiration to break the dumb silence that had fallen upon his tongue and brain. A commonplace upon the weather did falter upon his lips, but he choked it back, cursing himself for his stupidity.

The girl, though she evidently enjoyed the comedy, was the first to break the silence.

"There!" she said softly in Spanish. "I've startled you, *señor*, have I not, springing up so suddenly from nowhere at all?"

"That's just it," he rejoined, seizing

eagerly upon the opening. "If there were a plausible explanation of your presence here, I think I might find my tongue. But since you are most palpably a ghost, I must confess I—I am scared!"

She laughed again. This time Haigh failed to detect the unearthly note which he had before imagined; indeed, there was nothing but pure, infectious mirth, ringing clear and true. So he joined in her merriment.

"You are so absurd!" she faltered at length, with tears in her eyes. "Why shouldn't I be here? Besides—" She glanced upwards. The parrakeet mocked her voice with a soft note. "And there's Beauty in the tree, all this time!" she finished severely.

Haigh mumbled an inanity concerning greater beauty beneath it, but she frowned at this.

"Beauty, *señor*, is the name of my pet. Come, Beauty, Beauty!" She called to the bird, and it squawked and chattered, teetering with outspread wings, continually threatening to descend, yet obstinately declining to do so.

"If I could be of service—" Daniel volunteered gallantly.

"Oh, no, *señor*! I could not ask it."

"But if I insist—" Inwardly he hoped that she would positively prohibit his risking his neck.

"If you insist—if you *would* be so kind," she conceded, thanking him with a glance.

After this, many men would have failed to prevent Daniel Haigh from climbing that tree. Notwithstanding, he groaned in spirit when he surveyed the task, and was thankful that the Valley Road was little traveled. That he should make an exhibition of himself before this laughing girl alone was bad enough, in all conscience! It was not that the climb need be a hard one, for the gnarled and twisted trunk sloped easily, and footholds need not be lacking; but nature had fashioned him such an unromantic figure of a man that he did not like to invoke a mental picture of himself shinning along a branch. But there was no time for hesitation; he set his lips determinedly and ascended, greatly to the detriment of his flannels.

Below, the girl watched him with suspicious gravity. In front, just beyond his groping finger-tips, the parakeet coquetted and danced and retreated ever, meanwhile fluently cursing him in Spanish—so glibly that Daniel blushed that he had allowed the girl to know he understood the language. Pushed to extremes, the bird vacillated between further flight, a return to its mistress, or measures of self-defense. Finally it adopted the latter, and with a vicious little peck removed a section of cuticle from Daniel's chubby finger. He clapped the injured member to his mouth, while the bird capitulated, with all the honors of war, to the general commanding, its mistress below. She scolded it sharply, Daniel remaining astride the limb, ruefully nursing his wound.

"Oh, I am so sorry!" she exclaimed. To Daniel's relief her tone rang true, with no note of hidden raillery; he could not have borne to be made fun of just then. "Does it hurt very much, *señor*?"

"Oh, not at all. A mere trifle!" He swung himself down and dropped lightly to the ground.

"Let me see; I cannot believe you." She secured the evil-doer to her shoulder with a little golden chain which she clasped about its leg. Mr. Haigh was willing to allow his hand to be held while the finger was examined.

"It is too bad!" she announced; then, addressing the parakeet: "Oh, you are wicked, wicked!"

The bird assumed an air of injured innocence, preening its ruffled plumage very precisely. Daniel hated it for the cold malice of the soulless eye which it cast upon him, yet forgave it for the delicious sensation of having his hand cooed over by a beautiful woman. Against his protests—or rather, before he divined her intention and could protest—she shredded a delicate handkerchief, and tenderly bandaged the wound, finishing the operation with a little pat upon the neat, flat knot.

"There, it's better now, isn't it?" she inquired anxiously.

"Oh, ever so much," he hastened to reassure her. "It was nothing at all to begin with; you have quite cured it.

That is," he added, "not *entirely*. I think if——"

"What, *señor*?"

"The bandage is just a wee trifle tight. If you wouldn't mind——" He submitted his hand gracefully.

There may have been an atom of doubt in the glance she gave him. If so, it was with cause; although Daniel was oblivious, enraptured. This time the girl did not linger, however.

"Thank you very much, *señor*," she said coldly, adjusting her skirts as if about to move away. "I regret having put you to so great trouble."

"It is nothing to be mentioned. The pleasure of being of service far outweighs the discomfort." He discovered that he was pompous, and promptly came down from his high horse. "But—but you are not going?"

"I must, *señor*. I might be missed."

"So soon?"

"Indeed, yes. If——" she looked a request.

"I am at your service, *señorita*."

"Then, if you do wish to oblige me, you will turn your back for one little moment."

"You are about to—to vanish, *señorita*?" Daniel was wobegone.

"With your permission."

"But," he protested, "it is so unnecessary!"

"Yes?"

"You do not need to add a mystery to your charms. You——"

"There, *señor*! You are forgiven. I trust you will have no further discomfort from your finger." If a smile counts for anything, he was indeed forgiven, far beyond his deserts. "And now, my request, *señor*?"

"I must turn my back?"

"If you please!" There was a trace of hauteur in her tone which he chose to disregard. "Promise that you will not make any attempt to discover my secret!"

"I promise," he said faintly.

She laughed lightly. There was a rustling, and——

"Now you may look, *señor*."

"But I know it isn't any use!"

He looked, and found his fears verified. Beyond the wall he heard the murmur of her voice, the note of amuse-

ment predominating. He considered his finger ruefully.

"I am positive," he mused aloud—louder than was entirely necessary—"that you will require attention to-morrow. And I do not believe that I can bring myself to permit another surgeon to take the case."

She did not answer. Daniel strained his ears, but only the screech of the parakeet in the distance came to them.

"Oh, very well!" he said pettishly, and climbed into the go-cart.

He had stated the truth when he told Jimmy Curtice that he was a woman for curiosity; and if the peal of merriment in the dusk had excited his inquisitiveness before, he was now consumed with the desire to find an explanation of the mystery which surrounded this most beautiful woman. He had seen her but twice; he had heard the sound of her voice but once, yet every thought of the other girl—the one who had "wrecked his life," to borrow his own phraseology—was now utterly banished from his mind.

Haigh's runabout may have guided itself back to the stable, for all that he knew of his actions, so absorbed was he in the puzzle; and indeed this mood held him throughout the entire day. He had dined with uncommon zest—although scarcely conscious of the fact that food passed his lips—and was considering the smoke of his cigar as he loitered upon the veranda, when he suddenly made the astonishing discovery that he was, in effect, butting his head against a stone wall, for all the progress that his brain-racking made toward a solution of the enigma. So he betook him to his books, wisely concluding that there was but one thing to be done—to be patient in waiting and watching at the corner of the Brookside wall, if need be for every morning of a year. This, with no great reluctance, he promised himself that he would do.

Accordingly, the go-cart continued to make its accustomed trips to the Valley of Solitude, punctually at nine. Every day it would halt at the place of Haigh's meeting with the girl whose beauty and wit had charmed him, whose secret—if she had one other than the invention of girlish mischievousness—now obsessed

him. Daniel came to know this spot as he did his own bedroom; with little or no effort of memory he could have pictured it in perfection of detail—the distorted tree wherein he had met disaster; the clump of sumac which lined the wall a few feet from its corner; the profusion of weeds that choked what might have been intended for a gutter; the very stones in the roadway, and the patches in the wall where the plaster had rotted and fallen away, exposing the naked brick. But as for the girl herself, she kept not what he had fondly hoped would be a tryst on the morning following their adventure; nor did she again appear outside the wall.

The little man was persistent. Failing to find her there, he sought the girl among the summer colony in the village, having evolved a theory that she might possibly have wandered to Brookside, and, in a spirit of fun, might have led him to believe that she was living there. The more he weighed this theory, the more he inclined to it.

In the first place, after all, she had given him no real reason to think that she resided at Brookside; he had assumed it, partly because of her abrupt advent from nowhere at all and partly from the fact that he had seen, or imagined that he had seen, a curl of smoke above the long-cold chimneys of the deserted mansion. But it was beyond reasonable credence that any one should rent the place for a summer home; in the popular fancy of the neighborhood it had long been ghost-ridden, and, skeptical as we are in these days, such a reputation still operates against the leasing of a house. Moreover, it showed no further signs of being inhabited; viewed from afar it had an outward showing of complete desolation.

But, true to his promise, Haigh made no effort to lay bare what the girl had called her secret, either by approaching the house or by entering the grounds.

Against his theory there was the palpable fact that, before seeing her, he had heard her voice and the cry of the parakeet in the stillness of evening, at a time when no one—least of all a nervous woman—would be apt to wander in the dank, dismal grounds. Before that he had seen her in the tunnel,

seemingly the unwilling companion of a man whom Curtice had characterized in positive terms as a blackguard. Where now was he?

Again, Haigh had been at pains to find out by what road the pair were traveling. The passing cars had borne the initials of the New York Central, while their gorgeous fittings indicated that the train was one of the Western expresses; while Fairfield County could be reached by one line only, and that the New Haven. He could almost believe that there were two women, identically alike. Or, again, was the Lazard fellow a kidnapper, whose plan to confuse the victim's idea of her whereabouts had been to put her on one train and transfer her rapidly to another, winding up with the long, lonely ride from the station to Brookside? Was she, then, actually within those walls a prisoner—perhaps maltreated? Daniel's brain reeled with conflicting conjecture.

His search, too, among the village's transient residents was unsatisfying. Having the entrée of its most exclusive society—a privilege which he never abused and secretly despised—as well as its more open circles, he was able to convince himself that the girl was neither of it nor known to it. To cap the climax, when he had come very near to believing that the whole affair, from his first meeting with Curtice, must have been a figment of his imagination, and that an alienist would be likely to take an interest in his case, Daniel became aware of a disquieting fact.

He was being watched; by whom, he failed to guess, but of the fact he could have no doubt. There was nothing tangible, no one whom he could accuse, nothing to fix upon; but eyes stared at him by night through the windows of the farmhouse parlor, and when he hurried to the door no one was there—nothing but the sound of retreating footsteps dragging softly through the grass or pattering down the road. If he went to the village, it seemed that some one dodged down the street behind him, or peered furtively through the windows of the shops he entered. Even when he sat in the go-cart at Brookside, silently smoking, he had the feeling that he was closely observed. And this wore upon

Daniel's nerves to such an extent that he gravely thought of arming himself, and finally did so.

In this disordered state of mind, fearful for his personal safety, but firmly determined upon seeing the mysterious woman once more, he waited in the run-about one day, in the familiar spot, when a rabbit darted across the road—emboldened, perhaps, by the continued inaction of both vehicle and man—and flashed into the clump of sumac. A second later he heard it shriek, and, before he could collect his startled senses, something rose from behind the wall and fell with a soft thud at his feet.

Daniel jumped up with a cry. It was the body of the rabbit, still quivering, but dead—its neck dislocated.

Here was a menace and a warning indeed! The little man's heart was in his mouth, his nerves a-jangle. Whatever danger lurked within those silent walls, its message to him was plain: he was to go about his business.

He stared wide-eyed at the wall, trying to calm himself, but no further sound or movement came from beyond. Gradually he quieted down and breathed more freely; and then it was quite in keeping with his temper that it should rise, that he should determine upon an instant and bold plan of action, regardless of the timorous soul which he believe himself to possess.

One thing was certain: behind the sumac bushes was an opening in the wall; through it the fated rabbit had gone, through it the girl had made her mysterious disappearance. Strangely enough, Haigh had not thought of it previously, but now he was resolved to enter Brookside in the same way, come what might.

Very quietly and cautiously he descended from the go-cart and advanced toward the bushes. Between them and the wall he found a space sufficiently wide to permit his passing, and cleverly concealed from observation from the road was a little gateway. The gate itself was open, deep rust holding it in such position. Stooping, he looked through, seeing nothing but what he had expected: the wild, neglected park. There was something threatening, sin-

ister, in its brooding peace. Mr. Haigh drew his revolver.

V.

JIMMY CURTICE was permitting himself the luxury of a day off. He felt that he was entitled to it. For two weeks he had labored steadily on the night force of the *Dial*, with the result that he had been informed, only the previous day, that his services were appreciated, and that it had been decided to increase his salary. To this, you may be sure, Jimmy raised no objection, merely remarking to his informant, for effect, that he didn't know but what he'd quit before long and try freelancing it again. This being accepted with the customary incredulous acquiescence, he added a request for one free day, which was willingly granted him.

And now, upon a bright and not too warm morning, he was feeling rather well satisfied with himself. The increase in pay was distinctly gratifying—it is a form of applause which one feels must be sincere; and the temporary freedom from the drudgery of the reporter's life—which he unfeignedly detested, however well he did his work—was quite as pleasant. Moreover, two weeks' salary, together with a check received unexpectedly as the proceeds of a short story, had enabled him to enlarge his wardrobe, and thus to regain his self-respect as well as to improve his market value. For, as with a good-conditioned slave, so with a well-dressed newspaper man; he is proportionately worth more to the slave-driver, whether that worthy be a managing editor or merely a *Simon Legree*.

Curtice had planned this day with the intention of doing some of his own work, than which he could imagine nothing more delightful. To the man who writes, whether for bread alone or for the love of his work, there is nothing more inspiring than the rattle of his typewriter or the scratch of his pen. The primal creative instinct is strong within him, driving him to labor, and the joy of the thing created is his great reward.

Nevertheless, the beauty of the day had tempted Jimmy, and he had yielded

and gone out to it, telling himself, as he put on his hat, that he would spend a few hours in the open air to clear the cobwebs from his brain, and would return to work refreshed and with renewed vigor. And that is a sound doctrine in most cases. Curtice's was the exception; his work suffered mightily thereby. Had he remained at his desk, one portion of the map of the world would perhaps have remained unchanged. But that was Fate's doing; it would seem as if she, seeking for a tool of certain temper, had chanced upon Curtice and brought her quest to a contented end.

His walk took him down the shady side of Fifth Avenue to Washington Square. He dawdled along, breathing deeply, and enjoying every step of the way. He turned into the park just in time to bump into an old acquaintance—a tall, lanky New Englander, weather-beaten and bronzed; a man whose keen eye and assured bearing, as of conscious prowess, gave the lie to his gray-streaked hair.

This person flung himself upon Jimmy with great violence, so that the passers-by became aware that he was glad to see the young man.

"Howdy, son, howdy?" he shouted. "Well, well! To meet you here!"

Jimmy pumped the man's hand up and down with vigor.

"I'm glad to see you, cap'n! Where do you hail from this time, you old sinner?"

Captain Hendry grasped Jimmy's shoulders and held him off at arm's length; his face beamed with pleasure and perspiration.

"You come along with me, young man," he said. "I'm going to buy you a drink if it's the last act of my life. Just the fellow I wanted to see more'n anybody on God's earth!"

"What devilment have you up your sleeve this trip, cap'n?"

"Never you mind. You come along with me, and you'll find out all that's good for you to know."

With a firm grip on Jimmy's arm, the captain turned and guided him across the square, heedless of protest. As for himself, he smiled grimly, but refused to open his mouth again until they were

comfortably settled on either side of a table, with a generous bottle between them.

"Now," he announced, "you fill up and drink with me to success."

"With all the good will in the world!"

The captain held his glass aloft, squinting at the ruby glow of the sunlight through the liquor.

"Here she goes, then. Here's to our success!"

Jimmy drained his glass and set it down with a wry face.

"Cap'n," he inquired anxiously, "where's the Miranda J.?"

"What d' you want to know for?"

"I'd like to go to her and get a slug of *aguardiente*," Jimmy confessed with a smile; "to take the taste of this stuff out of my mouth, you know."

"It'll do it all right," answered the captain; "take 'most any taste in the world out of your mouth, son. You can have some, if you want it, too; the old lady's tied up over in Brooklyn, rottin' at the pier. But she ain't goin' to keep that up for long. Have a chew, son?"

"I'll smoke, thanks." Jimmy watched the captain bite off a goodly mouthful of very black tobacco, waited until the old man got his jaws going easily, and then continued: "Now, I want to know what you're up to? And what do you mean by 'our success'?"

"Why, as to that, I mean just what I say. I've got you now, son—been a honin' for you for the last three months. Couldn't have caught you at a better time. Goin' to keep a holt of you, now that I've got you. You're elected, son—elected to cruise with me this trip. I can use you in my business the best way. What d' you say? Feel as if a sea voyage 'd liven you up? Hungry for a scrap, son?"

"Come, now, cap'n, what's the proposition?"

The captain grinned at the young man. "Ain't agoin' into anything you don't know all about, are you? Same old chap as you always were; cautious—nothin' hot-headed about you, eh? Never take no chances, huh?"

"Tell me what you are up to," cried Jimmy, laughing, "and perhaps I'll join you. Maybe I won't, too."

Captain Hendry drew a long face, and rubbed his nose thoughtfully. "I don't know as I can tell you much, son," he said soberly; "sorter warned to keep a shut mouth, myself. But you're the man I want and need. All's I can tell you is that it's all right. Plenty of fun and money in sight if we win—a good lively scrap, anyway, with the prospects good for pullin' out with the loot. You better come along; I'll let you in on it all as soon's we get out of sight of land."

"I tell you frankly, cap'n, I don't think much of buying a pig in a poke. I have a pretty good job here; my mind is about made up to stick to it and be a decent member of society. A fellow can't go gallivanting around looking for trouble all his life, you know. Besides, the fever nearly did for me down in Honduras, and I haven't any use for another dose of that."

"Well," drawled the captain, "suppose it ain't Honduras? Look here, son, I'll give you a single word, just between you and me."

"All right, cap'n. Fire away. I'll say nothing."

The captain leaned over the table and brought his mouth near to Jimmy's ear.

"Anahuac, then," said he.

"Anahuac, eh?" Jimmy whistled. "So that's the proposition? I've been wondering when something would drop down there."

"Goin' to drop, all right, and don't you calc'late on anything else. Goin' to drop good and hard, too. Malone's stock's goin' down ten points at a jump. It's a bear market, son, and you better get aboard. That's all I'm goin' to tell you."

Jimmy sat silently contemplative for several moments. The old fever of unrest stirred him, and his eyes began to glow with reminiscence. The reek of powder and the heave of a horse's flanks between his knees, the grip of a sword, the words of command that would be his—all these tempted him, but he put temptation from him.

"No," he said at last; "I guess not, cap'n. I'd like to well enough, but I have work to do here; I've wasted enough of my life as it is. No, I think not."

But the captain was unconvinced. He

had seen that glow in the man's eyes before, and he knew what it meant. He was politely derisive.

"Got an engagement now," he announced, rising from the table. "I'll just leave you to think it over. Give you two days to come 'round—and that's too long. You'll come, all right. You can find me on the Mirandy any time you want; better take the pier number." He gave it, and Jimmy noted it on the back of an envelope. "I'll get along now. See you in a day or so, son. S' long!"

"No, I think not," repeated Jimmy. "Good-by, cap'n. Take care of yourself."

But the captain merely laughed and went his way. Jimmy sighed, rose, and paid his reckoning.

"Hang the old scoundrel!" he mused aloud. "He's spoiled me for work this day. Anahuac, eh? Well, I suppose it's about time. Wish I could go!" He wandered out into the sunshine, resolutely driving back the thoughts of the old, wild days, searching for some distracting influence to change the train of thought which the captain's guileful words had started. "I know!" he said suddenly. "There's that fellow Haigh, not far from here—I'll drop in and have a talk with him."

He warmed to the thought of a little human companionship with a man of his own class, and quickened his pace a little. Of course Haigh might be out, as he had been before; but the chances were against it, Haigh having said that he was fairly regular in attendance at his studio. Curtice reached the Barracks, entered, and felt his way along

a dark, crooked hall; then he ascended three flights of stairs and walked to the end of the corridor. Somehow he felt very sure of finding his acquaintance in, and was not surprised to hear the sound of voices before he knocked on the door. But these ceased upon his summons.

"Who's that?"

Curtice failed to recognize the voice; still, it was about two months since he had met Daniel Haigh. The question seemed rather abrupt and discourteous, but he would pass that over; probably Haigh was busy.

"It is I, Curtice. If you are engaged, don't let me intrude, Mr. Haigh."

"Oh, come in!"

The key was turned, and the door opened suddenly; but as soon as Curtice had stepped in it was slammed and locked behind him. He turned in amazement at such peculiar treatment, to confront a perfect stranger—a man of medium stature, remarkably handsome, well-dressed, calm, assured.

"Hello!" cried Jimmy. "What did you do that for, may I ask? Where's Mr. Haigh?"

The stranger's cool blue eyes smiled at him pleasantly, impersonally, as if slightly amused, indifferently interested. Then they looked over his shoulder and addressed another occupant of the room.

"He wants to see Mr. Haigh, general. Funny, isn't it?"

Curtice turned sharply and faced the other man.

"Good evening, *señor*. It is good of you to call," said General Jose Maria Lazard.

(To be continued.)

A VISION.

OUT of the dusk of the yesterdays,
With the muffled dawn it came,
Winged with the fragrance of cool, dark ways,
Yet touched with a hidden flame;

Dear as the light of an afternoon
That dies in a golden hush;
Heart-breaking sweet as the half-heard tune
From the soul of a hermit thrush.

It came when the fog-white dawn was still
As the wing of a weary dove;
A broken chord with an echoed thrill—
The dream of an old time love!

Hattie Whitney.

The Maelstrom of the Betting-Ring

BY JOSEPH FREEMAN MARSTEN.



THE RACE-TRACK, WHETHER WE APPROVE OF IT OR NOT, IS ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC AND INTERESTING FEATURES OF METROPOLITAN LIFE, AND ITS INTEREST CENTERS IN THE BETTING-RING.

TO a great many people, "betting on the races" is synonymous with a seductive and ruinous form of vice. They look upon the race-track as a haunt of iniquity, and class its patrons in the category of respectable criminals. Those who hold these opinions have, as a rule, never visited a race-track. Nothing, probably, could induce them to do so. They are like the man who insisted that he could not eat lobster, but owned that he had never tasted the crustacean.

Now, this view may be right. Beyond question, there are many evils which can be traced more or less directly to the paddock and the betting-ring. In all grades of society there are men and women with whom betting on the races is a dangerous mania, which, if allowed to run on unchecked, will surely lead them to ruin. This class, however, forms but a small part of the great sport-loving public. For the average man or woman the race-track holds no more dangers than the theater, the club, or the stock market. Every sport, every pursuit, brings possible peril with it in that it may be carried to dangerous excess.

To the novice, who is making his initial trip to one of the large New York or Chicago tracks, where thoroughbred racing is going on, the scene is a bewildering one. If he hails from New England or the South, the visitor is probably familiar with trotting and pacing races, and knows the mode of speculating on those events. He may have seen what he thought was heavy betting at some county fair, when Dea-

con Hardscrabble wagered fifty dollars in the pool-box that his sorrel mare would show the way to some much-vaunted horse from an adjoining town; but he will find his first visit to a running-track a new and surprising experience.

Arrived at the scene of action some little time prior to the start of the first race, the novice makes his way into the betting-ring. This is usually a large covered shed, open on all sides to permit of the free circulation of air and light. Here will be found anywhere from two hundred to three hundred bookmakers preparing for the business of the day—to relieve the public of as much of its superfluous cash as it is willing to part with. Each has a crew of from three to six men, including a cashier, a sheet-writer, a general utility man, and two or three "outside men." The bookmakers are seated around the outer edge of the betting-ring, on high stools similar to those used in offices. The center of the enclosure is left open for the accommodation of the bettors.

The first duty of a "bookie" on arriving at the track is to settle his credit obligations of the day before. The ring becomes at once an impromptu clearing-house. Betting commissioners hurry to and fro, collecting and paying out money. Accounts are straightened out, balances struck, and the books are ready for recording bets on the first race. It is an unwritten but strictly enforced law that all who bet "markers," as

credit wagers are termed, must settle before the first race on the following day.

THE MACHINERY OF THE RING.

The clearing-house proceedings over, the various crews, who have been strolling around the ring, return to their respective books, mount their stools, and begin the business of the day. Each book usually has five stools, and is allowed to occupy a frontage of about five feet on the inside of the ring—enough for two stools set near together.

The other two stools are placed close behind, while the fifth is usually in the middle, holding the cash-box. On the two stools in front sit the bookmaker and the sheet-writer. The former holds outstretched a slate with the names of the horses, the jockeys who ride, and the odds offered against each candidate.

It is the "bookie" himself who takes the bettor's money. At the same time he calls to the sheet-writer the amount of the bet, the name of the horse selected, and the number of the bettor's badge, or admission ticket. All this the sheet-writer records carefully on his sheet. The bettor meanwhile listens attentively, for, unless the wager is correctly entered, it will be impossible for him to collect his winnings. Mistakes,

however, are of rare occurrence. Occasionally a bet is wrongly recorded, and, when the bettor goes to "cash in," he is told that he made no such wager as he claims, and is invited to inspect the sheet in corroboration. Hot words usually follow, and the manager of the betting-ring is called upon to settle the dispute.

With the running of the first race of the day, the real work of the bookmaker begins. When the result is announced, he has to pay off the winning bets, and at the same time take in money on the next event. The sheet-writer tears the first sheet off his pad, and hands it to the cashier, who pays the winners at the rear of the book. The bettors form in line, and are paid in turn on presentation of the proper badge.

"What number?" calls the cashier.

"Thirteen thirty-eight," answers the bettor.

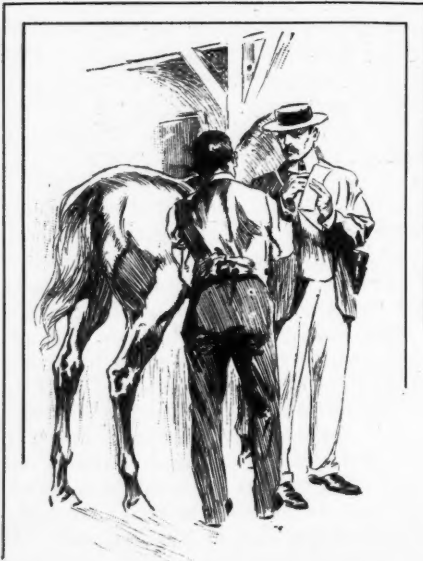
"How much?" is the cashier's next query, usually supplemented with a question as to what horse the bet is on.

"Fifty dollars, Gold Heels to win," rejoins the bettor, who is ready for the questions as fast as they are asked.

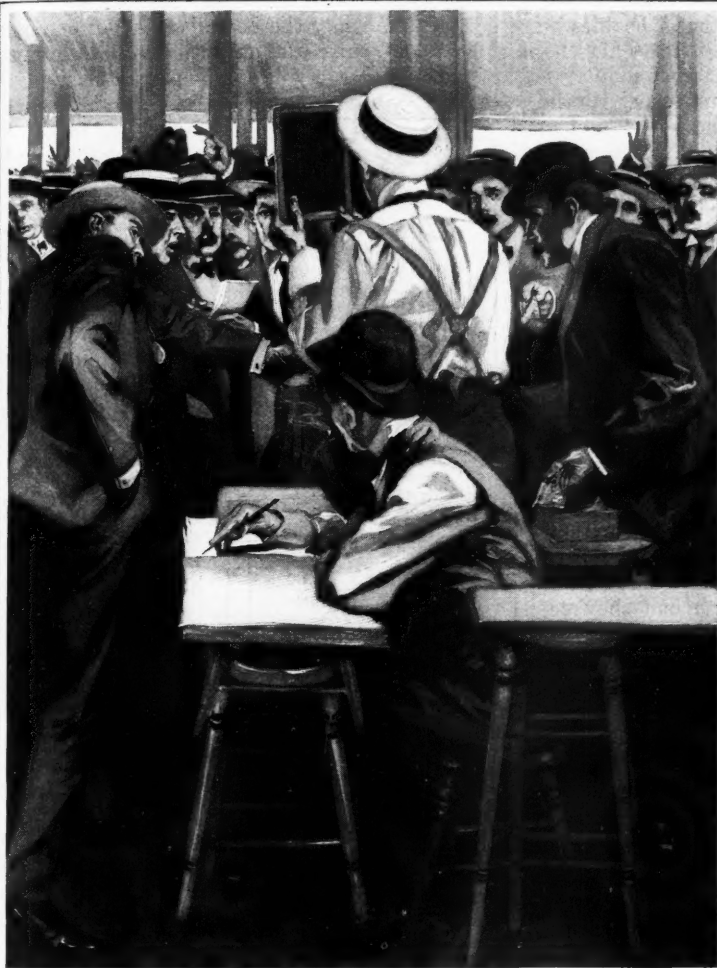
The cashier quickly scans the sheet, locates the entry of the bet, puts a circle around it to show that it is paid, opens the cash-box, counts the money out carefully, hands it to the eager bettor, and turns to the next man. All this is done in less time than is needed to tell it.

Meanwhile, in front of the book, betting on the next race is going on at a lively rate. Sometimes a bettor forgets with what book he registered a winning wager, and wanders desperately around the outside of the ring, asking the cashiers if they have such and such a number, and receiving curt negatives until the right book is found. Sometimes he loses his badge, and has no way to collect the money due him. In such an event, he will have to wait until most of the bets are paid, hunt up the manager of the betting-ring, and explain the case to him. The manager will take the bettor to the book he bet with, have the wager looked up, and, if everything appears all right, order it paid.

One of the most remarkable things



A TIP FROM THE TRAINER.



A "BOOK" IN FULL OPERATION—THE BOOKMAKER HOLDS UP HIS SLATE SHOWING THE ODDS HE IS OFFERING; BESIDE HIM SITS THE SHEET-WRITER, RECORDING THE BETS.

about the system of betting now in use at most of the large tracks is the fact that the bettor receives from the "bookie" nothing whatever to show for his money. He must put implicit trust in the honesty of the knight of the slate and chalk. The trust is practically never betrayed; but to the novice it seems far from businesslike to turn five hundred or a thousand dollars over to a bookmaker and get no receipt whatever. Cases of "welching"—failure to pay—are almost unheard of, however.

The bookmakers at the race-tracks are, indeed, the best illustration of the old saying that gamblers are on the whole an honest set of men.

Mention has already been made of the "outside men," who are also known as "runners," and of whom each book usually has several. These shrewd-faced, long-headed, lynx-eyed messengers circulate rapidly around the ring, returning every minute or two to their employers with the latest quotations from the opposite side of the ring, and

with information about what horses well-known plungers are playing, what horses other "bookies" are betting on, and so forth. This enables the bookmaker to "keep in line"—that is, to keep his odds uniform with the rest of the books, and to know what is going on around him, without leaving his high stool. To be caught "out of line" may mean a severe loss.

The outside men have come to be one of the most unpleasant features of the betting-ring. In their eagerness to keep their employers well informed, they rush about the ring like football players on the gridiron, pushing, shoving, knocking bettors over in their mad rushes through the crowded enclosure. Such a nuisance had they become that early this season the New York associations took the matter up and ordered them to be less rough, on penalty of expulsion.

MONEY, MONEY EVERYWHERE.

The newcomer will probably be deeply impressed by the amount of money in sight in the betting-ring at a running track, and by the loose way in which it is handled. It seems to be everywhere. Thousands and thousands of dollars are in plain sight in the cash-boxes of the pencilers. Men rush wildly past you with their hands full of bills of high denominations. Curiosity impels you to follow one of them through the ring. You see him step up to a bookmaker and bet five hundred or a thousand on this or that horse. You marvel at the speed and apparent recklessness of the transaction. He turns to the next book and repeats the wager. You gasp as he makes a third, a fourth, and a fifth bet of equal amount.

You wonder if he is the owner of the favorite. Nothing of the sort—he is only the commissioner of some millionaire turf enthusiast who is staking a few paltry thousands on his choice just to

give the race a little zest. When he gambles heavily, this plunger goes to Wall Street. To-day he is merely enjoying an afternoon's sport. There are dozens like him on the club-house lawn.

Impelled by the idea that a horse on whose chances so much money is risked must be a sure winner, you prepare to make a modest bet on the same animal. Before you can place your wager, you run foul of some other man betting no less profusely on a different horse, and you wisely decide to keep your money in your pocket. As you make your way slowly around the crowded ring, you watch with envy the "marker" bettors. To be able to step up to one bookmaker after another and whisper, "Five hundred on Blues!" or "A thousand on Gunfire!"—surely this must be a pastime for princes. You are surprised when told that these men are not betting for themselves. More probably, they are placing the money of some



CASHING IN—A LINE OF WINNING BETTORS.

heavy plunger who prefers not to enter the ring himself, lest the "bookies" learn what horse he is backing, and forthwith reduce the odds. Frequently such a man will change commissioners every day or two in order to throw the "bookies" off the scent.

You take your stand for a few moments near one of the large books, and watch the money flow in—fives, tens, twenties, fifties, hundreds—in a steady stream. You see the bookmaker lean over and speak to his sheet-writer. He is asking for the totals. A good sheet-



BETWEEN RACES—A SCENE IN THE CLUB-HOUSE AT A NEW YORK RACE-TRACK.

writer knows how his book stands at any given moment—that is, how much it will have to pay out on each horse if that particular horse wins. As odds are

laid for second and third places as well as first, it is no easy task to figure up a book which is taking in money at the rate of a hundred dollars a minute.

You see the "bookie" cut the price of a certain horse from five to one to the smaller odds of nine to two. That means that he has taken in as much money on that particular horse as he cares for at those odds. He will now try to work up some of the other horses, so as to balance his book as nearly as possible.

The days of the old "round book," where the bookmaker was bound to make money, no matter what horse won, are gone. The public is too wise these days. It has too much good information, too many chart-books of past performances, too much experience. Bookmaking is no longer a "sure thing." It is a gamble, pure and simple, with only a slight percentage in favor of the man who lays the odds. The bookmaker of to-day earns his money. To a great extent, he is only a middleman between the speculators.

On the day of a big race at one of the great metropolitan courses, the sea of moving humanity in the betting-ring beggars description. Every inch of available space is occupied by a struggling, fighting, perspiring mass of men, who push and scramble and plunge hither and thither in a frenzied attempt to scan the slates of the layers, to make their wagers, and to get out of the human maelstrom alive. Grand stand and club-house commissioners, "runners" for the books, reporters and attachés of the press, "touts," crooks, and bettors all mingle in one great heterogeneous mass.

The gambling fever is in the air. The man who has a wager to make girds his loins at the outside of the enclosure, takes his money in his hand, and makes a dash for the nearest bookmaker. He is caught in the swirling mob and tossed about like a ship in the grip of a typhoon. Bruised and battered, he

finally makes his way within reach of one of the books. He thrusts forward his money, a hand grabs for it, he yells the name of his horse and his badge number, and is straightaway swept along with the surging crowd.

Hatless, perchance, with trampled feet and coat-tails flying over his head, the luckless bettor at last emerges from the living whirlpool. One moment he stands breathless on the outer edge, while he wipes the perspiration from his brow. Then he hastens back to some point of vantage, on the lawn or in the grand stand, there to watch the running of the race.

BETTING IN THE GRAND STAND.

The betting-ring is not the only place at a race-track where speculation is carried on. Women, who are not allowed to invade the domain of the layers, are often persistent and sometimes heavy bettors. At one time it was the custom to have uniformed messengers ply between the grand

stand and the betting-ring to accommodate feminine speculators and those of the sterner sex who did not care to venture into the ring. To-day the messengers wear no uniform; but they are licensed, and are held to strict account by the manager of the betting-ring. As soon as the betting on a race begins, they secure the odds and make a bee-line for the grand stand. Each has regular customers who bet with him day after day. When a messenger takes a bet, he marks the odds laid opposite the horse's name and number on the bettor's program, as a record of the wager. Contrary to the general impression, he is not, in most cases, the agent of some of the regular books. He usually has a bank roll of more or less goodly proportions, and is himself a bookmaker on a small scale. It is for him to decide whether he will take his client's money



THE BOOKMAKER'S WIFE.

to the ring and bet it there, or lay against the horses himself. Whatever he does, he must pay all money due or lose his position.

It is a well-known fact that the messengers usually "shave the odds"—that is, the prices they lay are lower than those prevailing in the ring. There is thus a sure "rake-off," which in the course of the six races amounts to a tidy sum.

The grand stand is an interesting place to students of character. That well-groomed, striking-looking woman with the long paddock coat and the field-glasses is the wife of a well-known bookmaker. She bets a hundred on a race, handicaps her own horses, gets the best of information, and usually leaves the track a winner. She watches a race keenly, but never shows excitement. That motherly-looking woman in the next seat has a good husband and a large family of children. She has saved two dollars out of her weekly allowance, has taken an afternoon off, and has come to the track to bet on some "sure thing." She is already planning how she will spend the proceeds. She rarely wins. When she does she faints.

Those gaily-dressed women in the front boxes are chorus girls. They are likely to have good information from some owner or trainer direct, and the messenger who is taking the money will not think of laying against it himself. And so one can go on scanning the crowd on the long rows of chairs and always finding something interesting.

Here sit the mother and sisters of a well-known jockey. They bet only on "Willie's" mounts, and always wave to him as the horses go by on the way to the post.

Betting in the club-house enclosure is on a different basis. Here the heavy plungers and rich owners congregate. The regular club-house commissioner handles a great many of the bets. The heavy bettors, however, all have private agents who go to the ring personally and place the money at the best odds.

Here is no shaving of prices. The commissioner takes five per cent on all winnings, reckoned at the close of the day; on a losing day he gets nothing. The representatives of the heavy bet-



AN OWNER
AND HIS
JOCKEY.

tors are usually well known, and when they leave the club-house a crowd follows them to the ring. If the public can discover what horse the commissioner is playing, it backs the same animal. This is called "following the wise money."

Among the women in the club-house enclosure, betting is not so conspicuous. Some of them bet, and a few bet heavily, but it is done through a male friend or a commissioner, and little or no show is made of it. Sometimes a group will be seen on the lawn at Morris Park making up a small pool to wager on some favorite horse; but the men of the club-house frown on betting among the women, and it is not in evidence as in the more plebeian grand stand.

The day's sport over, the crowd makes a wild rush for the trains and cars, while the club-house contingent avoids the crush by going home in automobiles or carriages. On the homeward journey the races of the day are run over again; but the typical racegoer soon turns to a perusal of the entries for the next day, and ere the flags of the race-track are out of sight he is figuring out his wagers for the morrow.

Truly we Americans are a nation of gamblers!

STORIETTES

Luck on Bald Knob.

"WAIT a minute, there!" Sterling called to the prospector who was forging on ahead of him up the slope of Bald Knob. "I'm not so sure-footed as you fellows out here."

Sterling was not a man to acknowledge himself beaten, but it was a dangerous bit of climbing—slippery with the August snow storms which visit Bald Knob, and treacherous with sliding rock, besides being steep enough to dislocate a man's neck if he stopped often to look at the trail in front of him.

"Got to make allowance for you capitalists," Long Ike remarked good-naturedly, glancing down. "Being as I want you to buy this lead of ours up here, I won't say tenderfoots. Just you look back there while you get your breath. Most folks from your part of the country 'd say it was a view!"

It was a view, certainly—out over the terraced crests of lower hills, green with feathery tops of pines; then a drop of three thousand feet to the valley, with the sharp, snow-capped peaks of the Main Range thirty miles away. Sterling shook his head and grunted admiration. He had no gush in him, even for Western atmosphere and scenery. That was one reason why Long Ike approved of him.

Five minutes later the grizzled prospector, crawling on his hands and knees up a particularly strenuous bit of the trail, heard the report of Sterling's rifle. He glanced back. That was no part of the road for game. In another second he was hurrying down over the loose rock, half sliding and half running, to the spot where Sterling lay.

"Blast me for an idiot, letting him tote that gun up here!" he muttered, lifting the limp form and turning it over. "Lost his footing, and slipped, and the thing went off. Ain't dead yet. Lord knows if he will be time I get him back to camp!"

It is no easy task for one man to convey a six-footer like Sterling, wounded and unconscious, down a trail such as that on Bald Knob. Long Ike could never give a clear account of how he managed it.

When he got within calling distance of

the camp he gave such an effective signal of distress that the doctor, who hadn't cared to make the climb to the mine, and Sing Lee, suddenly transformed from camp cook into hospital attendant, arrived on the scene with exemplary promptness. Together they carried Sterling down to the tents.

"Bad enough," the doctor said, after the first ten minutes of impromptu surgery. "No use to try moving him to town. Where's the nearest ranch?"

"The colonel's, down here a bit," Long Ike answered. "He'll be right enough if we can get him there. The colonel's a Kentuckian."

The colonel thus eulogized, sitting upon his front steps that afternoon, heard the opening of the big gate next the corral.

"Good gracious, Ike, what's this?" he asked, surveying the improvised stretcher and the gray blanket thrown over it. Ike's explanation was not half completed before he turned hastily, leading the way into the house. "This way, this way; bring him right along here. Elinor! I've got my sister staying with me this summer, gentlemen. She had her training in the best hospital in Louisville. Lay him here. There! Is he coming to?"

It was all a nightmare to Sterling. From the moment when he lost consciousness on the slope of Bald Knob, with the rifle's report in his ears, he had known nothing save in brief intervals of agony: once, when the doctor was working over him; again, when they lifted him as they started for the ranch; and now again, when Elinor Culbertson came into the room.

He was half delirious with pain and rising fever, and it did not seem strange to see her there. The unfamiliar surroundings were only part of the unreality of all things.

"Mighty glad you're here, Nell," he whispered, trying to reach her hand. "I thought you'd come when you understood."

His voice trailed away into silence as he dropped off again.

Out in the corridor a white-faced girl set her teeth and listened to the doctor's admonitions.

"If you have a nurse's training, as your brother says, Miss Culbertson, it is most



"I'M NOT SO SURE-FOOTED AS YOU FELLOWS OUT HERE."

fortunate for our patient. It is simply out of the question to move him to town, and his life isn't worth a straw—I'll speak very plainly—without skilled care. Between us, we may be able to pull him through."

The doctor could read human nature pretty well. He had made a good guess about Elinor during the little scene in the other room. Elaborate explanations were not needed.

"I will take care of him," she said.

The fact that she had gone through a thorough course of hospital training, and at its close had come West expressly for the purpose of forgetting Sterling's existence, seemed to have no bearing whatever upon the present situation. Her brother, who had always liked Sterling, would assuredly say nothing of the old questions now. The palpable present facts, known to all, held her in a grasp from which escape was impossible.

"I don't see how you can forgive me," Sterling murmured that night as she bent over him. This time he succeeded in getting possession of her hand. "It makes it easier to go," he whispered, drawing the cool, firm fingers against his lips and paying no attention to the doctor, who stood beside him. "I thought you would come. It isn't so—hard—when I know—"

You cannot tell a man who is hovering in delirium on the borders of death that you cherish an undying resentment against him. Miss Culbertson took temperatures and changed dressings and administered medicines, attending the waking and sleeping of her patient for a week before he returned to anything like normal consciousness. She did her work with professional gentleness and serenity. What struggles of wounded pride and unquenched love and desperate resolution went on beneath the calm exterior of the trained nurse were not for Sterling to know. The idea that she had forgiven him, born of delirium and confirmed by her presence, persisted after the fever left him. He lay upon his pillows day after day, white as the linen, too weak to talk, but following her with the quiet gaze of absolute content.

"You mustn't do anything to upset him," the doctor warned her, fearful of disaster. "If he has any notions, you must humor them. Pardon me, but I notice that he uses your Christian name. You must call him by the name he expects you to use. Don't let him find out anything that would trouble him. He's far from being out of danger yet."

Elinor set her teeth again as the doctor turned away, but she obeyed orders, forcing her rebellious lips to call her patient "Archie," and carefully refraining from words or actions that might have destroyed his illusion.

Meanwhile the busy life of the ranch went on about them, shut away as they were from the world, and the glory of a mountain autumn came down over the hills. Sterling began to realize by degrees that he was in a stranger's home, but it never occurred to him to ask ques-

tions about Elinor's presence. The blessed fact of it was enough—that and her heavenly loving-kindness which had wiped out the past. His mind began to turn towards the future. There were complications ahead.

"Let's go East in October, Nell," he said one day, as she was measuring out his medicine. "You promised me for October, you remember."

She did remember, and her heart leaped into her throat. Delusion, or oblivion, or the old masterful delight in ruling her will—she did not know what possessed him. Years of separation and barriers of impossibility had been blotted out of his reckoning, and he was claiming her old promise as a thing of the present.

"You said you would," he urged, with the insistence of a fretful child. "Say it over. Say it now."

She glanced at the doctor, who sat by the window. He was leaning forward, watching intently the white face on the pillow. Great tears were gathering in Sterling's brown eyes as she hesitated.

"Say it, Nell," he pleaded. "Kiss me, and say it again!"

The doctor lifted his eyebrows; the instinct of the nurse rallied at the signal of command.

"There, I can be good now," Sterling murmured. "Where's that medicine you wanted me to swallow?"

The doctor took it from her hand and gave it as she escaped from the room. Five minutes later he found her on the bearskin rug thrown over the window-seat in the corridor, white as a ghost, and shaking from head to foot.

"H'm! Nerves," the doctor said. "I'm afraid you wouldn't make a successful nurse, Miss Culbertson."

"If you knew; oh, if you knew!" she sobbed.

"Yes. That's what I said. You needn't mourn over the spoiling of a career. You aren't fitted for it."

"Doctor," she demanded, "did I promise to marry him next month? Did you hear me?"

"According to the best of my understanding, you did," the doctor answered; "and according to the best of my judgment, you'd have been an idiot not to."

"If you knew!" Elinor sighed again.

"I don't care to know," he retorted.

"What I do know is what Archer Sterling is to-day. You've saved a life that the world will thank you for."

"Do you think I need to be told that?" she flashed back. "That wasn't what I had in mind."

"You aren't bound, of course, by a promise given under such conditions," he went on, watching her keenly. "It would be sheer murder to undeceive him now. I wouldn't answer for his life a day if you did. But in another month——"

A sudden glory flashed over Elinor Culbertson's face.

"I have never broken a promise," she said, lifting her head a trifle. "I shall not break this—now or a month from now."

She went back into the sick-room. The doctor turned to the window with a sudden moisture dimming his spectacles.

"I thought so," he chuckled. "I reckon our young capitalist found a piece of luck as good as Long Ike's gold mine that morning he went up Bald Knob."

Mabel Earle.

A Game of Hearts.

I HAD worked hard, and I was tired and sick of the clatter of cars, of the roar of traffic, of the everlasting hubbub of New York. My quarters in the Seminole usually seemed comfortable enough, but that evening even a good cigar and a glass of after-dinner wine did not reconcile me to the world, and when Jenkins asked me if there was anything else I wanted I told him that I expected to leave town in the morning for a week's holiday.

Where should I go? My perplexity vanished when I thought of Jack Stanton's cordial and evergreen invitation. It was late, but I sent a wire, and as I was at breakfast the reply came:

Glad to see you. Come. Never mind gun. Arms here.

It was spring, melting into summer, cerulean, vernal, warm, and perfect. When I alighted at the country station, I glimpsed the platform, but saw nothing of Jack. But a dark-eyed, dark-haired girl, slender and straight and not too tall, held out a gloved hand, and said with a smile:

"Jack couldn't come, you know. He was called away; so I have come for him. You have forgotten me, have you not?"

Indeed, no! But five years had wrought a wondrous change.

It was a drive of five miles to their place. As we journeyed thither in the low, comfortable family phaeton, I felt that I should not care how long Jack's business kept him away.

"I was a romp at fifteen," said Jack's sister reminiscently. "But of course you don't remember."

I entered my protest. "I remember how

you laughed when I called you 'Miss Revere,'" I said. "But five years are like a five-barred gate—they make a barrier."

"There's a mile for every year between the station and the house," said Miss Revere reflectively; but she touched the easy-going mare significantly with the whip. The first mile was slipping by. "And besides," she said, "the gate is not closed. And I remember that I called you 'Harry' then. I had no idea of the proprieties, it seemed, and Jack was much displeased."

"I wasn't," I said. "And Jack isn't here. Suppose we begin where we left off—five years ago?"

Everything was delightful—the welcome by Mabel's mother, the tea in the large, cool dining-room, where dinner was served at midday, the fragrance of lilac, the country air—everything; even to Jack's cigars, which, Mabel said, he had left out for my delectation.

"I'm afraid you will be disappointed in the shooting," she said when I met her in the garden the next morning. "There is really no game about here now. There was, of course, five years ago."

"Perhaps five years ago I thrilled at the prospect of a brace," I replied, "but now I find a single attraction thrills me more."

"It is too bad Jack was called away," she said. "There were some plover near the pond yesterday. You remember the pond? It is half a mile from here. Perhaps you would like to try it after breakfast. Jack said anything in his room was to be considered yours."

"I know. His telegram said: 'Arms here.'"

"Men have such technical expressions," she said. "Of course you remember the way to the pond."

"I'm afraid I might not find it."

"There's much less probability of your finding the birds. If it were not that Jack always insists on my staying behind, I would offer my services as guide."

"Brothers are strange fellows! If you will not go, I shall insist on remaining behind, too."

"There wouldn't be any one to remain behind of, in that case, would there?" she said.

Just then her mother summoned us to breakfast.

II.

I DON'T think I looked very hard for *T. melanoleucus* (I believe that is what ornithologists call him; at any rate, I got the name out of the dictionary). We had

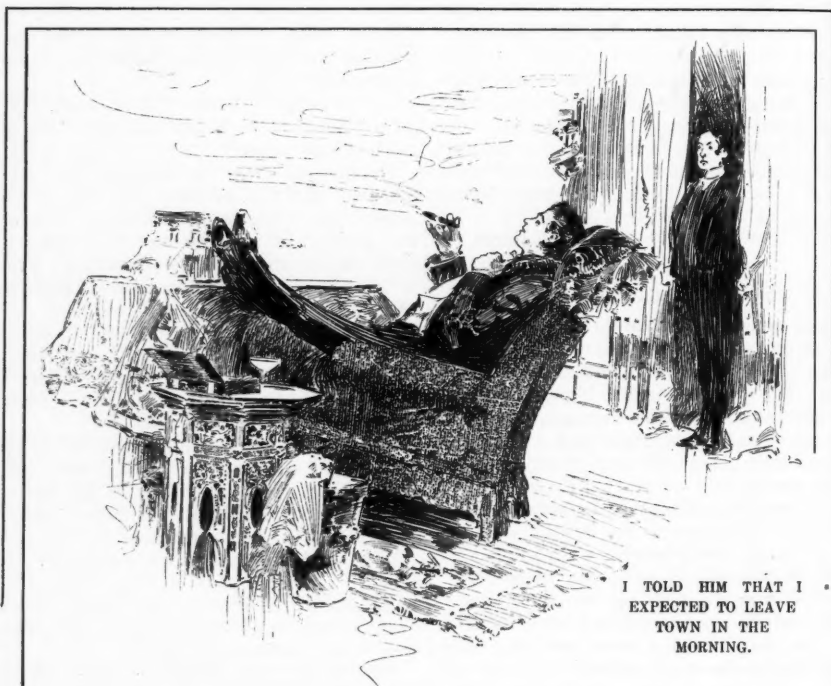
the world—the world of spring and youth—to ourselves. It was a glorious day. But at last, there on the farther shore of the pond, like brave Horatius, stood a big tattler, alone. I could not help seeing him, and transferred Jack's small bore—a feather-weight—to my right, though I can shoot almost as badly from my left.

And we did find the bird, at last, in the long, reed-like grass, stone dead.

"He died of fright, poor little chap!" Mabel said. "See, there isn't a mark." And indeed, there was not. I could not explain it.

"I know I hit him," I said.

"We shall know when he is plucked,"



I TOLD HIM THAT I
EXPECTED TO LEAVE
TOWN IN THE
MORNING.

"You're not going to shoot him while he's walking about like that, are you?" exclaimed Mabel as I brought the gun up.

"Certainly not!" I said. "Like the Dutchman, I'm not such a fool. I shall wait until he stands still."

She half believed me, and shouted to yellowlegs to flee. It had the desired effect. He ceased investigation of the nutrient properties of the mud, and rose. I banged at him, and away he flew, over the meadow, straight as an arrow, and as swift.

"He's hit!" I said. "There, he's down!" And, indeed, the bird had dropped three hundred yards away, in another field, beyond the road.

"He has dropped from sheer exhaustion," Mabel said. "Besides, there's another pond over there. It's a nicer pond than this."

"Not at present," I said. "But let's go and make it so, and pick my bird up."

she said. "But I don't believe he was hit. I should like to bet."

"Capital!" I said. "What shall the stakes be?"

"I can't think of anything—that is, anything original," she said.

"Suppose we don't name the stakes," I suggested. "You wish for something, and if you win, you name it. If I win, I shall name what I wished for. Whoever loses, of course, doesn't have to say what she—I mean what *he*—wished for."

"But of course," she said, "whoever loses has to pay."

"Of course," I said.

"It doesn't seem fair," she murmured.

"What doesn't?"

"Fair to you, I mean, that I should wish for something that you may not be able or inclined—"

"Oh, don't worry about that!" I said.

"Of course neither of us is supposed to wish for anything out of reach;

and I'll make it as easy for you as I can, consistent, of course, with my own desire."

"You're awfully good," she said. "So if there is no bullet, no shot, I mean, found by either of us—for mother doesn't eat game, you know—then you lose."

"Yes," I said; and wondered what could really have killed the bird.

"Have you wished yet?" she said.

"Of course," I answered. "You see, I had my wish quite ready."

"If it's some old one you've been disappointed over before—"

"It's only twenty-four hours old," I said.

Well, I carved that plover, white and tender, firm and fine. Mabel had some of the breast, and a little dressing; and I had a leg, though we did not expect to find the shot in either the dressing or the leg, nor yet in a wing, since he had flown so far. I did not discern even the track of a grain of number eight. Mabel looked across at me with a bewitching but exasperating smile.

"Don't forget," she said, "you promised to tell me, anyway, what your wish was."

"I won't," I said. "The game isn't ended yet."

"Almost," she said, glancing at the dish.

"There is the heart," I said, "and hearts decide. May I offer you this one?"

"You remember the falcon of *Federigo*, in Longfellow's 'Tales of a Wayside Inn'?" I added. "He killed his falcon for a lady's sake." I divided the heart at a stroke. "See!" I said.

There, precisely in the center of that little cold heart, lay a battered, flattened grain of shot!

"Well, after all, it was a game of hearts," she said an hour later as we sat upon the broad veranda in the dusk.

There was a quick step up the gravel. It was Jack.

"Why, hello, old man, you here?" he cried.

"Well, I like *that*!" I said, and stared.

"I say, Mabel, what's the matter? Have I frightened you off?" For she had fled abruptly into the house. And then, in a flash, I saw it all.

"It's all right," I said. "You see, I wired you that I would like to come down, and your sister wired back that you were away; but fortunately—I mean unfortunately—no, I don't know whether I mean fortunately or unfortunately—ask Mabel what I mean—I left town before the telegram reached there—your sister's

telegram, I mean—and—well, your sister has had to put up with me, that's all!"

I thought that was pretty good, and so did Jack, for he grinned.

"I'd like to see that telegram!" he said.

Charles Gordon Rogers.

To the Highest Bidder.

THE auction rooms were crowded to congestion. Even the merely curious could find no place in the press of eager buyers, each intent on some choice amid the profusion of treasures which marked the sale as something out of the common in a city of daily auctions.

"Sumptuous textiles exclusively of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries"—so ran the advertisements.

At the end of the main gallery, near the doorway, stood a little group of people who had been present all through the day's sale. They were a man, his wife, and a tall, gray-haired woman dressed in black. The husband and wife, who appeared to be there only on account of their beautiful companion, went out from time to time for a moment's rest, strolling through the other galleries where the brocades and embroidered altar-hangings, vestments, and tapestries hung against the walls. The other woman steadily refused to leave her post. In her hand was a marked catalogue, at which she glanced occasionally; but most of the time she kept her eyes fixed upon the auctioneer and the board where each lot was displayed in turn. Once or twice she started forward, listening painfully; then, after a searching look, she relapsed again into her quiescent eagerness.

"I do wish you would come and walk about a bit," begged Mrs. Hargrave, taking Cornelia's arm. "You have been here since one o'clock, and it is nearly five. Really, dear, it isn't right. You'll be ill!"

The tall woman smiled, looking down. She had changed in the ten years since her wedding day. The rich black braids were now thickly streaked with gray, and the ivory skin told, in lines at mouth and eyes, of many tears. And yet the little woman beside her felt a thrill of admiration as the black eyes met hers, the pathetic lips curved in an affectionate smile.

"Suppose I should go away for five minutes, and lose the very thing I came for?" answered Cornelia. "They must reach it soon. Hark, isn't that it now?"

"Lot nine hundred and ninety-one," began the loud, humdrum voice of the auctioneer. "The most curious ecclesias-

tical embroidery known. This altar-cloth is a work of the fifteenth century, and belonged originally to the chapel of the duke in Modena. A real connoisseur piece—fifty? I am offered fifty? Thank you. Seventy-five, do I hear?"

Cornelia had grasped her friend's arm with a painful pressure, half lifting the other hand as if the first rather than the last bid were to decide the ownership of the cloth.

Her offer was flung out in a sharp key of tense nervousness, and was followed almost at once by a higher one which apparently came from a man sitting well up toward the front row. Further bids followed in sharp contest; but as the price rose steadily, alternating between the two at either end of the room, the other voices dropped out, until at length they were left to finish their duel.

Cornelia felt the lash of a strange fear. As that hand in the front row was lifted again and again, a feeling of despair ran through her.

Hargrave and his wife exchanged glances.

"Cornelia, stop," whispered her friend. "You'll kill yourself over the old thing; and, besides, you can't afford it."

"Three hundred—I am offered three hundred!" said the auctioneer.

"Three hundred and twenty-five!"

"Oh, Cornelia—Henry, do stop her!"

"Henry, will you see who it is that is bidding against me?" asked Cornelia.

"My dear, what good would that do? He is determined to have it."

"So am I. I shall go to five hundred." She signaled four hundred.

The auctioneer's singsong went on. "Four hundred and fifty! I am offered four hundred and fifty dollars for this magnificent work of art. Is it going at that? Four f-i-f-t-y! Do I hear four s-i-x-t-y? Four seven-y-fi-ve! Four eighty!"

Cornelia was quiet and white. Her eyes glittered. Hargrave tried to draw her away. She shook her head; she could not speak then.

The man in the front row signaled again.

"Five hundred dollars I am offered for this embroidery," began the auctioneer again. "Five hundred, five hundred! Am I offered five hundred and ten?" He looked searchingly toward Cornelia. She hesitated a fatal moment. Her handkerchief was pressed to her lips. "Gone at five hundred dollars. Thank you!"

The words fell like a sentence. The

audience stirred a little, released from the strain. Heads were turned, and whispering glances followed the beautiful woman. People felt that a tragedy had been hinted.

Outside in one of the anterooms, the Hargraves were talking to Cornelia. They feared hysterics, but their fears were needless. She was perfectly calm.

"I am not going until I find out who it is that outbid me and bought that altar-cloth," she said. "He might be willing to part with it for—a consideration. It is probably some dealer. Go and find him, Henry, please! Tell him to come here and let me talk to him."

As Hargrave, shrugging his shoulders, left her, a broken sigh escaped from her guarded lips. It would not do to let her antagonist see her anxiety to get the embroidery; but it was hard to control herself, in sight, almost in reach, of the altar-cloth before which she had first seen the man who became her husband, and before which they had been married.

She glanced at Mrs. Hargrave, who was walking about and looking indifferently at the things in the room. Cornelia's lips curved, sadly smiling. How little, after all, even her most intimate friends realized what this meant to her! But how could they guess, when it had taken her ten years to find out what a mistake she had made in leaving her husband?

What, after all, are the sins of those we love but wounds that our affection should strive to cleanse and heal? In the first anguish of her discovery, she had been stunned; she had imagined her love dead. Only in the slow readjustment of time had she learned her mistake, had she come to know that she loved her husband even more than at first. But she had already left him when she discovered that.

In the few moments of her waiting she lived the ten years over again; lived the one happy year of her wedded life; lived in anticipation the long, desolate future which must be hers without Honoré—the future into which she would have taken the altar-cloth, as one takes a flower from a grave or from the wedding bouquet.

In the mirror of memory she saw the duke's chapel as it had appeared in the serene summer dawn when, going to early mass, she first saw Honoré kneeling near her. She saw the chapel adorned for her wedding; on the altar was the same cloth, used at her request. And here it was to-day, torn from its sacred home by one of those cruelties of destiny which so frequently seem inexplicable.



"HONORÉ!" SHE CRIED, AND NOTHING MORE.

Tears rose to her eyes. She brushed them away hastily as Hargrave approached. With him was the dealer who had bought the embroidery.

Cornelia leaned toward him. "You are very kind to come and talk to me," she said. "I suppose you would be willing to sell the altar-cloth—lot nine hundred and ninety-one, wasn't it?—for an advance? It was especially valuable to me——"

The man bowed comprehendingly.

"I would be so glad to oblige you, madam, if I had bought it for myself; but I was acting for a customer. He told me express he must have that embroidery. Any price—he didn't care."

"But where is he? Tell him I—I must have it, too. Tell him"—Cornelia hesitated—"tell him that I was married before it, and that it is dear to me because of——" She could not finish.

"I will tell him, if he has not gone," the dealer said. "He was in the office a moment ago."

Cornelia walked to the window without speaking. What could she say to this man to make him understand, to persuade him to give up the treasure to her? She straightened her shoulders bravely as she heard the approaching steps. The dealer, walking in advance, stood aside and lifted the red velvet portière for the man who followed him.

"This is the lady, sir," he began, then stopped, bewildered; for Cornelia's hands had leaped to her breast. A single word slipped from her white lips as she turned to see the man who had outbid her.

"Honoré!" she cried, and nothing more.

But her husband understood and held out his hands.

Baldwin Sears.

Mrs. Fagan, Missionary.

I.

It was young Jerry Lawrence, of Eaton, Van Schuyler & Eaton, who first discovered that there were points of difference between Mrs. Fagan and the rest of the moist army of scrubwomen whom nightfall unloosed about the Himalaya Building. Lawrence was more likely to learn of the habits of the cleaning clan than any one else in the office; he was hoping to work his way into the firm—an ambition that inspired such galley-slave attention to duty as the less hopeful employees of the concern would scorn.

Working after six o'clock one evening, he hurried into the board-room, which was also the small library. He wished to consult a volume of precedents. At the western window of the solemn room, a small woman stood, staring out across the

roofs and chimneys of lower New York into the burning glow behind the rigging on the Jersey coast. She started at his step, but it was not the guilty start of detected idleness. It was the start that marks the idealist's return to the prosaic world in which he lives. Lawrence, noting it, smiled.

"Good sunset," he observed tersely, immediately scanning a sheepskin row on the opposite side of the room.

"That it is," declared Mrs. Fagan warmly. "I often do be wastin' me time lookin' at 'em. Not that I ought to be callin' it time wasted, either. I tell meself I do be doin' harder work afterwards; 'tis like a bit of a holiday to me."

Lawrence had found his volume. He grunted abstractedly. Mrs. Fagan quietly went out with a waste-paper basket. She had noiseless, deft ways. The young man, absorbed in his notes and his references, was not disturbed by her movements; yet when he looked up the room was orderly, and through the open door the odd, bunchy figure of Mrs. Fagan was observable putting the senior partner's private office to rights. At the sound of his step she turned toward the library.

"Excuse me, sir," she began a little diffidently, "but are ye Mr. Lawrence?"

"Yes," answered the astonished young man, blank inquiry in his look.

"Then it's yerself an' no other got me me place," she told him.

"I? Oh! Then you are——"

"Yis, sir, Miss Morley spoke to ye about me, an' ye spoke to the superintendent, an' here I am, thanks to ye, sir."

Jerry beamed upon her. He was at that period of his engagement when the sound of the beloved name from any lips is a delight.

"So you are Miss Morley's Mrs.——"

"Mrs. Fagan, yis, sir."

"I'm ashamed to say that after I mentioned your name to the superintendent of the building, I forgot to follow the matter up. I'm glad you got a place, and Miss Morley will be glad, I know."

"Yis, sir. She knows. I told her as soon as I was put on. An' ye, sir—I'm thinkin' ye're too used to bein' kind to remember all the times ye are, wan way or another."

"Nonsense, Mrs. Fagan, nonsense," laughed Jerry.

Later, as he passed down the public hall toward the elevator, he encountered her again, removing the least vestige of grime from the door-knobs along the way. He bade her good-night kindly, and her eyes followed him with joyous approval.

"If Dinny had lived," she said to herself, with a brief moment of pang and heartache, "he'd have had just such a look about him, just such a way wid him. Ah, Dinny, boy!"

With this Mrs. Fagan became even a happier woman than she had been, and she had always been happy. With her great capacity for hero worship, she began to follow Jerry Lawrence's career. She dusted the little picture of Ethel Morley on his desk each night, though this was no part of her work. She spelled laboriously in the papers the news of his wedding, when that occurred. She sent the bride a gift—a sofa cushion covered with the crazy patchwork of the past—and Ethel's pretty note of thanks she put away in her big prayer-book with a flower her man had given her ages before and a lock of Denny's hair. When the picture of a baby joined the one of Mrs. Lawrence on the desk, she sent a knitted blanket, and when the good-natured young people begged her to come and see the baby, she was the proudest and most flutteringly happy of creatures.

Mrs. Fagan did not read the society journals; consequently she did not learn that the well-connected but not well-endowed young persons were moving in a circle far beyond their means. But rumors of it reached her. This scrubwoman's son, hall-boy in such and such a brilliant restaurant, knew when the Lawrences reserved tables for Sunday night dinners and after-theater suppers. That one's husband, employed in such and such a stable, knew when young Lawrence had engaged the coach for a party to Ardsley.

The simple, charitable old soul grieved and excused in one breath.

"Sure they oughtn't to, young things like that, an' wid a baby to stay at home wid! But, afther all, they're nothin' but a boy an' girl. They'll learn quietness an' that by an' by."

She was washing down the stairs of the flight leading to the floor above Eaton, Van Schuyler & Eaton, as she came, with a doubtful sigh, to this conclusion. She glanced below her. The transom of Mr. Van Schuyler's private office was open. In the room she saw Jerry Lawrence alone. He stood at the other man's desk. He held a package in his hand. He hesitated. He put it down. He half shoved it into the open slit at the side of the desk. Then he withdrew it.

Something cold and paralyzing laid its hands upon Mrs. Fagan. She knew that the great man of the concern, the treasurer of half a dozen companies, the di-

rector of half a dozen banks, was in Europe, recovering from an attack of nervous prostration. The swift intuition of the primitive woman, when danger threatens anything that she loves, overwhelmed her with the conviction that something was wrong with her adored Jerry Lawrence, and that that something was connected with the great Seymour Van Schuyler.

After that she kept a close watch upon her boy, as she thought of him. She forgot the sunset and the view. She spent uncounted minutes washing the stairs that commanded the transoms of the offices. She avoided Jerry's eye, but she might have spared herself the trouble. Late as he stayed at the office, he was too absorbed in moody reflections to notice her. He had grown pale; he was irritable, as she gathered from the frank expression of two office-boys' opinions.

One night she found the photographs of Ethel and the baby removed. Her heart sank. Surely tragedy was very close when that could happen. She was emptying the waste paper basket in a mood of helpless despair when from the empty envelope into which they had been thrust some small torn papers fluttered. Idly she started to push them back. She noticed a piece of tracing paper with them, such as she often saw in the architect's office around the corner of the hall. It was not torn, but merely crumpled. It bore the name of Seymour Van Schuyler. She turned the scraps of torn paper over in her hand. Over and over again she found the letters and the syllables that made up the great man's name, and always in that same distinctive writing which the tracing paper bore.

Her face grew very pale. Her mouth, sad, tremulous, old mouth, suddenly settled into the pitiful grooves of real age. She thrust the scraps of paper into her bosom and went away.

II.

AFTER this the unhappy espionage that Mrs. Fagan kept upon the offices of Eaton, Van Schuyler & Eaton was ceaseless during the hours when she was in the building. But it went unrewarded for a week. Lawrence left early each night, and there was no telltale document on his desk. Mrs. Fagan took heart again.

"Nora Fagan, ye're the meddlesome ole woman," she assured herself at last, "an' the notional wan. Ye'll niver be able to look him in the eye again, ye wid yer judgments an'——"

From the stairs she glanced again through the transom. He was in the room once more, fidgeting from desk to table, from table to window, from window to door. After his final survey of the offices, he came back to his own desk and sat down before it, with the air of a man at last done with dallying. He threw up his head for a second with a gesture of defiance. Then he opened a drawer and took forth some large engraved documents. He spread them upon his desk and took a pen.

She hastened down the steps and along the hall. Her pass key opened the outer doors of the office, and in another minute the flapping of her slipper heel upon the lintel warned Jerry of her approach. He jumped when he heard it.

"Oh, it's you, Mrs.—Mrs.——" he began vaguely. "I'm not through yet. I can't be—you must clean up in here later. Sorry."

Her wits seemed suddenly gone, her voice stuck in her throat, as Lawrence waited impatiently for her to go.

She moistened her lips with her tongue, she essayed words, but none would do her bidding. Then she thrust her hard, unsightly hand into her shabby bodice and drew something out. It was a slip of paper, and on it were pasted the torn letters that spelled out again and again "Seymour Van Schuyler." She thrust it toward him.

"What's this? What does this mean?"

Even to himself Lawrence's voice sounded wild and strained.

"I'm not rightly knowin'," she answered faintly, words coming at last. "But ye know what ye meant when ye wrote an' wrote an' wrote thim, an' put by the pictures, that no eye ye loved might be on ye. Ye know what they mean. An'——"

He forced a laugh, unnatural, harsh, but intended to overbear her suspicions.

"My good woman," he began, "you evidently think that you have discovered something of importance. But I think a word to the superintendent——"

He looked at her. There was no change in the anxious, mournful face she turned toward him. No fear for herself was in her mind, that he could see. Then the fierce, consuming necessity for confidence—the impelling power that makes men trust their traveling companions of an hour with things their own brothers have not heard—overcame him.

"And you have discovered something of importance," he went on impetuously, bitterly, almost frantically. "My prac-

tisings at forgery—that is what you have discovered."

He looked at her, and it seemed to him that the sad old eyes took on a deeper sadness and a deeper pity.

"I am going," he almost shouted, "to write it upon this, and this, and this"—he shook the certificates before her. "For without his signature they're waste paper, and with it—any bank will lend me money upon them!"

Mrs. Fagan shook her head.

"Oh," she cried, "if only I was wise or schooled! If only I had words to make ye see what ye're doin'! Oh, not a day since I saw ye first but I've thought to meself, if Dinny had lived he'd have been so; if Dinny had lived he'd bear himself like that; if Dinny had lived maybe some lady, lovely like Miss Morley, would have married him, an' I'd have knit blankets for me own little grandson instead of—— But oh, I'm glad Dinny didn't live! For this might have happened to him, too; how much more like to him than to ye, that's a gentleman born an' bred! It might have been him sittin' here wid shame before him, an' no wan wid the right words to make him see the shame!"

She burst into heartbroken sobbing, her hands about her head, her body shaking back and forth. Jerry Lawrence heard a voice which he did not recognize as his own telling her not to cry; he saw a hand which seemed in no way connected with him soothing her quivering old shoulders. When he had come to the consciousness that voice and hand were his own, he had come into other consciousness also. He had come back into a sanity that shuddered at the terrible madness of the mood that preceded it, as one upon a sure path shudders at the memory of a chasm skirted.

"If your Denny had lived," he said brokenly, by and by, "and had had—just you—he would have come out all right!"

A great sigh of relief shook her. Something of the old sparkle came back into the brown eyes, something of the old contentment into the worn face.

When the photographs reappeared upon the desk, her step resumed its old buoyancy. And when she heard it rumored through the building, in the mysterious way in which such rumors creep, that that young Mr. Lawrence, who every one knew was the brains of Eaton, Van Schuyler & Eaton's, had quit his high-flying and gone to live quietly in the country with his wife and the kid, she resumed her old practise of enjoying the sunset.

Katherine Hoffman.

Can the Jury System Be Improved?

BY TUDOR JENKS.

IS THE JURY A PRECIOUS BULWARK OF HUMAN LIBERTY, OR IS IT A SURVIVAL FROM THE DARK AGES, PERVERTED FROM ITS ORIGINAL FORM AND PURPOSE, ILLOGICAL AND UNSATISFACTORY IN ITS CONSTITUTION AND ITS RESULTS, A NUISANCE TO THOSE WHOSE SERVICES IT COMPELS, AND A FREQUENT SOURCE OF INJUSTICE?

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.

—Pope.

A HIBERNIAN drill sergeant eyed with disgust the ragged line formed by the awkward squad, and suddenly gave the order, "Four paces to the front, every man of yez, and look at yourselves!"

There is often wisdom in an Irish bull, though that wisdom be presented wrong end first. If we are to judge intelligently the institutions of our own time, we must occasionally "take four paces forward and look at ourselves."

Let us take such a view of our jury system. Its workings are known to very few of us by daily experience. An actual contact with it is often quite unpleasant enough to cure any desire for a second approach. Yet the institution has come to us with all the prestige of a hoary antiquity. In popular estimation it is regarded with the awe due to something revered by our remotest ancestors. We feel that we must say: "Surely, having survived so many changes of fortune, the vitality of the jury system must be due to inherent virtues rather than ingrained vices." It seems to belong with the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, or Magna Charta, as a bulwark of human freedom. In the words "a jury of his peers" there is something trumpet-like, something inspiring. The grandiloquent lawyer would sadly miss the resounding phrase from his battery of buncombe.

Now let us make a brief and impartial inquiry into the claims of this system to its honored place in popular estimation.

First, as to its antiquity. Let us not forget the apothegm, "Custom without truth is but the rust of error." Has the jury, as we see it, the recommendation of long years of honored usefulness? No man unlearned in the law will presume to answer. Any man of legal lore will inform

us that the modern jury and the ancient jury have little in common besides the name. Alfred the Great was once supposed to have invented the jury; but the critics have slain that notion long ago, and have likewise put out of the question the theories that traced juries to the Germans or Scandinavians, the Celts or Normans or Danes. That the crusaders brought the system home from Asia is quite as cheerfully denied, and it would be easy to lengthen the list of nationalities that did not invent it. The most learned authorities can do little more than take *Topsy's* phrase and say, "I 'spect it growed." Away go all the venerable gray hairs of this comparatively youthful institution. We may grant it an ancestry, but in its modern shape it is no veteran.

And with the claim to great age we must give up the popular origin. The jury system did not spring from the common people, but was a creation of the aristocracy. Edward Jenks, in his "Short History of Politics," says:

This famous institution, about which much nonsense has been talked, seems to have been originally a *royal privilege* inherited by the Emperor Charles the Great from the decaying Roman Empire, and spread by his officials throughout western Europe.

Yet the early juries were a vast improvement upon still earlier judicial methods. Any sort of jury was preferable to a row of red hot plowshares, or even to the ordeal by battle. Think of putting a man, armed with a club, in a pit breast deep, and then letting his woman opponent try to kill him with a rock wrapped in a stocking! Naturally, when Henry II of England gave men the privilege of having their quarrels settled otherwise than by battle or compurgation, the latter being a method of proving your case by finding twelve men who would say they believed you on oath,

the average man found the change an improvement.

WHAT THE OLD-TIME JURY WAS.

At its best, the old jury was a body of reputable citizens, called together from the neighborhood wherein arose the question to be decided. They were selected because they knew something about it, and because they were likely to give a decision based upon preconceived opinions as to the parties and the matter in dispute. In this respect they were the exact opposite of their degenerate descendants, the modern jurymen.

They were to inform and aid the court, to see that equity was done, by taking into account precisely the things that strict legality must ignore. The jury was to supplement the court's jurisprudence by that intimate knowledge of persons, places, and things to be acquired only by long familiarity with the men and affairs of their home neighborhood. The ne'er-do-well of a community might perhaps play a part before his honor Judge Shallow, and by hook or crook might bring to the scales of justice as great weight as the honest householder or substantial citizen. But the jury, knowing the annals of both for years, could and did strip Master Jackdaw of his borrowed plumes.

So constituted, and so acting, the jury was in verity something of what it has since only pretended to be. In a monarchy, a feudalism, against an aristocracy, it may have often proved itself a palladium of liberty. But how different a body that old-time jury was from its modern namesake. Its number was not fixed, since none could tell what individuals could show claim to act in a given cause. Between witnesses and jurymen no impassable line was fixed, and either might contribute to the ranks of the other. The judges must hold such a jury in respect as a coördinate branch of the tribunal.

HOW THE JURY OF TO-DAY IS DRAWN.

How is it today? A justice of our Supreme Court, talking to the Yale Law School on the duties of citizenship, recently, said that it was astounding to see how many people are suddenly taken ill when called upon for jury duty. He added:

I think I should be. It is like the Sunday headaches we use to have when I went to college. The present jury system is little more than a relic of a semi-civilized system. The juror is treated as a criminal or as if it was feared he would become one. He is watched by day and locked up by night. I hope the time will come when the juror will be treated as if he were an honest man. He should

have as much home life as the judge. He should be paid adequately.

The jury of today is secured by the same bulldozing and bullying methods that are necessary to enforce a draft or to collect personal taxes—and with similar results. The following item from the *Green Bag* should be appreciated by lawyer readers:

Here is a story which Baron Dowse, the celebrated Irish judge, once told in that exaggerated "brogue" which he loved to employ.

"I was down in Cork, last month, holding assizes. On the first day, when the jury came in, the officer of the court said: 'Gentlemen av the jury, ye'll take your accustomed places, if ye please.' And may I never laugh," said the baron, "if they didn't all walk into the dock."

A New York newspaper, in speaking of the need of reform in selecting grand jurors, who are drawn from the regular jury panel, says:

The only qualifications demanded of the grand juror are that he shall be a citizen of the United States, between the ages of twenty one and seventy years, a resident of the county, able to read and write, and possessing two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of property. He may have been convicted of crime, he may be engaged in an unlawful business, he may be a liquor dealer with possibly a direct interest in the cases to come before him—but so far as the law goes, the commissioner of jurors is not required to examine him on these matters, if he is satisfied that he is of "good character."

Well, from the panel the "twelve good men and true" to try a particular case must be selected. The process is such as to put a high premium upon ignorance and imbecility. The jurymen must know neither plaintiff nor defendant with any intimacy that would assist in estimating their relative weight in controversy. A special knowledge of the matters at issue brings both attorneys to their feet, aghast lest they have on their hands a jurymen whom they cannot bamboozle, and the poor fellow is driven out before a storm of objections and challenges—to his great joy and relief, probably, but to the serious detriment of justice.

HOW THE SYSTEM WORKS.

When twelve paragons of putty have been stuck in the box the ideal of the lawyers is attained. Hear what a New Jersey critic says upon this subject:

When it is remembered that the original idea of a trial by jury contemplated the selection as jurors of those who were bystanders, witnesses, or persons most likely to have personal knowledge of the circumstances surrounding the crime, it seems absurd that a man should now be excluded simply because he has formed an opinion. Under the New York system the idea seems to be that every man who knows anything of the facts should first be excluded

from the jury box, and that, having found twelve men absolutely ignorant of the circumstances, an attempt should then be made to put them in the same position as if they had witnessed the crime. How much more conducive to the administration of justice would be the selection, if possible, of twelve unprejudiced eyewitnesses of the occurrence at issue?

Once caught, the jury is anxiously shielded from all light not refracted through the legal atmosphere, and colored or dimmed by that medium. The judges have little respect for the jurors, often regarding them as a necessary nuisance, an impediment in the true course of justice, and a body to be fooled or bullied, or at best led to a right verdict despite their many headed confusion. Lawyers have a saying that "only the Almighty can foresee the verdict of a jury," and consider the jury box as a sort of dice box from which verdicts are rolled by the operation of conflicting chances.

Judges sometimes lecture and rebuke juries for their verdicts, scathingly denouncing them for coming to a conclusion against what their honors consider "the weight of evidence"—a delightfully elastic phrase that may be stretched to cover a multitude of judicial prejudices and opinions. Now, there are just two sides to this matter. Either the judges are right, and the juries make themselves out fools or knaves, or the juries are right, and the judges must take up the other horn of the dilemma. Which shall it be? Either way condemns the system that permits such a collision between instruments of justice. Here is a recent example, taken from the daily press, the names being omitted:

OMAHA, April 28.—An interesting chapter in the — case was closed to-day when the jury returned a verdict acquitting —. The verdict was unexpected, and the Court was so shocked that a dramatic scene occurred.

Judge — denounced the jury, declaring that justice had been perverted and that because — is a man of wealth the twelve men would refuse to punish the guilty person. He also declared that all the evidence indicated the man's guilt, and that the jury had deliberately placed a premium upon this evil of stealing children.

The twelve men at first seemed abashed by the outbreak of the judge, and hung their heads. Then they recovered and assumed a defiant attitude. The jury took only two ballots.

Judges refuse to permit certain jurors to "sit in any more cases" during a term. Sometimes they try to force a verdict where jurors conscientiously disagree, and not long ago the jury was left without light, fire, or food for this purpose. What should we think of putting judges on short allowance when they got "behind the calen-

dar"? Where do judges find authority for this right to imprison? When did the people give them that power?

Is it altogether strange that jurors curse their fate when called, all but perjure themselves to escape service, and, when hooked so fast that they cannot break loose, go through their task with what ease and indifference conscience will permit?

Every man who has done time as a juror knows that jury room deliberations are too often combats only lung deep; that the prevailing consideration is too often the physical longing for free and pure air, that verdicts seldom are other than compromises. I have no reason to doubt the story told me by a man, now dead, that he brought over an obstinate twelfth juror by beating him in a game of checkers.

Who does not know the sleepy juror, the stupid juror, the one who will vote obstinately, refusing to hear or give reasons?

In a hotly contested malpractice case, involving the future of a physician of high repute, and bringing to the witness stand the best medical talent of New York State, I heard a juror say, after the jury had disagreed:

"That ain't no sort of a case for such fellers as us. We didn't know nothin' about it from the start." This was no doubt true, since the question at issue turned upon a disputed point in operative surgery.

Stripped of non-essentials, submission of a controversy to a jury is simply referring the matter to twelve strangers, selected by lot, and requiring them to come to a unanimous decision regarding the merits of two stories. Does that seem reasonable? Is that the method any sane man would prefer?

The law provides methods of arbitration. Why are they provided, if the jury system is the perfect flower of the experience of centuries?

Usually there is one rogue in a dispute, and he is likely to prefer a jury trial. He knows that the law of chances must be against an agreement. Probably corruption of jurymen is rare; if so, it is not the system that deserves credit for the rarity.

POSSIBLE SUBSTITUTES FOR THE JURY.

It may be said that the jury system is good because nothing better is available. Any proposed substitute they brand as "pure theory." "It wouldn't work," they sagely assert; or, "If that would do, why hasn't it been tried?"

Of course it is difficult to formulate a substitute for the moss-grown jury system. But we can, at least, appeal to the opinions

of experts, and can cite the history of attempted improvements. The number of judges and lawyers who will admit that the existing system is a bungle will surprise any inquirer who will collect opinions from the profession. The existence of boards or committees of arbitration in connection with organizations of business men speaks eloquently against the practical man's trust in juries when he desires a just or speedy settlement of differences. The growth of these agencies for avoiding litigation is appalling to those attorneys who thrive upon what these institutions tend to supersede.

Some years ago, in the *Century Magazine*, Albert Stickney, of the New York bar, carried on an exhaustive discussion of the question, "Is the Jury System a Failure?" In his final rejoinder he cites as a tribunal that embodies the principles for which he contended—a substitute for the jury—the United States Court of Claims, and quotes at length the opinion of Judge Richardson of that court. The opinion is given in the *Century* for June, 1883, and certainly seems to establish the practical nature of a court without a jury.

In criminal cases, the disinclination to serve upon juries is intensified; but once caught, the importance of the issues involved has a sobering and steadying influence, and tends to give weight and value to the verdict. Yet this added worth might also attach to any other system that should be substituted, and cannot fairly be urged as a reason for retaining the cumbrous, slow, uncertain, restless jury. Special juries, special panels, all attempts to patch up the deficiencies of the ordinary jury, are but so many confessions of its failure to perform its functions.

The ordinary suggestion of a substitute comprehends an abolishment of the lay jury, and the establishment of a tribunal of judges to decide upon both law and facts. Possibly it would be wiser to keep the two separate, and to arrange for two tribunals, one to take jurisdiction of issues of the fact, the other to apply the law—as at present; but to put in place of the jury of laymen, a jury made up of men trained to decide matters of fact and evidence, just as legal judges are now educated to decide questions purely of law.

WHY NOT PROFESSIONAL JURORS?

What is there revolutionary in such a proposal? Is it not in line with all modern progress? We have long passed the days when every man was a jack of all trades. The decision of controversies upon weight of evidence, and the nice esti-

mation of theories, is expert work and should be done by those educated, trained, and experienced in such matters. After all, lawyers, in order to present their clients' cases to juries, are trained in precisely this ability. They learn to sift evidence, to estimate credibility, to decide upon the relative probability of opposing accounts; they, in short, are trained jurymen, and need only the law's sanction to perform the functions now blunderingly botched by the haphazard laymen.

For this work they should be adequately paid. In their work, they should be assured of the same respect and submission now exacted by the bench. They should be able to settle issues, and, when settled, to decide them. The equity courts have long performed such offices, and have proved the possibility and desirability of the change.

The professional jurors would take to the consideration of issues of fact the probity of their characters, instead of the ignorance that characterizes the ideal lay juror. They could be allowed to go home and visit their families with the same reliance upon their honor that now forbids any espionage or restriction of the judge upon the bench. There might be corrupt jurors, as there are corrupt judges; but the rarity of soiled ermine would be as great in one case as in the other.

Legislatures are the most powerful bodies in the world; and the legislatures rule themselves. If a President of the United States be impeached, we do not require that a jury to try him shall be drawn by lot from the citizens of the republic. And yet, if the jury system be the ideal, why should it not be invoked in these, the most important cases that can arise under our government?

In brief, my proposal is this: Let there be a professional jury bench, made up of men learned in those branches of legal lore and civil and criminal codes that teach the correct determination of issues of fact. Let the lay jury be abolished, and all issues of fact be made triable before a bench that shall determine these, and these alone. Such a change would be no more than the specialization and division of labor that insures skilful and just sifting of facts, and it requires only the utilization of the surplus legal talent available in all civilized lands.

The modern jury is a survival, in a corrupt form, of what was once a useful means of justice. Modern ideas demand its reformation, and its return to something that will accomplish for us what the old jury system did for our forefathers.

Mary Lane's Adorable Feet.

HOW CONDON MADE A MISTAKE WHICH WAS PROBABLY A LUCKY ONE.

BY SYBIL STEWART.

MANY people think Mary Lane pretty, and all agree that she has adorable feet. They are not mere feet. Indeed, they seem to have little in common with those plebeian, utilitarian members. They are aristocratic in every proud little curve; and as for being utilitarian, all the world seems to be united in a devoted effort to keep them as useless and ornamental as possible. Everybody laments that instead of tripping down marble stairs in a princess' dainty shoon, as they deserve, they must repose beside the broken fender in the shabby drawing-room of Miss Lane's maiden aunt. But the best that can be done under the circumstances is to insure to them that repose, and to offer up all the admiration any princess could claim.

This is done by all Miss Lane's friends and acquaintances, and most of all by her maiden aunt. The soft click of the suède slippers is never heard on the stairs until after nine o'clock in the morning, when the aunt has the dainty breakfast ready. After breakfast the slippers never move in a more strenuous task than to wander out into the summer garden while Miss Lane gathers a rose or two. They do not linger near the low, laborious rows of nasturtiums. Then, when luncheon is over, they swing beneath the fluffy skirts from the hammock in the little old orchard.

Here Miss Lane used to read and dream until five, when some of the men began to stroll in on their way from the offices. They would come down the orchard path to bow before the big gilt buckles and the shining little Colonial shoes, while the aunt looked on approvingly from the window, where she sat putting the most exquisite little darns into her niece's silken hose.

Miss Lane seldom talked, though six young men sat at her feet in worshipful silence, or in the most interesting conversation they could invent. Why should she? The eloquence of slender ankle and arching instep seemed to be enough for her adorers; and besides, she did not care for them, anyway. They were merely young men in offices, in their first five

years' struggle with the world, and were not nearly as interesting to Miss Lane as some of her dreams. So she dreamed and thought and planned while the young men worshiped and made themselves entertaining. Some of them, perhaps, ceased coming after a while, but there were always others to take their places, and it was all the same to Miss Lane. The one she really would have cared to see there never came, and the rest were all alike.

All Miss Lane's dreams had the same scene and *dramatis personæ*, though they varied in brilliancy and *tempo*. They centered about the great house on the hill, standing in beautiful dignity in its own little park. This dignified seclusion attracted Miss Lane, as did also the idea of the charming bachelor that it secluded. She had not met him, but she had seen him flying by in his smart red-wheeled trap, and she knew that a man with such a house and such horses must be charming. Then she had heard of his hand-carved staircase, and often in her dreams she saw herself descending it to the click of her own bewitching slippers. It was a delightful picture, but it made her restless and very much bored by the young men, who did not own any staircases at all.

If she could just meet the bachelor once! She smiled a soft little smile into the patent leather Colonial shoes, and fluffed up the foamy skirts over the hammock edge.

In July she did meet him. It was in the bank, and merely an accident. Her usual composure and indifference were rippled for a moment, and she felt her smooth cheeks flush; but if you will believe it, he hardly looked at her—merely lifted his hat politely and walked on. Miss Lane could not understand it. Her dreams had not ended that way at all. Then, too, when he raised his hat she saw that he was slightly bald. But he was very good-looking, and most men that have fine houses and smart traps are slightly bald.

That afternoon she was more silent than ever, and abstractedly contemplated the straps of her slippers. While the

youngest man was reading her his new sonnet, she came to a conclusion.

It was because his eyes had never been opened to the fact of a woman's existence that Mr. Condon had not noticed her. He was wrapped up in his business, his dogs, and his model garden. That side of his nature to which feminine appeal might be made had never been awakened. He had seen her twinkling shoes trip by his office day after day, and never evinced any desire to follow in their shining way. And now, he had met her and passed on, hardly conscious of her presence. Such a man required something more than being allowed to sit on the orchard grass. Sonneteering was hardly in his line. He was not like other men, who were psychologically ready for gilt buckles, and who, when gilt buckles appeared, promptly fulfilled their destiny by falling before them. Their thoughts were ready for this impression; his must be prepared. How was she to make him think? If she could once open his thoughts to the idea of gilt buckles!

In August the young men gave a dance in the hall over Mr. Condon's offices. It was a delightful little party. Miss Lane's flying feet trod only upon hearts, while Miss Lane's flying thoughts dwelt only upon traps, and hand-carved staircases, and psychological phenomena. When it was all over, and the lights were out in the hall, and the last ones were saying good-night in the entrance, one of the young men asked if it was wise to leave the club spoons there.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Lane's impatient escort. "Condon said he would come up from the office the first thing in the morning and see that things were all straight. He has the keys, and will unlock for the woman who cleans here."

It was too dark to see the odd little flash in Miss Lane's deep eyes.

The next morning was horrid—the next morning almost always is, you know. For Mr. Condon, however, it was not a next morning, but just a plain, common morning, and the rain made little difference. He leaned his dripping umbrella against his office door, and went up-stairs to open the hall for the charwoman, who was to come soon.

The bare dancing-hall was unspeakably desolate in the dreary morning light. All the dust showed, and the attempts at decoration were feeble and dilapidated. But Mr. Condon recked not of dust or dilapidation, and was hurrying out, after opening a window, when his eye was caught by a little pink thing in the middle

of the floor. Somebody had probably dropped the thing at the party, and he ought to keep it at his office, where they would call for it.

He hurried across to pick it up. It was a slipper, he saw now, and how incredibly small it looked on that polished expanse, how helpless and lost! Such a tiny thing! Mr. Condon picked it up rather gingerly. It was absurdly small. What queer little feet women must have! He set the slipper upright on his hand, an airy satin bridge across his broad palm. He had seen things like this on blocks in shop windows—no, not exactly like this, either, for this had a dozen little curves of individuality. Pretty little thing, but what nonsense for a shoe!

He carried it down-stairs, and cleaned the papers out of one of his desk drawers. Here he established it on a clean sheet of paper, shut the drawer, and turned to his work.

During the morning Benson came in to look over a contract. It had been mislaid, and Condon rummaged all over the desk for it. He opened the top left-hand drawer, caught a flash of pink, and shut the drawer again, quickly but gently, as if he had intruded on some one's privacy. He glanced at Benson, but Benson was looking very hard at the head of his umbrella.

That afternoon Mr. Benson announced to Miss Lane and the three other young men on the porch that Mr. Condon was a man with a past. They all looked interested, even Miss Lane, and he continued:

"You see, we've always thought him rather a grouch—woman-hater and all that—but it's because he lost his sweetheart when he was young, and he has never forgotten. Keeps her little shoe in his desk all the time, by Jove—saw it myself this morning. Awfully pretty shoe!"

The other men looked reproach for this disloyalty. Miss Lane's feet were the pretty feet, and equal charms were not to be allowed even to a dead sweetheart. But Miss Lane did not seem to mind. She looked very sympathetic and asked what kind of a shoe it was.

"Oh, I did not see much of it," Benson said. "He opened the drawer by accident, and looked awfully cut up over it. Sort of a sanctuary, I suppose, poor chap. But it was shiny and pink, and the littlest thing! Why, honestly, it was not much bigger than yours, Miss Lane."

The other men exclaimed incredulously, and Miss Lane smiled dreamily. How her tender heart was touched at this romantic incident!

It was about five o'clock when Condon pulled down the top of his desk and locked it. Then he hesitated a moment, and softly opened the top left-hand drawer. He felt almost as if he ought to have knocked. He had thought of this drawer several times during the day, but had not opened it. He regarded the slipper with perplexity. It was queer no one had missed it. They might come to him that evening about it; so he wrapped it up and slipped it in his pocket.

That evening the little bundle reposed on his library table, and he looked at it over the top of his paper. After a while he undid the paper and set up the little slipper on the big blotter. It shone under the student lamp in shimmering daintiness—so soft and pink, so smooth, with such curves! Why, it looked almost warm. How dainty it was!

Condon leaned back and looked around his library—dim, save for the table's circling light. The room was still and empty, in spite of its luxurious furnishings. Great cases of books, rugs from all over the world, antlers and engraved hunting scenes, a favorite gun and a generous pipe-rack, and, in the midst of a circle of light, a lonely man and a pink slipper.

Condon had never felt lonely before. He stepped to the hall door and called Cato. Cato stalked in, waving his tail sleepily, and flopped his tawny length down on the hearth rug. He did not seem very responsive. Condon went back to the table and picked up the slipper, turning it over and over. Suddenly he cried:

"Why, there's M. L. just as plain, right on the lining, in gold letters."

Cato merely sniffed at this illuminating discovery, while his master walked over to the pile of newspapers and fished out that day's local journal. He referred to the society page. There he found:

"Midsummer Dance a Great Success. Young men of the Kathdon Club to be congratulated. Last night—charming party—beautiful decorations—music—refreshments. Among those who enjoyed—ah—were Miss Grey, Mrs. Downing, Miss Hazelton, Miss Knowles, Miss King, Miss Drayson, Miss Littleton."

He stopped short, put down the paper, and regarded the shoe.

"Miss Littleton—Miss Littleton—who is she? Why, can it be old Major Littleton's daughter? Didn't know he had one. Oh, yes, so he did—boarding-school—but that was five years ago. She must be a young lady now."

Condon regarded Cato with absorption. The major was fond of dogs, too. They

used to hunt together occasionally, before the major's war leg got so bad. And there was that new setter pup. The major always liked that color. It would be only decent if he were to go and see the old chap, and show him that pup. A man ought not to drop his friends that way.

Condon had never met Major Littleton except at the club, and did not know exactly where he lived, but he found out the next day, and at five walked briskly down Howard Street. His gait slowed down, though, about three doors before he reached No. 517; and as he passed that number he was gazing abstractedly at the vacant lot opposite, and pulling his mustache. At the corner he breathed a sigh of mingled regret and relief, and went home to his solitary dinner. But the next night he came again, like Abou's angel, and had "a great awakening light."

It was a tiny little house, but it had a lovely garden. In the garden was a girl wheeling an invalid's chair, and in the chair sat the major. Poor old major, how worn and thin he was! But he looked up as Condon passed, and nodded quite cordially, and Condon stopped by the fence and said it was a beautiful day.

After that he came often to talk to the major about dogs, and to help wheel the chair in the garden, and to watch Miss Littleton pick the great bunches of nasturtiums for the tea-table. One night they asked him, rather timidly, to stay to tea; and that was the night the major told him all about it out on the front porch—how he had been helpless for five years, and how Daughter had had to come home from school; how she came without a murmur, and had taken care of him day and night with the most untiring tenderness. And how two years ago, when the little income was nearly exhausted, she had begun her water-color work again, but in very earnest now. When he told of the trips to Boston with the dinner cards and the little pictures, the major's white head went down on his blue sleeve, and the two men were silent in the dark of the vines.

Then out from the dusky little parlor came the thin chords of the old piano, and Miss Littleton sang "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond."

"She always does that for me in the evening," the major said after a pause. "The day is never too hard or long, and she is never too tired and never forgets. Agnes is like her mother."

"Agnes!" said Condon.

"Yes, her name is Agnes, for her mother, but I've always called her Daugh-

ter. We got started that way, you know." The major mused. "Poor little girl, she has had so little of real girlhood—always shut up with me here when her painting hours are over. She has no young people's society at all. She is too proud to seek the company of the other girls here, and she lives too quietly for them to find her out. We have no company, and it has been a real pleasure to have you drop in on us this way."

"But doesn't she dance?" inquired Condon irrelevantly.

"No, not at all since she came home from school."

Just then Miss Littleton came out and sat down by her father. Condon turned to her gravely.

"Miss Littleton, do you ever wear pink?"

"What a question to ask a girl with red hair! I yearn for it, but I heroically resist it, and take it out in giving all my dinner ladies dazzling gold hair and rose-colored gowns."

That night Condon had a little fire, though September was mild that year.

A week afterward Miss Lane, from the orchard, saw for three successive days the red-wheeled trap skim by, and in it was the charming bachelor, and by his side a girl she had never seen before.

Miss Lane regarded her patent leather toes with a puzzled air, and then she had the hammock taken down. The summer was over.

FAMOUS HOAXES.

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN.

PRACTICAL JOKERS, FROM MICHELANGELO AND THEODORE HOOK TO THOSE OF TO-DAY, AND SOME OF THEIR MOST MEMORABLE ACHIEVEMENTS.

A TALE which is current in educational circles relates to the children of a Harvard psychologist. They are two in number, masculine in gender, and they have the "individuality" of young persons brought up according to the new rules for the development of that quality. Furthermore, they have reached an age at which their relatives tremble as they wonder what expression it may take next.

Mrs. Psychologist had sent out cards for a tea. The youths disapproved. They objected to teas on the general ground which their sex has always maintained against these entertainments; and they had in particular other plans for their mother on the appointed day. They besought her to defer her festivity, but were informed that such a thing as the postponement of a tea for no other reason than the whim of two small boys was unknown, even in the most advanced pedagogic circles.

The young Harvardians tried all the persuasion possible, and when that failed they said darkly that the old tea should not take place. Whereat Mrs. Psychologist laughed, and went to see that the drawing-room blinds were closed, the shades lowered, and the candles where they ought to be.

At the hour decreed she took up her station in the rooms, gave a final glance of approval at the flowers and the lights, the long table in the library, and the young woman who was assisting her in the performance of her social duties. Then they waited.

At first they said to each other that no one ever came early to a tea, and that they really need not have been ready so promptly on the stroke of four. Then they tried to recall where else Cambridge might be drinking a preliminary cup before coming to theirs. Occasionally, at the sound of wheels pausing on the street beyond the lawn, they assumed the bright and cordial expression which belongs to the hostess of an afternoon—but they let it die away as the pause was followed by no nearer approach of the carriage company. Then they began to question if the date upon their cards of invitation corresponded with those upon their own engagement calendars. About six o'clock they hated the whole community and each other and the lights and flowers; and the *café frappé* and the wafers were as so much poison to them.

At this time there approached from the kitchen region the cook, followed by one of Mrs. Psychologist's most intimate

friends. On the face of the friend horror and anxiety were depicted, but these gave place to utter bewilderment as she tottered forward.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she cried, "what does it mean?"

When she had regained the power of coherent speech, she explained that as she approached the house for tea she saw streamers of crape floating from the front door. The first floor blinds were drawn. There was but one explanation to her mind. A calamity, swift and fearful, had overtaken the professorial household. She met other callers backing away from the gate with blanched faces. She had hurried to the backdoor to ask what—who—

Then the wife of the psychologist sank limply back. "Those boys!" she gasped.

Presumably those boys were punished according to some good old fashioned method, their individualities being for a brief space forgotten. Yet how Theodore Hook and other laureled ones in the lists of the famous hoaxers would have enjoyed their exploit—unless they happened to be related to them!

WHAT A TRUE HOAX IS.

A hoax, to be worthy the name, must be a deception successfully practised on a person or on the community without any gain to the perpetrator. When the element of gain enters in—unless the deep enjoyment of another's stupidity or of the unmasking of pompous pretense may be accounted gain—the hoax becomes a swindle.

Represent your good old yellow dog as a blooded hound, and sell him in that guise to a trustful purchaser, and you are next door to a thief. But enter him in a show; let learned judges study him; let them examine the marks of race, and award him a blue ribbon; and you are merely having a little fun at the expense of the solemnly and professionally wise.

There is one man in New York who is said to have had much of such sport. He is a Mr. Brian Hughes, who, when not thinking of practical jokes, is engaged in the manufacture of paper boxes. It was he who three or four years ago made the judges at the Cat Show a byword. All the Angoras of breeding, the Persians of renown, and the Maltese of pedigree were exhibited at Madison Square. To the mind of Mr. Hughes it seemed that there was a large element of chance in the distribution of prizes. He entered a poor cat of the slums—a miserable hanger on at back fences, a beggar in areaways, a dejected haunter of the alleys. The cus-

tomary amount of wicker basket, ribbon, personal attendance, and the other appurtenances of the exhibition cat were bestowed upon this outcast. It won a prize—and to abash the judges even more, they gave the poor beast the honors that belonged to a cat of the opposite sex.

Another day, when time hung heavy on Mr. Hughes' hands, it occurred to him to amuse himself with a less pretentious part of the community than the cat experts. It was almost Christmas, and the streets were crowded. A well appointed brougham drove down to a leading jeweler's on Union Square. The carriage waited while its occupant, a young woman, went in to make extensive purchases. When she came out she carried a box, done up very carefully, and another which she held as one who is for a short time intrusted with the crown jewels. Suddenly this box slipped from her fingers, its contents scattering all over the pavement. There was the gleam of many gems. The young woman dashed into the carriage, slammed the door behind her, and the coachman drove off like mad.

No intelligent observer could reach any conclusion but that the young woman was a kleptomaniac, the revelation of whose crime at the very threshold where she had been afflicted with a seizure caused her to flee. There was a mad scramble for the scattered jewels—doubtless with the intention of restoring them to the shop. In three minutes there was not a glimmer of a sparkle on the pavement; and several persons, their hands firmly in their pockets, were rapidly disappearing in various directions. Some of the belated ones entered the shop to report the matter, there to learn that the young woman had purchased nothing and had appropriated nothing. The others departed to examine at their leisure the pieces of unmistakable glass and brass which Mr. Hughes had provided for their undoing.

THE GREAT BERNERS STREET HOAX.

But these, after all, are small things compared to the feats achieved in the golden age of hoaxing. The trick which Theodore Hook played upon a highly decorous part of the London community has probably never been equaled. Berners Street seemed to him over quiet and respectable. It was impossible to imagine its neatly drawn shades raised above the correct line of the time, its polished knockers rung in anything but a staid, respectable measure, its roadway traversed by any but staid, respectable vehicles. It was also impossible to imagine any hu-

man being taking the slightest interest in what happened on Berners Street, unless he happened to live there. All this wore on Mr. Hook, though he had only an artistic interest in the possibilities of the thoroughfare.

Deliberating on the matter, he was led to wager with a friend that he could, in a day, make Berners Street the most talked-of place in London. His friend showed what opinion he entertained of the proposition by promptly taking up the wager.

Early one morning in the year 1810, a coal cart drew up before the house of a widow living in the most genteel fashion on Berners Street. This was not in itself much, though most of the neighbors had their coal in for the season. But the coal cart was closely followed by a furniture van, and that by a hearse. When the mourning coaches began to draw up in line with the fuel and the furniture, the neighbors, who had known nothing of illness or of death in the household of the widow, crowded to their windows.

Before the drivers of the various vehicles were fairly launched upon the controversies natural to the circumstances, two physicians' traps drew up before the door—or as nearly before the door as the previous occupation of that space permitted. A dentist followed, and then came the carriage of a famous accoucheur, with the great man's professionally anxious countenance visible behind the windows. By this time Berners Street had forgotten its extreme gentility, and was gathered at its doorways, while the entrances to the street were being rapidly blocked.

A brewer's van drew up, and the driver and his assistant began unloading beer by the barrel. An organ came. Footmen, butlers, maids, cooks, in a steady procession, marched up and besieged the dwelling of the quiet widow. While Berners Street still gasped over these marvels, more followed. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the lord chief justice, the lord mayor, and other dignitaries began to arrive in robes and coaches of more or less state.

By this time Berners Street was in the hands of a mob, and there were mobs at either end. The populace wanted to have an explanation of the proceedings. So did the Archbishop of Canterbury, the lord mayor, the physicians, and the rest.

It was found that most of them had been summoned by notes—notes that rang genuine, and were dated, signed, and addressed in a manner to arouse no suspi-

cions. The state officials had been informed that the resident in the house, now nearing her latter end, had important revelations to make concerning a matter of public importance. Each of them had been asked to come alone and hear her story. The various physicians and purveyors had received orders from the good lady of Berners Street; the servants had been attracted by advertisements offering them remunerative situations. It took most of the day and a large part of the police force to clear the street again. Mr. Hook, who with his skeptical friend had viewed, from the windows of a lodging opposite, the outcome of his attempt to enliven a dull thoroughfare, did not think it best to reveal his part in the affair for some time.

OTHER HISTORIC HOAXES.

The great Berners Street hoax was the signal for an outbreak of similar hoaxes throughout England. The most successful of these was the cat hoax of Chester, in 1816.

At that time the interest in Napoleon and St. Helena was strong. A small paragraph in a local Chester paper told the inhabitants of that ancient and usually somnolent city that the British government desired to rid St. Helena of the rats and the mice which were understood to be leading the exiled emperor "such a life." Accordingly, said the paragraph, the government was offering large sums for cats—sixteen shillings for well grown males, ten for females, and half a crown for kittens. It was requested that all who desired to help in the good work by disposing of their pets at these prices should appear at a given hour at a given address.

At the time and place, an army of about three thousand generous and patriotic souls presented itself at the house designated. There were cats in baskets, cats in boxes, cats squirming restlessly in the warm clutch of children. The house was empty, and a little investigation soon proved that it had been unoccupied for a long time. Next morning more than five hundred cats were found drowned in the waters of the Dee; so that this hoax was not without its element of tragedy, and brutal tragedy at that.

The antiquarian has always been the object of hoaxes. At a convention of the tribe in Banbury, on one occasion, a worn and ancient looking block of stone was sent in with the information that it had been the corner stone of an old building recently torn down. The finders prayed

the learned body to interpret the inscription upon it, which read:

SEOGHE SREV EREH WCISUME VAHL LAH
SEHS SE OTREH NOS LLEBD NAS REGNI
FREH NOS GNIREH ROHYAR GANOED IRYD
ALE NIFAE ESOTS SORCY RUB NABOT ES
ROHK CO CAED IR.

It took the venerable society several days to discover that the sentiment was "Ride a cock horse" inverted.

This experience of the wise men was not unlike that of the celebrated Pickwick Club, which had such trouble in deciphering the inscription—

Bilst
um
Pahi
s m
ark

until it was borne in upon them that it meant no more than "Bill Stumps, his mark."

A more vicious attack was perpetrated by George Stevens upon Gough. Knowing that a certain neighborhood boasting a certain antiquary shop was much frequented by the antiquarian, Stevens had a chimney slab carved with the words, "Here Hardenut drank a wine horn dry, stared about him and died."

He induced the shopkeeper to display the slab where Gough, whom Stevens hated, would not fail to see it, and to describe it as an old stone found in Kennington Lane, near which Canute's son is supposed to have had a palace. Gough was entirely deceived by the fraud, and wrote a learned paper on the relic—whereupon his enemy came out with the truth.

THE BOGUS GIANT OF CARDIFF.

The great Cardiff giant hoax, growing out of a dispute between George Hull, a tobacconist of Binghamton, New York, and the Rev. Mr. Turk, of Ackley, Ohio, was a somewhat similar antiquarian fraud. How Binghamton and Ackley came to meet and to argue, history does not say; but Mr. Hull, defeated in verbal controversy by Mr. Turk on the subject of the existence of giants on the earth, determined to make his antagonist the laughing stock of the world by persuading him to declare a block of stone a gigantic human fossil.

To work the hoax required great patience. It was two years before the tobacconist, having studied archaeology and fossil remains, had selected his accomplices, decided upon the locality for his labors, and begun to put them into operation. His first experiments failed. The bucolic curiosity of Fort Dodge, Iowa,

where he had purchased an acre of quarry land, defeated him. Later a gypsum bed was bought in a less inquisitive neighborhood, and a slab of the stone, twelve feet long, four broad, and twenty two inches thick was shipped to a Chicago carver.

When the giant was carved in such a way as to arouse scientific dispute over the question whether it was a fossil or a prehistoric sculpture, it was scrubbed, pricked with pores, rubbed down with sand, bathed in sulphuric acid, and treated to as complete a course for producing age as the modern woman takes for prolonging youth. Then it was shipped to Cardiff, New York, buried on the farm of a relative of Hull's named Newell, and in 1869 it was "discovered" by some men engaged in digging a well.

Then came the scientists and the clergy to dispute whether it was the petrified remains of an enormous man or an ancient statue. Delegations visited it; reports were made on it. One reverend gentleman declared it to be the famous pillar of salt into which Lot's wife had been turned. It became an immensely profitable possession. Barnum tried to obtain it, and, failing, had another made which he blithely exhibited in Wood's Museum as the original Cardiff giant. And finally the true tale was told.

HOAXES IN ART AND LITERATURE.

Connoisseurs and critics and persons claiming especial discernment have been fair game for the hoaxers ever since the days of Michelangelo, and doubtless long before. It is recorded of the great Florentine that, wearied by the critics' incessant praise of all things classical, and their incessant disparagement of all things contemporaneous, he lopped the arms off a cherub of his own construction, buried it for a while, and then had it dug up. The critics gave it their usual meed of commendation as an antique—and Michelangelo revealed his plot with great satisfaction.

So the Tübingen professors had the wind temporarily taken out of their sails by "The Amber Witch," which purported to be a seventeenth century chronicle, discovered by Dr. Johann Meinhold, whereas it was in truth the work of that gentleman, designed chiefly for the confusion of the experts. Even Macaulay was similarly deceived in regard to authorship. "The Song of the Western Men" with its ringing refrain:

And shall they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen, and shall
Trelawney die?

Then twenty thousand Cornishmen will know the reason why,

was once cited by the great critic as a fine example of English ballad poetry of the days of the Revolution. As a matter of fact, it was the work of one of his contemporaries, Robert Stephen Hawker, vicar of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, who died as recently as 1875. The story of the youthful Chatterton and his wonderful literary findings is the most famous example of the way in which the scholars may be deceived. Prosper Merimée was another whose literary hoaxes were many. He wrote a letter of Robespierre, not only in that gentleman's handwriting, but also in his spirit, and sold it to Cuvier, a noted collector of autographs. The marks of authenticity were many—and only the fact that it was written on paper bearing a watermark of a date somewhat later than Robespierre's death revealed the truth.

Many skeptical persons in these days regard most of the unusual intelligence in the papers as a series of hoaxes, to use polite language. But the good old custom of owning up to deceits has gone out. Once upon a time this was otherwise. A newspaper concocted a joke on some subject of no importance, and acknowledged the fact at its leisure.

The "Dutch mail" hoax was a sample of these admitted deceptions. One morning the readers of the *Leicester Herald*, a provincial English newspaper, found a column of matter in what seemed to be a foreign tongue, with a few lines of explanation above it. The Dutch mail, said the introduction, had arrived so late that it had been impossible to translate its intelligence before going to press; therefore it was presented in the original. The Dutch scholars got to work, but worked in vain.

In due course of time came the explanation. Just as the paper was going to press, a column of type had been "pied." There was no extra material on hand, and there was no time to set the column over again for the first edition. There was, however, time to set up the Dutch explanation, and it was accordingly printed at the head of the column of pied stuff.

In 1860 many hundreds of worthy English citizens received cards admitting "bearer and friend to view the annual ceremony of washing the white lions." The admission was only at the White Gate of the Tower of London, and not until they had vainly besieged that entrance and had been nearly apprehended as lunatics as they inquired for the white lions, did

people realize that they had been the victims of a hoax.

SOME FAMOUS AMERICAN HOAXES.

The mention of white lions recalls the tale of Barnum's elephant. The real white elephant belonged to another showman, and the famous exhibitor ransacked the earth in vain for a second specimen of the same sort. Search failing to reward him, he used the bleach so dear—so unfortunately dear—to many ladies, upon the common or garden elephant. The outcome of the ensuing discussion was that a learned body of scientists at Ann Arbor pronounced his peroxide beast to be the genuine white elephant, and his show was thronged.

In the days when the *New York Sun* was laboriously acquiring the right to use its favorite catchword, "If you see it in the *Sun* it's so," it played a famous joke upon its readers. In April, 1844, there appeared these headlines:

ASTOUNDING NEWS BY EXPRESS VIA
NORFOLK!

The Atlantic Crossed in Three Days!!

SIGNAL TRIUMPH OF MR. MONCK MASON'S FLYING
MACHINE!!!

Eight men, it appeared, had been landed in Charleston from a transatlantic balloon, among them being the gifted author of the wonderful invention. Full particulars of the trip, the machinery, and the incidents of the voyage followed. Of course there was not a line of truth in the story.

Nine years earlier the *Sun* had had another hoax upon the trusting community. Edgar Allan Poe was publishing a story in another paper about a trip to the moon. Suddenly the *Sun* put fiction into the shade. It announced the building of a giant telescope by Sir John Herschel and Sir David Brewster, through which it was easily possible to see what was happening on the moon. Herschel had been sent by the British government to the Cape of Good Hope, there to take the first observations with the utmost secrecy.

It was known as a fact that the English astronomer was in South Africa at the time, so that the story had more believers than it might have had on its own unaided merits. Poe, who had wished to make his own tale a hoax, but had been prevented by his editors, was one of those who earnestly denied it, but he and all other scoffers were borne down by the enthusiastic populace. Later it was acknowledged that Mr. Richard Alton Locke was the author and inventor of that wonderful telescope, which had no existence except on paper.

The Speech of People

AND THE SUDDEN CHANGE IN KATE MIDDLETON'S VIEWS OF LIFE.

BY MARY R. DRURY.

KATE MIDDLETON'S best point had always been the poise of her head. In the old days, when people still talked about her, some lesser light had remarked, with irritation:

"She carries it as if she heard the trumpets blowing for her to march up to a throne and take the prize of victory."

But never had she held herself better—though even her friends allowed that she had "gone off"—than as she walked up the main street of Little Chelmsford one shining October afternoon. He was sorry, the butcher had said, that Miss Middleton would have to carry the beefsteak herself, but the wagon had started out. It was not always so difficult to get orders delivered at Maple Place, before the paint on the columns had grown so shabby and the iron fence so rusty, Kate reflected, as she struggled to hold her long lavender muslin skirts and the unmistakable tawny brown package in the same hand; no, it must go across the arm that balanced her sunshade, in plain sight.

It was indeed a day for strolling about in muslins, a day which had set all the world to taking its usual Saturday afternoon holiday with unusual bustle and excitement. As Miss Middleton glanced up the street, under the yellow arches of the elms, she recognized that before she could reach her own gate she must meet the high tide of the "two fifteen" arrivals out from town, face to face. Dashing like a fire engine ahead of everything was the Farringtons' drag, which, though it seemed crammed to overflowing with golf-bags, girls in scarlet jackets, and bare-headed young men, drew up in mid career, as Kate passed it, to pick up Lotty off the Porters' piazza. And the Waltons' yacht must be afloat, for there was the oldest girl pushing ordinary folks into the gutter, as she ushered up the street a chattering tribe of her associates from boarding-school. Everybody who could get hold of the worst old raw-boned hack had it in harness; even the minister was calling out from a buggy to his anxious-faced wife:

"Oh, drop the sewing! I shall do my sermon this evening. It is wicked to waste such lovely weather."

But though many a hat was lifted to Miss Middleton, not one of the hurrying procession stopped her with an expedition to suggest. On her part, her eyebrows were slightly raised, perhaps, but she did not hasten her steps or dodge a single greeting.

Just as she had her hand on the gate, the standstill of a clatter of hoofs, the grating of a wheel on the curbstone, and the well-known voice of her cousin Robert made her turn. There was an air of polish and preparation about the whole outfit, from the young man's straw hat to the harness of the bright-coated chestnut horse, that accorded oddly with Dr. Putnam's casual tone—elaborately casual, it struck Kate—as he called out:

"Hullo! Want to come for a spin with this new mare of Spooner's?"

"You don't mean it, Bob! You've never persuaded that livery man that you are grown up enough to drive!" Her laugh was excuse enough for her mother's continuing to call her "Kitty." "Can you hold her while I run into the house?"

Her cousin was taking a hitching rope from the runabout.

"Oh, Gipsy and I have allowed you an hour for dressing."

She faced about on him, between the rows of scarlet salvia.

"Then this gown isn't fine enough?"

"I didn't mean that." He was blushing to the roots of his hair. "You're always splendid; only I remembered how you used to make that old Colonel Thomson wait."

"Oh, those were the days when I was young and foolish," she flung back, and her tone had a shrug of the shoulders in it.

Once in her own room, Kate passed swiftly to the oval mirror set in a strong light between two windows.

"Those were the days when it was some use to fuss," she said to herself. She drew her black brows into a line of disapproval. "I must give up wearing purples; and, yes, I believe I have holes under my cheek-bones."

She grasped the hand-glass and turned her neck in a Spartan determination to know the worst.

"What a death's head that typhoid fever made of you!"

She nodded dolefully at herself; but a sculptor would have delighted in the strong, simple turn of her black hair away from her forehead, and, now that the unmeaning, childish curves had suffered some delicate chiseling, in the fine outline of those same bones.

"What a memory that Bob has!" she mused on. "Colonel Thomson wouldn't take you driving now any more than he'd keep a withered pansy in his buttonhole, you poor, battered old thing!"

When Kate swept down the stairs fifteen minutes later her mother was watering a palm in the hall. As in many American families, she played the chorus to her daughter's prima donna.

"Why, my dear, I'm glad to see you in something red. It was always my color, but you used to say you wouldn't go in uniform with every other brunette in Chelmsford."

Mrs. Middleton had soft white hair and agitated hands. She followed Kate to the door, picking an invisible thread from her skirt.

"Let me put another pin in your collar. It rides up in the back."

The old lady stepped across the sunny piazza, to weave a long crimson tendril of woodbine into the trellis.

"Fanny Crosby is back from the mountains," she pursued, while Kate stopped to button her gloves. "She ran over just now to borrow my baby jacket pattern. She said, from across the street, she never would have suspected it was Robert sitting there in the carriage. The last time she saw him he came to the back door selling blackberries to earn a bicycle, but, now he had grown that beard, he might be any age; she told me that she envied you."

Saying nothing but "Good-by," Kate gave her mother's forehead a little smiling kiss, and with only a "Thank you" for some letters which her cousin had brought to her from the post-office, for the first mile or two she paid attention to nothing else. When at last she looked up, they were speeding along a hard drive between a line of larches, which let through the flash of brilliant green lawns and of striped awnings, and the wide field of the sea, shining marvelously blue. Kate drew a deep breath of the salt air.

"When I'm rich, Bob, when I've made my fortune teaching music—you needn't laugh; I told you, didn't I, that I'd got one pupil?—then I shall build a house out here, with no neighbors to spy on my affairs but the ocean."

At that moment, in a cloud of dust rumbling toward them, she made out a crimson-painted dashboard and the gleam of a nickel-plated handle.

"It's Colonel Thomson's automobile, and this horse can't have seen it before, for it's the only one in town. Do turn up the Masons' driveway while it passes!"

"Don't you worry; she's a sensible little beast." The young man was taking out the whip when his cousin put her hand on his arm. He turned his head. "Why, Kate, you're white."

As Gipsy trotted back to the highroad again, into the odor of gasoline which the machine had left behind, Dr. Putnam looked at Kate curiously.

"You didn't use to be——"

She finished the sentence:

"Such a muff! I know, and I'm ashamed of myself." She flushed all the pinker for her former whiteness. "I must be getting old, and do you know, since they have macadamized our old Sandy Point Road into an avenue, I don't care for this drive?" She opened her sunshade. "Besides, the light on the water hurts my eyes."

But Dr. Putnam only leaned forward to flick a fly off the mare's left ear.

"If you don't mind, I'll keep along here as far as the Devil's Slide." He hesitated. "It's because of a bet I made with myself once."

He put back the whip and squared around to face Kate; but she had lowered her eyelids, and with only mild interest repeated:

"A bet?"

"Yes, it was ten years ago this month, a Saturday afternoon, too. Tom Tucker and I had been setting woodchuck traps up in that meadow there, when a break and a pair of horses drove along. It was full of girls, but you were on the front seat with that same Colonel Thomson; and when I saw him put his hands out over yours, to show you how to hold the lines, it made me feel queer. I didn't like it."

"But where were you?" she asked.

Dr. Putnam grinned in spite of himself. "I'd dodged down behind the stone wall; you had said my trousers weren't fit to be seen."

"I remember; they were neither long nor short, and a hideous mustard yellow."

Kate grew interested, but her cousin continued in his own lines:

"And in my mind I made the bet that before I was twenty-five I would take you to drive down this very road myself."

"You delicious boy!" she laughed. "But you didn't calculate on my being too much of an old granny to stand the glare,

did you? Please take me to the woods, now you've won your wager."

"Only half of it yet." His voice was hoarse.

"Why?" she struck in. "Because you have only one horse and Colonel Thomson had two? Don't you mind, Bob; this one's a beauty, and now it is my turn to drive her." She put out her hands for the reins. "I am going to take you where we shan't meet any crazy machines, and where I can get some red leaves for decorating the church to-morrow. You didn't leave your knife at home when you put on those Sunday clothes, did you?"

At her command, he was kept jumping in and out until the bottom of the carriage was filled with a burning bush of color. She made him rob an apple orchard, and, gloves and veil discarded, ate of the stolen fruit. As she tossed her core into the road, she said:

"You don't know how I've changed from the girl you saw that day in Colonel Thomson's break. Nothing would have hired me then to take off my veil. I didn't know how good it was to feel the air blowing on my face. Oh, you were a cousin worth having, to drag me out this afternoon! Down there in the streets I forget how big the country is. Don't you like it yourself?"

"Why, yes, only I was thinking of something else."

"I know; when I was young I never had any feeling about views. That's another of the ways I've changed since my Colonel Thomson days. If I noticed the sky then, it was only to make sure that a shower wouldn't descend on my good clothes. That particular day you spoke of, I'm certain all I looked at was the shadow of my own hat on the hard road, to see if it were on straight. Don't worry; you'll change, too, some day, you poor blind boy! I don't suppose that you could describe any one of the mountains of Switzerland, for all the summer you spent there, could you?"

With a flood of such chatter Kate was trying to drown out a silence on her cousin's part so demonstrative that it made her cheeks burn. Why did he need to grow up and spoil everything?

"You were engaged to Colonel Thomson, weren't you?" Putnam asked.

"Oh, yes, but that's ancient history. Think how many others he has put through the course since I graduated! It's a liberal education, I assure you."

"Then that's the other half of my bet. This time I want you to be engaged to me."

Kate shrugged. "Is that all? Only re-

member, if you are to be an exact copy, you must get tired in six months."

"The scoundrel!"

"You needn't shoot him; he acted like a perfect gentleman. He sent flowers regularly through my typhoid fever year, and afterward he let me be the one to break the engagement."

Then Dr. Putnam let his horse walk.

"Of course you know that in all my life I've never cared for any one but you. You needn't pretend."

Once started, he plunged on and on with his story, while Kate listened, her first surprise at him driven out by a still stronger surprise at herself.

"I'd meant to wait till I'd somehow made you proud of me," she heard his new voice say, "but that stuff about music lessons was too much; you must let me look out for you. Why, I've loved you ever since I was the gawkiest red-headed boy in town and you used to tie my neckties."

With a sudden motion Kate swept all the bright maple leaves from her lap into the road. Then she turned toward him an enchanting smile.

"You did it beautifully, Bobby! For a moment you made me almost forget my gray hairs, and afterwards I let you go on for the practise it would be to you." She spoke with deliberation. "But indeed I never saw any one do it better—surely no one so young!"

"You're always throwing my age at me, but what's a difference of five years?" In his heat he became ingenious. "Why, to make an even marriage, I think a woman ought always to have the start by at least as much as that, because everybody knows that a man knocking around the world grows older in six months than a woman can in as many years."

"Not when her father has lost half of his money and she all her good looks in the same year, and she has woke up some morning to see most of her old friends turn their backs on her! No, no, Bob, I like you too much to let you marry such a bitter, disagreeable old thing as I am. You are just starting out, and you ought to have some one fresh and young, not another person's cast-off."

"But, Kate, you talk as if I were choosing a house; and, anyway, I didn't ask your advice; I asked you to be my wife. I may be only a boy, but I think I deserve a straight answer."

Miss Middleton was staring down at the shining spoke of high light in the wheel, made by its rapid whirling. That was easier than to face the steady blue eyes of the man beside her.



THE AUTOMOBILE WHIRLED AROUND A TURN NOT FIFTY YARDS AHEAD.

"Well, then, I do like you; I never knew how much until to-day. I believe you wouldn't go back on me"—her tone prophesied the "but" that followed—"but I'm not going to marry you, because I couldn't bear the way the people of Chelmsford would take it. Of course you don't understand, but listen. Back there on the ave-

nue, why did I ask you to turn in at the Masons' gate? Do you suppose that I was really afraid of that automobile? No, but I was afraid to meet whatever young girls Colonel Thomson had with him. I was ashamed to have them see me consoling myself with you. I knew they'd say: 'Poor old thing, she *has* fallen low if all

she can get to take her to ride is her cousin, ten years younger than herself—they always exaggerate. Oh, I don't mean that they wouldn't be proud enough to get you themselves, with your foreign air and your cleverness; but for me, it's different. For me, you are nothing to have captured, when you were such easy game, my cousin and younger—don't you see? Oh, I'm little, I know I am; I care horribly for what my grandmother used to call 'the speech of people.' I said that I'd changed from the girl who only noticed whether her hat was on straight, but I don't believe it's true. While you were talking I saw in a flash how it would be if I should announce our engagement. Fanny Crosby would say: 'Isn't it nice dear Kitty is going to be married?' and I should hear the 'at last' behind her teeth, just not slipping out. Don't you understand?"

"Only what you said at the beginning, that you care for me a little; nothing else matters."

"Ah, but it does! I've told you how terribly it matters to me—so much that it has pushed out everything else. I don't believe that I've got any heart left; and after what I've told you, you can't care any more. Won't you take my word for it that the only self-respecting thing you can do is to despise me?"

He shook his head.

"Don't call yourself names; it doesn't do me any good. I know if you once loved a fellow you'd go into the lion's mouth for him."

"But that's a different matter from facing the gossips of Chelmsford," Kate retorted sadly.

In the silence that followed, Dr. Putnam was finding it a welcome job to hold in Gipsy, now that her head was at last turned toward home, when suddenly out of the mist in front of them sounded a heavy whirl. A second later the automobile whirled around a turn, not fifty yards ahead.

"Slow her down, for God's sake!" Kate heard her cousin shout hoarsely, but the chauffeur made no motion. Kate saw Gipsy stand for an instant stock-still, as if aghast at an insult, then struggle and twist her head with its terrible, bright, frightened eyes back at them until a shaft cracked.

"Don't jump!" the man beside her commanded, as he cast himself forward, whip in hand, almost on top of the horse. "Steady, old girl, steady!"

But Gipsy was beginning to back. Kate felt the right hind wheel go over the edge.

They were on the outer side of a stretch where, without a fence to protect it, the road ran along the top of the bank. Kate's swift glance took in the brambles and loose, heavy stones that covered the steep descent.

"Robert!" she shuddered, but his eyes were turned toward an open gateway on the other side of the road.

The light carriage swayed, and in the horror painted on the face of the people in the automobile, as it whizzed abreast of them, Kate read their desperate danger. She shut her eyes, and in a second it was all over. Not backward, but forward, they were plunged. She heard the hard scrape of the right wheel on stone, the carriage was lifted high, and with a great jolt they were both flung out.

"Are you hurt, Kate? By George, these corn shucks were a piece of luck!"

She opened her eyes. Her cousin was getting to his feet, and at the end of the field into which they had turned she saw a farm hand bringing poor Gipsy to a stop.

"I don't believe so; I feel all right," she gasped, and then she let herself lie quiet while she watched Robert pick bits of straw off his trousers.

Raising his head at last, he looked beyond her into the road.

"I'm sorry I made such a mess of it. That machine has stopped, and all those people are coming back to pick up our bones. You'll hate it!"

She stood up and met him squarely, the color surging back into her face.

"No, I won't. Listen, Rob; back there on the road, when I looked over the bank, I saw things straightened out, and that what other people say doesn't count in comparison with—"

Dr. Putnam put out his hands.

"And you mean?"

But she brushed by him, laughing because she would not cry.

"How is Gipsy? She and I both want to make the same speech to you. We've balked dreadfully, but now we have once looked that automobile full in the face, we'll never make a fuss again."

And then Colonel Thomson was upon them, smiling and out of breath. He clapped Dr. Putnam on the back.

"Sorry to interrupt, you lucky dog! It isn't every day you'll have a pretty woman thanking you for saving her life. Be sure that you do it properly, Miss Middleton."

And Kate was too lately back from looking over the edge of things for pretenses.

"I am going to try," she answered frankly.

The Most Remarkable Old Man of the Age.

BY DOUGLAS STORY.



ONE OF THE POPE'S
SWISS GUARDS.



ONE OF THE POPE'S
NOBLE GUARDS.

HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII, SUPREME PONTIFF OF A CHURCH NUMBERING ALMOST A QUARTER OF A BILLION PEOPLE—IN HIS NINETY-FOURTH YEAR HE IS A MARVEL OF INTELLECTUAL VIGOR AND OF ACTIVITY IN STATECRAFT.

ON February 7, 1878, a pontiff lay dying. He was Pius IX, the one-time idol of the Roman people, who had lived to hear the bullets of revolution patter against the walls of his chamber. He was the Pope who had fled disguised as a common priest, who had returned to the Eternal City under the protection of the French soldiery, who had seen his temporal power crushed by the army of Victor Emmanuel, and had retired, a self-constituted prisoner, within the Vatican. About his bed were gathered the physicians and the chief officers of his household. A doctor signified the end.

Then from the group of sorrowing priests stepped forward the cardinal chamberlain, Vincenzo Gioacchino Pecci, an old man bordering on seventy, very pale, very unearthly-looking in the dim death chamber. Advancing to the bed, he thrice called upon the silent form resting there by the name given him at baptism. There came no answer. Three times he tapped upon the dead man's forehead with a little silver hammer. There came no movement in response. Then, according to immemorial usage, the cardinal chamberlain proclaimed the death of Pope Pio Nono.

On the 20th of February the conclave of cardinals was assembled, and was locked up in the Sistine Chapel to elect the new Pope. Sixty-one clerics were present. Ballot after ballot was taken. The crowd in the great church of St. Peter's and in the vast piazza before it waited wonderingly. Then a cardinal dea-

con, conspicuous in a purple robe, appeared far up on the lofty gallery of St. Peter's. The crowd underneath stood silent. The prelate's voice came clear across the waiting thousands:

"I announce to you glad tidings. The most eminent and reverend Cardinal Pecci, having taken the name of Leo XIII, is elected Pope."

A great cheer went up, for the cardinal chamberlain was well known and deeply respected. The little old man who, two months before, had announced the death of Pius, had himself become the visible head of a church of two hundred and thirty millions of people—people who accept without question his definition of all matters affecting their creed or their morals.

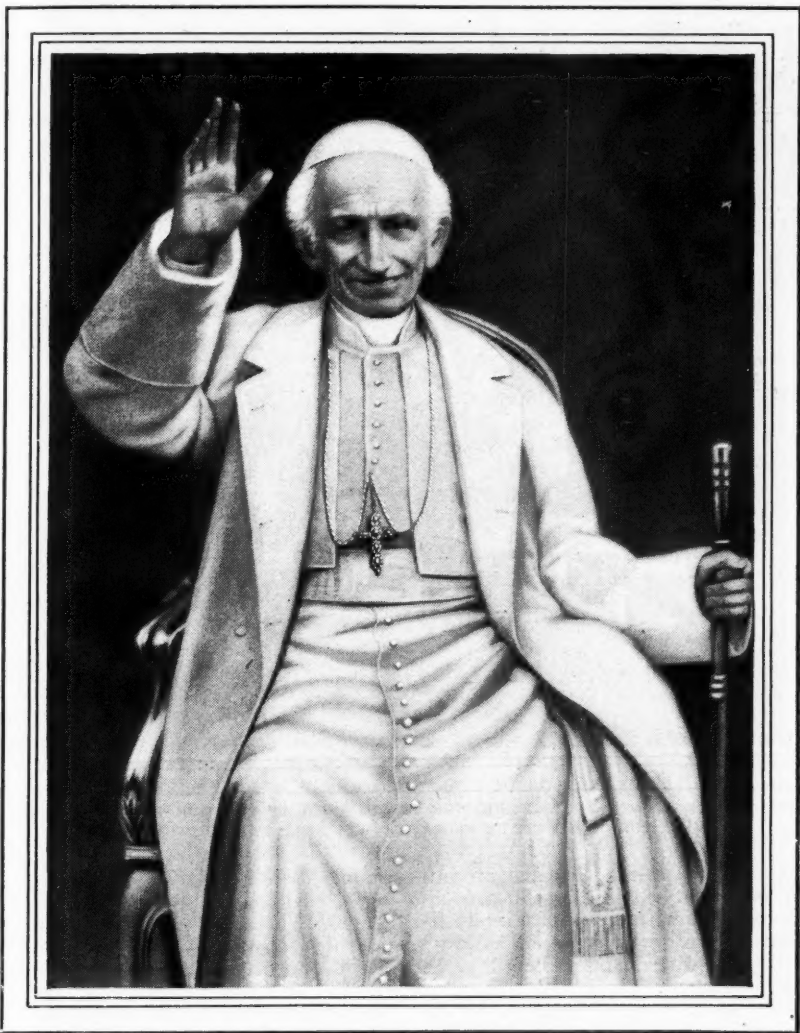
THE CAREER OF LEO XIII.

Born at Carpineto, some forty miles from Rome on the road to Naples, Leo XIII was the son of Count Ludovico Pecci and Anna Prosperi, his wife. The family of Pecci had already given many prelates to the church. Anna Prosperi, Gioacchino's mother, was a descendant of that Rienzi, Bulwer Lytton's "last of the Roman tribunes," who, in the middle of the fourteenth century, had freed Rome from the tyranny of the nobles. From mother, as from father, Pope Leo received blood well worthy of the crowning glory of the tiara.

As a boy of eight, along with his brother Giuseppe, he had been sent to the Jesuit college of Viterbo. Six years later,

when his mother died, he was brought to Rome and educated at the schools of the Roman College under the Jesuits. As a lad he was a precocious student of philosophy, mathematics, and chemistry,

appointed him apostolic delegate at Benevento, afterwards at Perugia and Spoleto. The young delegate had early opportunity to display his integrity and his grit. Benevento was then a hotbed of brigands,



HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII (VINCENTO GIOACCHINO PECCI), BORN MARCH 2, 1810, ELECTED SUPREME PONTIFF FEBRUARY 20, 1878—IN HIS NINETY-FOURTH YEAR THE POPE IS THE MOST REMARKABLE OLD MAN OF THE AGE.

early showing his love for physical science. At twelve he wrote Latin verses of unusual grace and charm. In 1837, on the 23d of December, he was received into the priesthood.

From the outset, Pope Gregory XVI realized that the bent of the lad's mind was diplomatic rather than pastoral. He

who had their headquarters in the castle of a great noble of the province. Pecci sent his police there to make arrests under the seigniorial nose of the nobleman. The latter claimed this was a breach of privilege, stormed at the delegate, threatened to go to Rome to demand Pecci's dismissal.

"Go, by all means," said the imperturbable delegate, "but remember the way to the Vatican lies past the Castle of St. Angelo."

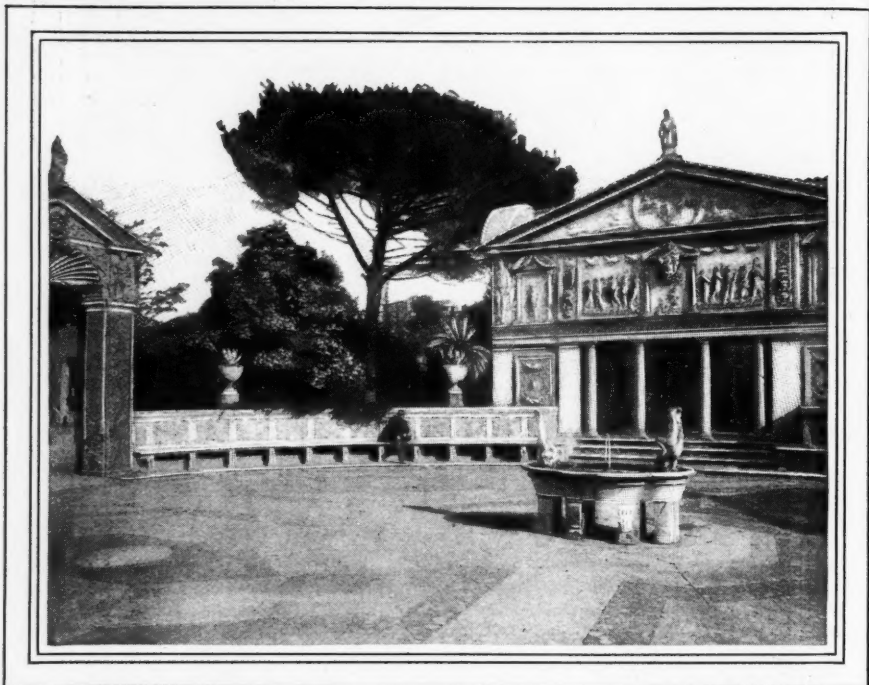
The memory of the papal dungeons counseled caution, and Pecci stamped out brigandage in his province.

From Perugia, Pecci, little over thirty years of age, was sent as nuncio to Brussels, a diplomatic post of immense impor-

tablishment of colleges, schools, and hospitals. In time he became cardinal, and in 1877 he was appointed cardinal chamberlain by Pope Pius IX.

THE PRISONER OF THE VATICAN.

From the day of his election to the pontificate, Leo XIII has never stepped beyond the limits of the Vatican. He claims to be a prisoner there. In his



IN THE VATICAN GARDENS, WHERE THE POPE SPENDS MUCH OF HIS TIME DURING THE HEAT OF SUMMER—THE CASINO IN THE ENGRAVING WAS BUILT BY PIUS IV (1559-1565).

tance. At Brussels he became an intimate friend of King Leopold, traveled much with him, and deeply interested himself in the development of railways, then rapidly progressing in Belgium. At his appointment, Pecci had known no French. Journeying to Belgium by carriage, he studied incessantly. A fortnight's illness at Nîmes gave him unexpected opportunity to learn, and when he finally reached Brussels he could make himself understood.

From Brussels Pecci was transferred back to Perugia as archbishop. Before returning to Italy, he visited London and Paris, where he was received by Queen Victoria and Louis Philippe. At Perugia, he remained for thirty-two years—years spent in the work of his diocese, the es-

tables there is a curious collection of ancient vehicles, the state carriages of the Popes. There are carriages for ordinary journeys about the city—much used by Pio Nono in the days of his popularity. There are heavy traveling carriages, among them the one in which Leo XIII's predecessor escaped from Rome at the time of the insurrection of 1848. There are carriages for days of formal progress, carriages for occasions of semi-state, and one great, heavily-gilded vehicle dating from the eleventh century which was the state carriage of the sovereign pontiffs until Rome ceased to be the capital of an ecclesiastical principality. And yet these carriages are kept ready at a minute's notice to draw the Pope in triumph back to the scene of his

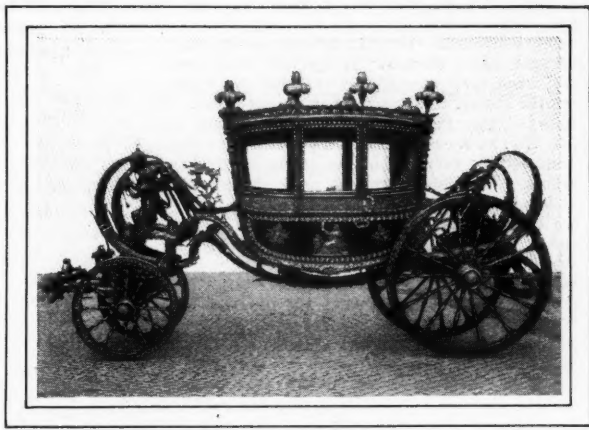
temporal power. Pope Leo has never sat in one of them.

In the days of his comparative vigor, Leo liked to drive about the winding paths of the Vatican gardens in a simple brougham bearing his coat of arms on the panels. He used to spend many of his summer days in the casino built by a sixteenth-century predecessor, Pius IV. Of late years he has discarded the carriage, and is carried out to the terrace on warm midsummer afternoons in his scarlet sedan chair. From September to July he does not venture beyond his private chambers, or very occasionally is carried through the long length of the library, or along to the ante-chamber, to receive visitors.

It was there I was received by him on the Sunday after Easter. As one sees him now, Leo XIII is the mere specter of a man refined from all the material dross of humanity. The sedan chair is carried into the audience chamber by four *camerieri* of the Vatican, gorgeous in royal crimson. It is set down before the throne, the lid opened, the door thrown back, and out steps a feeble little figure draped in a cloak of cardinal red. Bent double, leaning nervously upon the cardinal in attendance, Leo yet walks nimbly, with a curious quick step altogether his own—"Il Papa corre sempre," whispers a member of the Guardia Nobile—to his seat upon the throne. The cloak is thrown back, and before one is seated the head of the Catholic church—an old man, dressed all in white, with a white berretta upon his head, with a face all bloodless, with two bright, piercing bird's eyes lighting it as if from within. His hands are long and tapered, tremulous with age, seeming scarce strong enough to raise the heavy emerald Fisherman's ring upon the finger. One feels the weight of more than ninety-three years as one looks upon the frail body.

THE MARVELOUS NONAGENARIAN.

Suddenly the Pope speaks, in a voice well controlled and sonorous, each word clearly enunciated and made to carry. One forgets all computations of age. Leo may be ninety or one hundred, the voice



THE POPE'S STATE CARRIAGE, WHICH STANDS READY AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE TO DRAW THE PONTIFF BACK TO THE SCENE OF HIS TEMPORAL POWER.

and the intellect that directs it are those of a man of sixty.

None who has remembered his fatigues of the present year, his jubilees and his receptions, has left his presence without wonder at the Pope's vigor and longevity. King Edward declared: "It is wonderful. He acts as a man of sixty." The Kaiser said: "I can scarce believe you have passed the twenty-five years of Peter's pontificate."

The old man met each of the visiting monarchs at the door of his secret chamber, and walked with them to the place of audience.

Twelve years ago a Roman journalist who had the privilege of constant access to the Vatican gave the following description of the Pope:

Leo XIII has just entered his eighty-first year. His thin and angular features, his alabaster complexion, the trembling of his hands, his bowed form, the almost diaphanous aspect of his entire figure, would mark him as a man on the threshold of extreme old age. But when he speaks and becomes animated this impression immediately vanishes, and one feels that there is still beneath this fragile envelope a powerful life, and that the blade is infinitely superior to the sheath which covers it. His voice, especially when he speaks in public, has retained its ring—slightly nasal, by the way, and his eyes have lost none of their fire. Oh, the eyes of Leo XIII! When one has once seen them they can never be forgotten. One would think they were two black diamonds, so brilliant are they. They give an extraordinary vivacity to his expression, and there is something inexpressibly piercing in their gaze.

The leanness of Leo XIII is phenomenal, a leanness caused by twenty years of fasting and privation. It gives him an almost incorporeal aspect. One would say it was a shadow that passed.

Unlike Pius IX, who was possessed of a robust and sanguine temperament—the temperament of happy individuals—Leo XIII belongs to the race of nervous men. However, in spite of what people say, when their constitution is sound the nervous are the strong. They bend, but do not break. In spite of the Pope's apparent delicateness and fragility, he is endowed with a power of resistance possessed by very few of the strongest and most robust. Just think a moment. For thirteen years he has been imprisoned within the narrow limits of the Vatican, with no other exercise than an occasional airing in a garden a few hundred yards square, and this situated in a part of Rome that has always been noted for its insalubrity. Add to that the enormous work which the government of the church gives him daily, and of which he supports the principal weight. Is not a prodigious elasticity of temperament requisite in order to endure such a life at his advanced age? Others have already perished under it. The Holy Father has seen four secretaries of state die at his side. One day most of the ecclesiastical dignitaries around him were feeling ill.

"It is only we young men who are not broken down," exclaimed the Pope gaily.

Since Leo XIII has lived in the Vatican he has never suffered from anything more serious than a passing cold. Longevity is hereditary in his family. Cardinal Pecci, his brother, died last year at eighty-four; another of his brothers, who remained at the village of Carpineto, reached the ripe old age of ninety-one. M. Coccarelli, the Pope's physician, said a short time ago:

"The constitution of the Pope is so sound that he might very well live another ten years if he does not catch any malignant disease."

It will seem that the Pope's lease of life will not be violently broken, but that it will die out like a lamp which runs short of oil.

Almost all that was written of Leo XIII in 1891 is true in 1903, after he has more than fulfilled his doctor's prediction of another decade of life. Truly he is a marvellous old man!

THE DAILY LIFE OF THE POPE.

For years he has partaken of nothing but liquid food. Every morning he rises at half-past six, passes some time in private prayer, says mass in his private chapel, then breakfasts on *café au lait*. Now he is ready to receive his secretaries and his ministers of state. At one o'clock he lunches off a plain soup and little else. His wine is Bordeaux made for him by the nuns in the province of the Gironde. There follows his Italian's siesta of an hour, and then the afternoon of study, or composition of Latin verse, or reception of some very exalted dignitary of the church visiting Rome. At ten he withdraws within his room, and no man knows what transpires until half-past eleven, when his valet sees him to bed.

It is a simple life for a man with an

income of two million dollars a year! In the days when he still could enjoy solid food, his table cost but fifty cents a day.

This ascetic old man is a mystery even to those the closest about him. No tales are told of charitable adventures amid the slums of Rome, such as were told of his predecessor—of visits in the guise of an abbé to the dungeons of St. Angelo, of intended suicides prevented by his timely presence at their side, of ragged beggars covered with the coat from his own back. Leo XIII is a diplomatist, not a clerical Haroun al Raschid. He has too constant an appreciation of his own dignity, and the dignity of his office, ever to lend himself to the melodramatic acts that delighted Pius IX and endeared him to the rabble.

LEO XIII AS A STATESMAN.

Leo has always been his own prime minister and his own foreign secretary. Of late years much of the routine work has devolved upon Cardinal Rampolla, his secretary of state. Rampolla is an Italian, sixty years of age, tall, broad-shouldered, the very antithesis in appearance to the bent and shrunken pontiff. Credited with an insatiable ambition, alike for himself and for his church, the cardinal is never allowed to transgress upon the proper realm of the Pope. When King Edward visited Leo XIII last April, the Pope received him alone, conversed with him without any minister or member of the suite being present, accepted the entire responsibility of the position. So did he when, a few days later, Kaiser Wilhelm followed the King of Great Britain. And yet Leo XIII was ninety-three years of age on the 2d of March, and completed his quarter century in the chair of Peter just ten days earlier. Of the two hundred and sixty-three Popes, only one other, Leo's immediate predecessor, has reigned more than twenty-five years. Only twenty-nine held their high office as long as fifteen years.

Throughout his long reign the Pope has invariably sought to conciliate the powers, has particularly devoted himself to gaining the good will of the Protestant nations. The visits of the King of England and of the Emperor of Germany, and the exchange of courtesies with President Roosevelt, show to what a remarkable extent his policy has been successful.

Leo XIII has shown a remarkable advance upon the opinions of his predecessors in regard to the papal relation with

democratic states. He recognized the French Republic, and not even its warfare upon the church and the religious

velt, he characterized the United States as "that powerful republic which is a stronghold of true liberty."



ST. PETER'S, THE METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE ROMAN SEE, "THE NOBLEST STRUCTURE EVER REARED TO THE WORSHIP OF THE SUPREME BEING."

orders has turned his amity into hostility. One of his last letters to the bishops and clergy of France bade them to "go to the people"—in other words, to adhere faithfully to the spirit of democracy. He has a genuine sympathy with American ideas. The other day, on receiving a letter of congratulation upon the attainment of his jubilee from President Roose-

velt, he characterized the Pope's years no one may prophesy concerning the prolongation of his life, but Leo himself feels few of the misgivings of old age. A devotee recently expressed the hope that he would live to see one hundred. The Pope drily replied:

"My son, why limit the beneficence of Providence?"

The Heroes of the Hunley.

BY W. A. ALEXANDER.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING INCIDENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR
—THE STORY OF THE TORPEDO-BOAT THAT DESTROYED THE
HOUSATONIC, TOLD BY THE SOLE SURVIVOR OF HER FOUR CREWS.

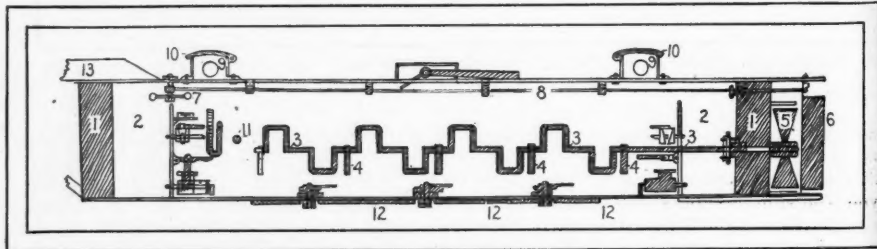
IN a cemetery at Charleston, South Carolina, stands a shaft of white marble as a monument to the heroism of the nine men to whom death came at the bottom of Charleston harbor in the first submarine boat successfully operated in naval warfare. These nine men were not all of those who thus showed their devotion to the Confederacy, for from the time when the craft was built until she destroyed the Housatonic, thirty-two men went beneath the waters in her never to return alive.

Shortly before the capture of New Orleans by the United States troops, Captain Hunley, Captain James McClintock, and Baxter Watson were engaged in building a submarine torpedo boat in the New Basin of that city. As the place fell into the hands of the Federals before the vessel was completed, it was sunk, and its builders went to Mobile. There they reported to the Confederate authorities, who ordered a similar boat constructed in the machine-shop of Parks & Lyons. As a member of the Twenty-First Alabama Artillery, I was detailed on government work at this shop, and was ordered to build the craft according to the plans submitted. We had a warning from the fact that one boat was completed but on being towed to its trial ground, off Fort Morgan, sank in a heavy sea—fortunately with no one on board.

Not discouraged, however, we immediately began work on a second boat.

For the hull we took a cylinder boiler which we had on hand, forty-eight inches in diameter and twenty-five feet long. A part of it was separated into two water tanks, for ballast, which could be emptied and filled by valves. Heavy pieces of cast iron were also fastened to the bottom by bolts which could be removed by the crew inside, thus allowing the castings to sink, when it was desired to come to the surface quickly. Perhaps the oddest feature of the craft was an appendage which acted on the same principle as the tail of a fish. It consisted of two iron blades, each five feet long and eight inches wide, joined to a shaft and projected behind the stern, one on each side of the propeller. The shaft was jointed to a lever passing into the hull, so that by moving this lever the "tail" could be raised and lowered, changing the depth of the boat below the surface without disturbing the water level in the ballast tanks. The rudder was operated by a wheel and levers so connected that the captain or pilot, forward, could steer the craft from his position.

The boat was moved entirely by hand. It had an ordinary screw propeller, attached to a shaft, on which were eight cranks at different angles. The shaft was supported by brackets on the starboard side, while the crew sat on the port side and turned the cranks, as shown in the engraving on page 749. The shaft and



LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT HUNLEY.

1, Bow and stern castings; 2, Water ballast tanks; 3, Propeller shaft and cranks; 4, Braces for shaft; 5, Propeller; 6, Rudder; 7, Steering wheel; 8, Steering rods; 9, Hatchways; 10, Hatch covers; 11, Shaft of side fins; 12, Keel ballast; 13, Butt end of torpedo boom.

cranks took up so much room that it was very difficult to pass fore and aft. Indeed, when the men were in their places it was next to impossible. In operation, one half of the crew had to pass through the fore hatch, the other through the after hatchway.

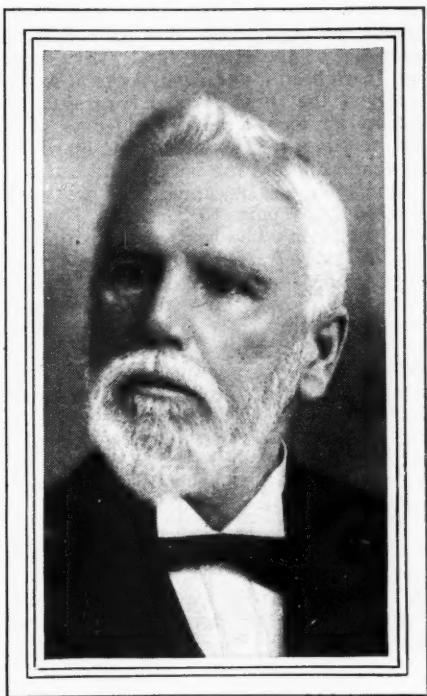
The torpedo was a copper cylinder holding a charge of ninety pounds of explosive, with percussion and primer mechanism, set off by triggers. It was originally intended to float the torpedo on the surface of the water, towed by the boat, which was to dive under the vessel to be attacked. In experiments made with some old flatboats in smooth water, this plan operated successfully, but in a sea-way the torpedo was continually coming too near our own craft. We then rigged a yellow pine boom, twenty-two feet long, and attached it to the bow, banded and guyed on each side. A socket on the torpedo secured it to the boom.

Such was the pioneer of the submarine war-ship of to-day—a boiler shell propelled by paddle-wheels turned by hand, with no electrical or pneumatic apparatus, and none of the modern provisions for furnishing air for the crew; yet we had no difficulty in getting volunteers to man her. She needed a crew of nine, two of whom must be experienced in handling the boat. The first officer was stationed forward, while the second attended to the after ballast tank and pumps and the air supply, all hands turning the cranks except the man in command. There was just sufficient room for the two officers to stand in their places, with their heads in the hatchways, and take observations through the lights in the coamings.

THE HUNLEY AT CHARLESTON.

After our experiments in Mobile Bay, the authorities decided that Charleston harbor, with the monitors and blockaders there, would be a better field to operate in, and General Maury had the boat sent by rail to General Beauregard, in command at Charleston. Lieutenant John Payne, then on duty at Charleston, with eight others, volunteered to take her out. All was in readiness for the first attack; the crew were going aboard when a swell swamped the boat, drowning the eight men in her.

The boat was raised, and Lieutenant Payne, the sole survivor of her first crew, again volunteered, with eight other men. Again she was ready to go out when she was swamped a second time, Lieutenant Payne and two of the crew escaping, but six men perishing in her.



W. A. ALEXANDER, WHO HELPED TO BUILD AND OPERATE THE CONFEDERATE SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT HUNLEY.

General Beauregard then turned the craft over to a volunteer crew from Mobile, known as the "Hunley and Parks crew." Captain Hunley and Thomas Parks, a member of the firm in whose shop the boat had been built, were in charge, with Messrs. Brockbank, Patterson, McHugh, Marshall, White, Beard, and another as the crew. Until the day this crew left Mobile, it was understood that I was to be one of them, but at the last moment Mr. Parks prevailed on me to let him take my place. Nearly all of the men had had some experience in the boat before leaving Mobile, and were well qualified to operate her.

When she had been made ready again, Captain Hunley practised the crew in diving and rising again, until one evening, in the presence of a number of people on the wharf, she went down and remained sunk. She had now drowned all or most of three different crews, twenty-three men in all.

Lieutenant George Dixon was a mechanical engineer, like myself, and belonged to my regiment, the Twenty-First Alabama. He had taken great interest in

the boats while building, and during their operations at Mobile, and would have been one of the Hunley and Parks crew had there been a vacancy. As soon as we heard of the third disaster we discussed the matter together and decided to offer our services to General Beauregard to raise and operate the boat.

Our offer was accepted, and we were ordered to report to General Jordan, chief of staff. The boat was raised, and its dead were buried in the cemetery at Charleston. There had been much speculation as to the cause of the accident, for there could have been no swamping, as in the other two cases. The position in which she was found showed that her bow had run deep in the mud and stuck there. Captain Hunley's body was forward, with the head in the forward hatchway, the right hand on the top of the head; he had been trying, it would seem, to raise the hatch cover.

We soon had the boat refitted and in good shape, reported to General Jordan that she was ready for service, and asked for a crew. After many refusals and much dissuasion, General Beauregard finally assented to our going aboard the Confederate receiving ship *Indian Chief* and calling for volunteers. He strictly enjoined upon us to give a full and clear explanation of the desperately hazardous nature of the service required. This was done, a crew was shipped, and after a little practise in the river we were ordered to moor the boat off Battery Marshall, on Sullivan's Island. Quarters were given us at Mount Pleasant, seven miles from the battery.

On account of chain booms having been put around the Ironsides and the monitors in Charleston harbor to keep us off these vessels, we had to turn our attention to the fleet outside. The nearest blockading ship, which we understood to be the United States frigate *Wabash*, was about twelve miles off, and we made her our objective point.

In comparatively smooth water and light current, our boat could make four miles an hour, but in rough water her speed was much less. It was necessary to go out with the ebb and come in with the flood tide, and to have a fair wind and a dark moon. We found that we had to come to the surface occasionally, slightly lifting the after hatchway, and letting in a little air. Sometimes, when we rose for air, we could hear the men in the Federal picket boats talking and singing. Our daily routine, whenever possible, was about as follows:

We would leave Mount Pleasant about one o'clock p. m., walk seven miles to Battery Marshall along the beach—this exposed us to the enemy's fire, but it was the best walking—take the boat out, and practise the crew for two hours in the Back Bay. Dixon and myself would then lie down on the beach with the compass between us, and get the bearings of the nearest Federal vessel as she took her position for the night. We would ship up the torpedo on the boom, and, when dark, go out, steering for the ship we had marked. We would proceed until the condition of the men, the sea, the tide, the moon, the wind, or the approach of daylight compelled our return to the dock. Then we would unship the torpedo, put it under guard at Battery Marshall, walk back to quarters at Mount Pleasant, and cook breakfast.

During the months of November and December, 1863, through January and the early part of February, 1864, the wind held contrary, making it difficult with our limited power to make much headway. We went out on an average four nights, a week, but on account of the weather, and the difficulty of propelling the boat, it proved impossible to get more than six or seven miles out. We often had all we could do to get back to shore.

This suggested that while in safe water we should find out by actual experiment how long it was possible to stay under water without coming to the surface for air. All hands agreed to sink the boat and let her rest on the bottom in Back Bay, off Battery Marshall. It was also agreed that if any one of the crew felt that he must have air, and gave the word "up," we would at once bring the boat to the surface.

One evening, after alternately diving and rising for a while, we noted the time and sank for the test. Twenty-five minutes after I had closed the after man-head and excluded the outer air the candle would not burn. In comparing our individual experience afterwards, we found that each man had determined that he would not be the first to say "up." Not a word was uttered except the occasional "How is it?" between Dixon and myself, until at last, as the voice of one man, "up" came from all nine.

We started the pumps. Dixon's worked all right, but I soon realized that mine was not throwing. From experience I guessed the cause of the failure, took off the cap of the pump, lifted the valve, and drew out some seaweed that had choked it. While I was doing this, the boat was

considerably by the stern. Thick darkness prevailed, and all hands had already reached what they thought was the utmost limit of their endurance. Some of the crew almost lost control of themselves. But a moment later we had the boat to the surface and the manhead opened. How glorious the fresh air was!

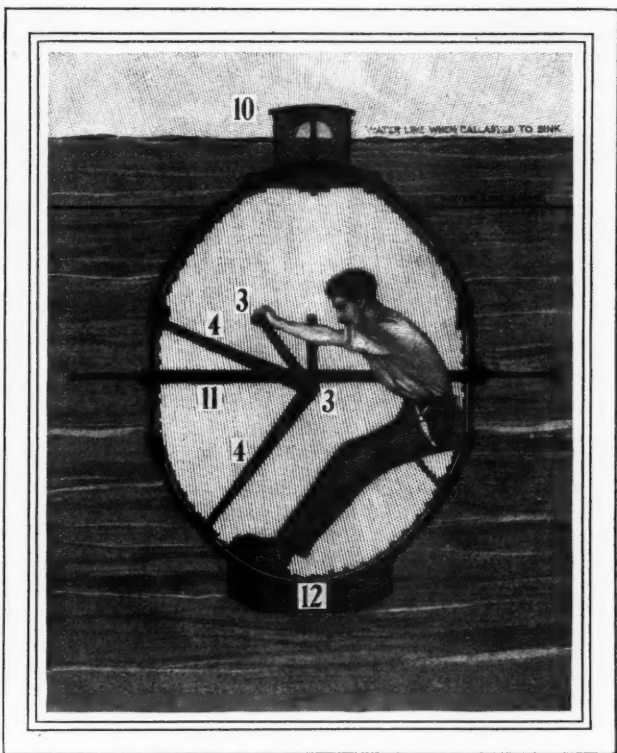
We had been on the bottom two hours and thirty-five minutes—more than two hours after the candle went out for lack of oxygen. The sun had been shining when we went down, and the beach lined with soldiers, as it usually was when we were practising in the bay. It was now quite dark, with one solitary Confederate gazing at the spot where he had seen the boat go down. When I called to him, he told us that we had been given up for lost, and that a messenger had been sent to General Beauregard to inform him that the torpedo boat had gone to the bottom again.

We continued to go out as often as the weather permitted, each time covering a longer distance when the wind was offshore, until at last we demonstrated to our satisfaction that we could reach the blockading squadron, as we could cover more than twelve miles when the sea was comparatively quiet.

After notifying General Beauregard of the success of our experiments, it was decided to make an attack on the first clear night when a land breeze was blowing. Our plan was to take the bearings of the Federal ships when they took position for the night; to steer for one of them, keeping about six feet under water, and occasionally coming to the surface; and, when nearing the vessel, to make a final observation before striking her, which was to be done under her counter, if possible.

We were in readiness when I received an order which at the time was a blow to all my hopes, although only by obeying it

did I live to write this narrative. Briefly, it was to leave Lieutenant Dixon in charge of the boat and return to Mobile in order to build a new pattern of breech-loading cannon. I think that all felt as I did at the time. We had proved that

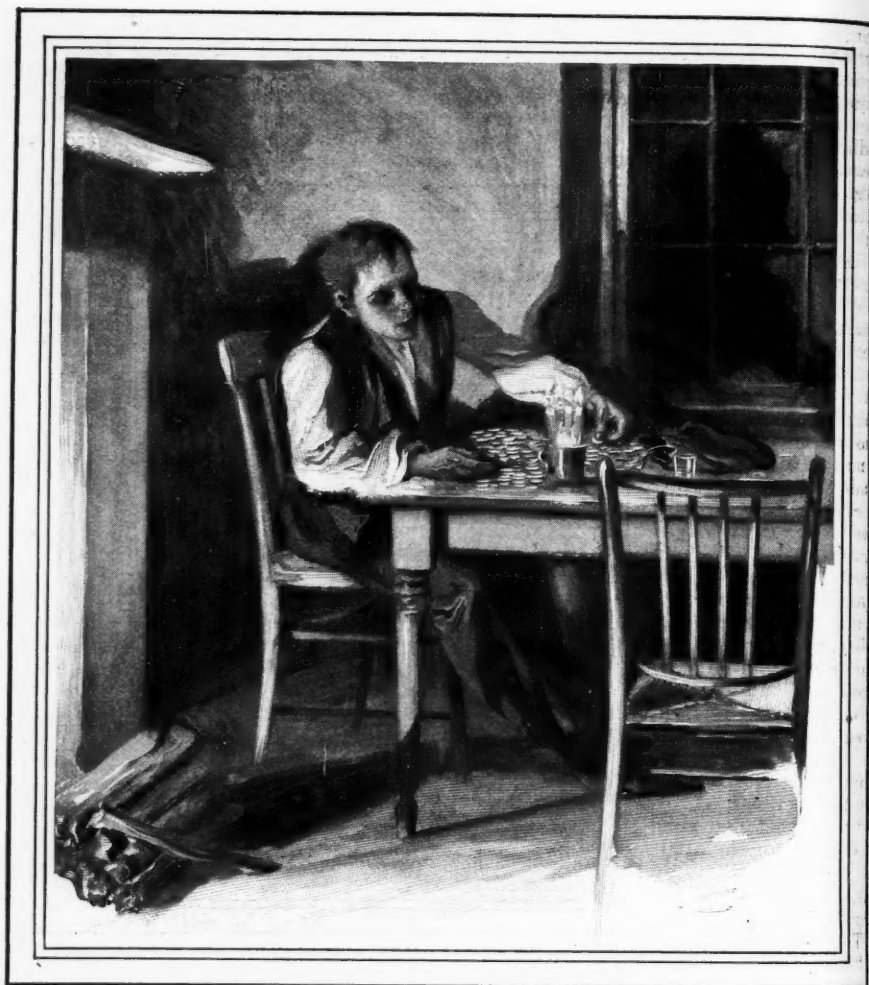


CROSS SECTION OF THE SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT HUNLEY.

3, Propeller shaft and cranks; 4, Braces for shaft; 10, Hatch cover; 11, Shaft of side fins; 12, Keel ballast.

the craft could be successfully operated both above and beneath the surface, in spite of the many fatalities which she had caused, and I don't believe a man considered the danger which awaited him. The honor of being the first to engage the enemy in this novel way overshadowed all else.

When the boat started from her moorings on that fateful February afternoon in 1864, all of the crew who had toiled and risked death during those long and weary months were in their places except myself and one other, also ordered to special duty. When the divers searched the wreck of the Housatonic after the war, the world learned of the heroic stuff of which those men were made, and how my comrades died for the South.



"FIVE THOUSAND AND EIGHTY! I'LL SHOW THEM HOW TO SPEND!"

The Son of a Miser.

HOW NOEL CARON, OF ST. LOO, PROVED THAT HE WAS NO PINCHPENNY.

BY MAZO DE LA ROCHE.

I.

NOEL sat in his own house alone for the first time. It was very still. Outside, the world lay muffled in a fresh fall of snow. Inside, the pine knot smoldered stealthily, as if reluctant to break the hush. Noel sat by the fire in his father's chair, trying to get used to things.

First, there was the chair itself—he must get used to it. He looked at his own boy's hands lying on its worn arms, and it seemed to him that they must wither and turn gray from the association. He thought of those other hands that had rested there so many years; perhaps for to-night, this first night, he would feel more at ease somewhere else.

In the middle of the room there were

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four chairs turned together, facing, as for some purpose. Their position seemed a menace to the boy, as if they had consciously withdrawn from him. He strode over, noisily—how his footsteps echoed!—and displaced them, carrying one to the fireside for use. There were some droppings of wax on its seat. Noel scratched them off with his finger-nail and let them fall to the fire, where they sputtered a moment and went out. He sat down and stretched his feet toward the warmth.

Where did he leave off? Oh, yes, the chair—*eh bien*, he would get used to that very soon. Then there was the house, which was his; and the mill and its profits, which belonged to him—to him, Noel Caron, who had never had two sous to rub together! Noel Caron, son of a miser—ah, that was what hurt—a family of misers, the worst-hated people in St. Loo! How they had pinched, and saved, and worried every coin! And now they were gone, and it all belonged to him!

A new phase of life had been presented to him; the right to say: "This is mine—I will do that." He looked about the bare room, and longed for some way to prove his power.

Because he had been loyal and had uttered no complaints, people thought that he would follow in his father's steps. Only yesterday he had heard M. Avern, the *avocat*, whisper to Dr. Girard:

"*Alors*, I suppose this young one will do like the rest—squeeze every sou before he parts with it, add his share to the pile, then die and leave it to the next, as old Caron to-day!"

The doctor had added fervently:

"Heaven pity the girl young Noel marries, if he is to be like that also! They say he has a fancy for Tetrault's Laure."

Then, as *monsieur le curé* was standing in the doorway that night, he had turned earnestly and said:

"Be wise, my son, and lay not up for yourself treasure on earth, where it profits nothing, but in heaven, where the saints will guard it for you!"

He could have struck the kind *curé*. *Sacré!* Did they think him a fool? He kicked at the pine knot, and it flickered faintly. If they only knew how he loathed this life of grasping! Had not he sat with his father in the dark for the cost of a candle? Had not his second slice of bread been grudged him, when his boy's appetite craved meat? Had he not been denied the things that boys most prize—snowshoes, skates, good clothes?

And later, had he not done the work of two at the mill for nothing? And they thought he liked it! All but Laure—she knew, she knew!

He would show them how to spend, even he, Noel Caron, son of old Caron, the miller, whom the boys called Pinchpenny! He wondered how much that leather bag contained. More than once he had lain in bed and watched his father count its contents stealthily, making little towers of battered coins and moving them about with his bony fingers, as in some covert game. Well, it was his turn to play the game now, and the stakes would be high, *pardieu!*

By the light of a candle he raised a loose board in the flooring and withdrew his father's hoard. He emptied it on the table—musty coppers, tarnished silver, and moldy gold, his heritage lay heaped before him. To the boy, it was full of stupendous possibilities. As he stared at it, the slight lines about his mouth appeared more distinct, he looked older.

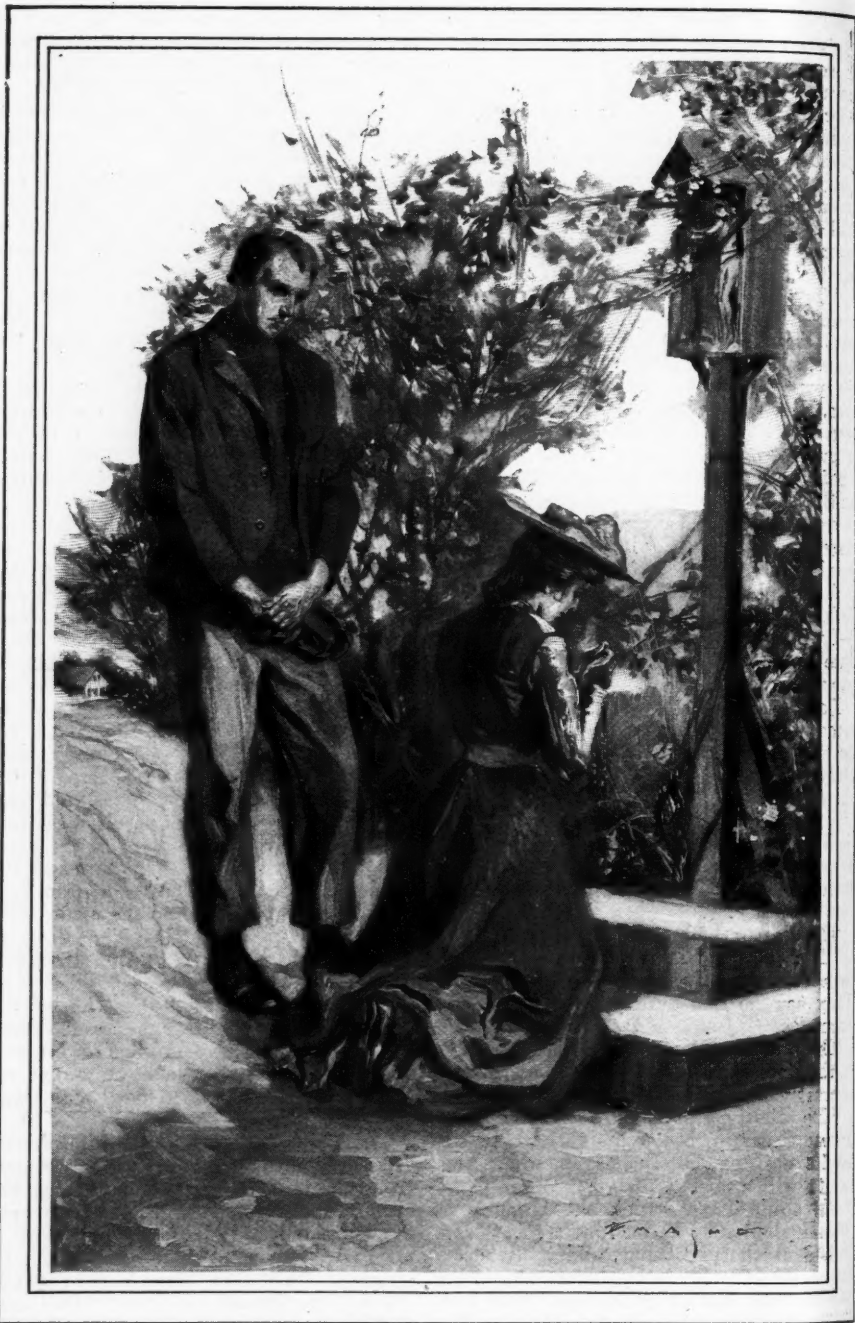
He must count it carefully—yes, but first more light. One candle for Noel Caron? Not much! In the dresser there were four. He placed them together in a cup, and set them burning. Now more wood on the fire! He brought his arms full from the shed, and heaped it on the hearth. A small flask of brandy used during his father's sickness caught his eye. He poured it into a glass, and, placing it on the table with guilty elation, sat down to count.

For hours there was no sound but the handling of money. The room grew hot; the frost began to melt on the pane; Noel stretched himself and took a gulp of the brandy. There were one thousand dollars.

Blisters came out on that side of the table nearest the fire; the cameo head was quite spoiled; Noel pulled off his coat and swallowed half the brandy that remained in the glass. There were three thousand dollars.

The fire had crumbled into downy ashes; little puddles of water dripped from the window-sill; Noel finished the brandy and rose unsteadily. There were five thousand and eighty dollars in all.

"Five thousand and eighty!" he laughed. "I'll show them how to spend! I'll let the brakes go loose! The *curé* shall be sorry that he spoke!" He felt his way along the wall. "Five thousand dollars—how it gets dark!—five thousand—what was it? Ah, diamonds for Laure's hair—how they'll shine! They'll not call me Pinchpenny then. I'll have a tall silk



NOEL STOOD SILENTLY BY UNTIL LAURE ROSE.

hat—and Laure—I'll have her, too!" He fell across the bed face downward.

Three hours later the curtain of frost

was drawn once more across the window pane, and the white daylight, filtering through it, fell on Noel, asleep, and on

his fortune, scattered over the table and the floor.

II.

DIN, din, din, din! went the hammer. Adolphe, in the mill, was picking the stones. Din, din, din, din! So white were his hands and his hair and his coat from the meal, and so gray were they from specks of stone, and so intent was he upon his work, that he might have been a stone man just coming to life, or a live man just turning to stone.

When his new master called him, he did not hear. Noel came and touched him on the arm.

"At work as usual, I see, Adolphe," he said somewhat diffidently, because of their new relations. They had been fellow-workmen, fellow-slaves; now it was master to man.

Adolphe nodded non-committally.

"Do you think," went on Noel, "that you could make the work go without me, just for once, this morning, 'Dolphe? I have important things to do."

The hammer stopped, and Adolphe drew one gray forefinger meditatively across his lips.

"I shall try," he grunted.

"You'll not forget the pea-meal for Ma'am' Trudeau, nor the corn for Jo Duval?"

"I will do as you say."

"That's good," said Noel, gaining confidence. "You can do yourself no harm by pleasing me!" Then, in a burst of elation, he dropped a half dollar over Adolphe's shoulder to his knees. "Here, take that, *mon vieux*, and drink the health of the new miller!" And as he reached the door he flung back: "You'll find he's no Pinchpenny, him!"

Adolphe delicately poised the coin on the tips of his thumb and two first fingers, and addressed it thus:

"He says, 'Good,' does he? And me also, I say, 'Good.' If he keeps on like this, I shall own a mill myself, one day." And he turned to stone again.

Noel strode through the crunching snow to the house of Brazeau, the horse-dealer. Brazeau was a shrewd fat man.

"*Bon jour*, miller," he said with his sleek smile. "I hope it goes well with you since the departure of your lamented father."

"You had no love for my father," said Joel, with a curt gesture of dismissal. "I am here concerning a horse. Have you still that tall black mare you brought from Montreal?"

"*Mais oui*, miller," chuckled Brazeau with raised eyebrows. "I have had hope to sell her to M. Landry, but still——"

"How does she sell, then?"

"An even hundred, miller."

Noel laughed shortly, as at some inward joke.

"Lead her around," he said, smiling. "I'm getting rid of my treasure on earth."

But not till the honest Brazeau saw the money with his own fat eyes would he clinch the bargain; then one hundred dollars in musty coins changed hands, and the black mare, shimmering like satin, was transferred to her new master.

"How is she named, Brazeau?"

"La Joie."

"La Joie! That's good. A pretty name," laughed Noel, and he rode away.

"It was a waste of money," mused Brazeau, following him with his eyes. "But it is excellent for the trade!"

III.

As he drew nearer to the home of Laure, Noel became more joyously excited. He sang softly to himself:

*C'est la belle Françoise, lon, gai,
C'est la belle Françoise,
Qui veut s'y marier, ma luron, lurette,
Qui veut s'y marier, ma luron, lurté—*

and swayed his body to the tune. He pulled off his cap and rode bareheaded. He kissed the mare's pricked ears.

"Ah, my little, little love," he whispered to her, "do you know where we go? We go for Laure, the angel Laure! She'll sit on your back, *ma belle*, with me! We'll let the bridle loose, La Joie, and gallop fifty thousand miles through paradise!"

A handful of snow caught his ear. The horse shied. He turned in the saddle and saw Julie Ouellette laughing as she swept her doorstep.

"Where goes the little miller?" she cried. "How we are brave and gay! Ah, Noel"—clapping her hands—"you look like a *grand seigneur*, only more handsome! I wish I had your fine red lips!"

He urged the mare suddenly toward her.

"You may, Julie! You may!" he cried impulsively.

She ran to her doorway screaming. When she reached it she called back:

"Tell me in truth, Noel, where go you?"

He pointed with his whip to the cottage of the Tetraults. Julie thrust out her lips scornfully.

"That girl? She is fat, like a sack of your own meal!" She swept viciously.

"She is jealous," Noel said to himself. "Jealous for me!" His eyes danced. "*Au revoir, Julie!*" he cried. "If you see diamonds on the sack of meal, be not surprised!" Then: "Julie, your hair is very red, like old Pelletier's nose!" And he galloped away in a whirl of snow to the house of Laure.

Without dismounting, he tapped with his whip on the door. Laure opened it. She caught her breath for a moment as she faced the frosty air. She caught it again, more sharply, when she beheld Noel on horseback. His eyes smiled expectantly at her.

"Noel, explain!"

"Come closer, then—here, to my stirrup!"

She ran to his side, hugging herself because of the cold. He drew off his mitt and touched her cheek with his fingers; but he delayed the joyous moment.

"Explain!" she said again.

"Laure, the eyes of La Joie are black, is it not so?"

"*Mais oui*, they are black. What then?"

"Laure, they are all pale compared with yours."

"Fie, Noel!"

"Laure, the frost is white, is it not so?"

"*Ma foi, oui.*"

"Laure, I can see a bit of your neck, and it's white like the frost."

She caught her dress at the throat and broke out angrily:

"What a fine fool is this! He speaks in riddles of black and white, when I would have him talk sense! For shame! Your father was buried yesterday. Have you forgotten that?"

He sprang to the ground beside her.

"*Tiens*, my Laure, you do not understand. He is gone, I know. He was very old. What was his is mine. They call us misers here. I want to make them lie! I'm going to spend my father's money fast, fast—and on you, Laure! We'll buy bangles for your wrists, and diamonds for your ears, and white kid shoes! I go to sow the wind that the *curé* speaks about! I paid a hundred dollars for La Joie an hour ago!"

It was as if he had struck her. She put her hands against his breast and thrust him off.

"Ingrate! You come to me to help you in your wickedness? You think I have a desire to throw your father's savings in the dirt?"

"I do it but to right myself."

"I am to be made a doll, then, in order that St. Loo shall lie? Don't speak to me!"

"Thousand devils! You refuse?"

"I refuse, and I refuse, and I refuse!"

"*Bien!* There is one who will not refuse!"

"Go to her, then! Ah, Noel, you break me the heart!"

She threw her apron over her head and ran sobbing into the house.

IV.

A GROUP of men stood talking before the post-office: the *curé*, Brazeau, the horse-dealer, and Tetrault, the father of Laure. Brazeau had just told of the purchase of La Joie by Noel Caron.

"One hundred dollars for a horse!" said Tetrault. "It is infamous!"

The *curé* also was amazed, and somewhat puzzled. He questioned Brazeau closely. For what purpose had Noel bought the mare?

"He said something about a treasure on earth, *m'sieu*," said Brazeau importantly, "but I could get no more. He has a close mouth, that boy!"

As they stood thus in earnest conversation, they were suddenly disturbed by the shrill cheering of children and the yelp of dogs. Brazeau was the first to discover the cause.

"*Voilà, m'sieu*," he chuckled, "here he comes himself at full gallop!"

La Joie, at first sight, seemed to be running away; but if so, it gave her rider small concern, and she who sat before him cared still less. Noel's cap was gone, and Julie's red hair was blown across his face.

The *curé* ran forward and raised his hand.

"Stop!" he ordered.

They passed so close to him that he was spattered with snow from the mare's hoofs.

"La Joie has the bit in her teeth!" yelled Noel. "I'm getting my money's worth, Brazeau! The treasure on earth—"

His voice was lost in the wind, and in a moment more they had vanished behind a bend of the road. Brazeau and Tetrault turned to the *curé* with gaping mouths. The priest's face was set and stern.

"My children," he said, "I forbid any of you who are in trade to sell anything to Noel Caron above the value of one dol-

lar. Let every one be told. You did wrong to sell him that horse, Brazeau. He has flung my counsel in my teeth. He must be punished. Tetrault, forbid your girl to speak to him. Let her show her disapproval by her silence!"

There was dull anger and disappointment in the eyes of Tetrault. He had had hopes concerning Noel and Laure.

V.

As the good *curé* had commanded, so it was done. When Noel went to the shop of Martel, the tailor, to order a suit, he was refused.

"I have nothing against you, miller," said Martel, "but *m'sieu' le curé* has forbidden it expressly. 'Nothing above the value of one dollar to Noel Caron,' he says. I am sorry, but I cannot make a suit for one dollar."

Noel looked not ill-pleased.

"*Eh bien*," he said, "I shall buy in St. Michel. Without doubt, I shall be well suited there. But you lose a good customer, Martel!"

Three days later he appeared in St. Loo wearing a long black coat, a tall silk hat—*chapeau de castor*—and yellow gloves. Simultaneously, Julie Ouellette flaunted a scarlet cloak. Noel's thoughts had been of Laure when he purchased it, and the scarlet, with Julie's red hair, was a veritable curse in color. As for Laure, she wept fresh tears at each new folly, and prayed in secret for him; but when they met, her eyes avoided his.

Noel gave up working in the mill, and devoted himself assiduously to the spending of his money. Not only did he deck himself with incongruous finery, but he heaped it on his friends, the Gosselin brothers. It was a sight to be remembered when, one saints' day, the three walked arm in arm about the village dressed alike in coonskin coats and tall silk hats.

Each succeeding week young Caron became more reckless. His house was the scene of wild carousing. Once, for a wager, he mounted La Joie at midnight and galloped to the highest peak of the Pointe des Rochers, blindfold.

On the following Sunday Julie Ouellette appeared at mass with diamonds in her ears. The *curé* observed a stir among the women of the church, and he soon perceived that the girl's finery was the cause. He fixed her with his eye and beckoned sternly. She came forward, flushed and trembling.

"Julie Ouellette," he commanded,

pointing an accusing finger at the jewels, "take off those cursed baubles from your ears, and put them out of sight!"

She obeyed, weeping.

"Now kneel where you are, and remain so. Pray for your sins!"

He turned once more to the altar.

That was the last that was seen of Julie's diamonds.

So the spring came, and as the snow melted, so melted the contents of the leather bag. The money that had been hoarded in deprivation, in penury, in despicable meanness, was recklessly wasted in luxury, in wild living, in misplaced generosity.

The climax came when Noel and Henri Gosselin went to Montreal. They were absent a month. No one knew what occurred there, but Henri was brought home sick, and two days after their arrival Noel sold La Joie to Brazeau for fifty dollars. Later, it became known that he could not settle his accounts at the Black Dog, the village hotel. The habitants of St. Loo laughed in their sleeves. They waited with self-righteous smiles to see the end. And Noel faced the fact that a spendthrift, when his money is gone, receives no more commendation than a miser.

He stood in his doorway one night, facing this fact and the blackness outside. Yesterday the ground had been white, but a warm rain had fallen all day, and to-night all that remained of the snow lay in a few soiled and sunken heaps in sheltered spots. Here yesterday and gone to-day—"like my money!"

From where he stood he could see the yellow blur of a light in the mill. Adolphe was at work picking the stones for the next day's grinding. The tap of the hammer came insistently through the open door—din, din, din, din! It grated on Noel's ears with its song of ceaseless industry. What a poor fellow was 'Dolphe! Always slavishly at work. And for what? Had he any ambitions, Noel wondered? He made up his mind to call him in on his way home and talk to him. He felt lonely to-night; and he used to like Adolphe, when he was a boy—six months ago.

Presently the light went out, the key turned in the mill door, and Adolphe's gray figure melted into the fog.

"*Hé, Adolphe! Holà!*" called Noel.

Adolphe came slowly; he stood in the strip of light that fell from the door, looking up in silent inquiry.

"I never see you now, Adolphe, you work so hard. Will you come in?"

"Me? Oh, I am not enough clean! My feet are mud, my coat is meal. They say you have bought velvet chairs."

Noel gripped the man's arm and dragged him in.

"Yes, they say, and they say, and they say too much in St. Loo!" He pushed Adolphe into a chair. "It takes little enough to make them talk!"

"Little enough!" repeated Adolphe. "Do you call this little?" He looked about the room, whose gaudy pictures matched ill with its rain-stained walls.

"I call it so little," said Noel, "that I would like to wake up some day and find it gone. I can't think in this room, 'Dolphe. I used to dream dreams here—such foolish things—but *dieu*, I'd like to dream them all again!" There was silence for a moment, then he asked suddenly: "Have you dreams sometimes, Adolphe?"

"*Mais oui*, I have dreams." He laughed his dry laugh. "I was coming to that. One of my dreams concerns you. It is that I wish to buy the mill."

"To buy the mill? You?"

So this was why he worked so hard!

"It is that. I have six hundred dollars to give you, in cash. I will pay the rest off as I can, if you will permit me. Of what value is the mill to you? Its little profits are as nothing. It would mean much to me."

"If this man knew," thought Noel, "that I have only seven dollars in the world and owe it ten times over!" He said: "Without doubt, then, *mon beau*, there is some other dream behind all this? Give me her name. Is it Minette Pruneau, or the fat-cheeked Anne?"

"It is neither of these," said Adolphe solemnly. "Guess again."

"The milliner? But no, she goes with Honoré Roy. I have it, then—the Widow Potvin and her cow!"

"It is none of these," said Adolphe serenely. "It is Tetrault's Laure. She is a pious girl, and her father owns five cows."

Noel put his hand suddenly before his eyes, as if he found the light too strong.

"*Bien*—of course," he said slowly. "I had not thought. It is all arranged? And Laure?" His voice broke.

Adolphe turned up his palms deprecatingly.

"Not yet," he said. "I have not spoken. There will be no difficulties. It will be time when I have bought the mill."

"Ah, yes," said Noel. "It will be time—then."

A silence fell between them; then

Adolphe, vaguely conscious of a subtle change in the other's attitude toward him, rose to go. Noel lighted him to the door without speaking.

"You will think of what I have said, miller?" the man ventured, as he reached the bottom step. "You know me. When I say I pay, I pay. I will work these to the bone to do it." He held up his ten gray fingers, already bent with work.

Noel nodded dispassionately. He had not heard what he said.

He waited till he heard the suck of Adolphe's sabots in the muddy road. Then he closed the door and bolted it. His face was tense like that of a child who strives to keep from violent crying. He sat down by the table and buried his head in his arms.

VI.

In the church of St. Bazile the people were on their knees. The sonorous voice of *monsieur le curé* intoned the sacred mass. A breath of incense floated down the aisle. The hearts of all were lifted, for this was Easter Day.

In the front seat knelt Laure, her eyes fixed on the lighted altar, her thoughts fixed on that which was forbidden. She was recalling other Sundays when she used to steal a sidelong glance across the church and see his dark head bent and his dark eyes seeking hers. Now he knelt there no more.

The church door opened, and a step came up the aisle. She heard a sharp intaking of breath throughout the church; then he passed close beside her and stopped at the chancel steps.

He wore his threadbare jersey and worn suit of six months before, which, because he had so developed since that time, would barely meet across his well-set frame. His long limbs protruded from their garments most uncouthly. He carried in one hand a leather bag, and in his arms his coonskin coat, his otter cap, his tall silk hat, and his silver-mounted riding crop. These things he laid on the chancel steps and knelt beside them, his eyes intently on the *curé's* face. The priest came to him.

"My son!"

Noel spoke then in a clear voice.

"Father, forgive me! I have been a beast! I waste my father's money—I insult the Holy Church—I laugh—I drink and gamble—I make myself more filthy than the brutes—for what? Because that the people of St. Loo have called me miser! At first I only think to spend a

little, but they stare and talk, and then the drink gets in my head, and *voilà*, I go loose! But last night I waken up. I determine to confess before everybody. I want just one chance—to begin again! My money is gone; I have but these things here, my coat, my hat, my jewelry, in this bag—take them from me—they are a curse! I am Noel Caron, the miller!”

His face glowed in the ardor of his renunciation. She who knelt in the front seat thought he had never looked so fine.

“My child,” said the *curé* tenderly, “you have been evil, it is true, but you have a long life in which to gain respect by honest work. Yours is a strong body, and it holds a strong nature. Work hard, for it is honest toil that tames that which is brute in man. You are forgiven. And if there are some among us who have

urged you to do wrong, let them to their knees now, for their sin is no slight one.”

He turned then to the altar.

It was with a free heart that Noel stepped out into the warm spring air. He sniffed it as a dog does. He was glad he had confessed on Easter day. He, too, had risen.

Where his road turned down a steep hill to the town, there was a little wayside Calvary. The reddening branches of a wild cherry-tree drooped above the head of the thin gray Christ. Here he found Laure kneeling with her rosary. He stood by silently until she rose. Her eyes met his. He took the hand that held the rosary in both of his.

“*M’sieu’ le curé* has absolved me,” he said softly. “The good saints have forgiven me. What of Ste. Laure?”

“She has forgiven, too!”

LITERARY CHAT

THE EPIDEMIC OF AUTHORSHIP.

In the study father
Keeps himself aloof
While he stews and grumbles
O’er his “author’s proof.”
Mother’s in her bedroom—
List the clicking keys!
All the house is crazy
Over “royalties.”

Ned is in the dining-room;
Double-locked the door,
While he writes a novel,
Sprawling on the floor.
High up in the attic
Weeps and scribbles Nell.
These their “fav’rite methods”—
So “advance notes” tell.

Baby’s in his cradle,
Hard at work again
With a thick thesaurus
And a fountain pen.
Grandma’s in the parlor,
Where she long confers,
Making out a contract
With her publishers.

Cook is in the kitchen,
But ’tis not to cook;
Puff & Co. are waiting
For her promised book!

Bread is burnt and soggy,
Red and raw the meat,
Still, it doesn’t matter—
Who has time to eat?

A RAILROAD BOOK—A record of the many vicissitudes of a great American transportation system.

The railroads are so thoroughly established as an essential factor in modern life, and as an industry second only to agriculture in magnitude, that it is difficult to realize what a struggle they had for bare existence only fifty or sixty years ago. For instance, on March 11, 1842, ten years after the Erie got its charter, it had in its treasury just two hundred and one dollars and thirty-three cents, wherewith to pay over-due debts of four hundred thousand. It had spent four millions, but only for a few miles in Rockland and Orange Counties, New York, was its track completed and earning money; and its entire property was advertised for sale under foreclosure.

Desperate as was the road’s need of money during the work of construction, its wastage was prodigious. In 1840 the company’s engineers decided that it would be a grand idea to lay the rails on piles

driven into the ground, instead of a graded road-bed. More than a hundred miles of the line was constructed upon this new and improved system, at a cost of a million dollars, before the first practical test demonstrated its utter worthlessness.

These facts are quoted from "The Story of Erie," a book compiled by Edward Mott, a well-known New York newspaper man. It is not strange that there should be plenty of incident in the history of this pioneer American railway, whose stock has been a favorite counter with three generations of Wall Street speculators. Mr. Mott's book is full of interesting things. Perhaps the most surprising of all the presumably true stories it tells is that of the self-styled Lord Gordon Gordon, a canny Scots adventurer who achieved the marvelous feat of buncoing Jay Gould out of three hundred thousand dollars in securities and two hundred thousand in cold cash. In justice to the memory of the Wizard, it must be added that on discovering the fraud he succeeded in recapturing the booty, and that the man who tricked him was subsequently hounded into committing suicide.

DISAPPOINTING PORTRAITS—

Would it not be wiser to let us keep our ideals, true or false?

Is it really "good advertising" for the writers of books to allow their photographs to be published so frequently? For instance, when the author of love letters fairly oozing sentiment from every page is presented to our disillusioned gaze as a stout lady whose comfortable weight must be about two hundred and twenty pounds, are we not apt to be a little less interested in the next series of heart-throbs from her pen? Will the romantic novelist's audience of young women like his thrilling love passages as well when they have seen a picture of him, middle-aged and commonplace, flanked by a matter-of-fact wife and seven chubby children? It is incongruous to one's sense of the fitness of things to see a picture of a woman who wrote some "strong" problem novel clothed in white with a sheaf of lilies in her hands.

Some of these photographs have a truly humorous element. We find a picture of a writer of Western outdoor-life stories "breaking through the brush." How did he happen to be photographed at such a strenuous moment? Elsewhere we see our authors eating boiled eggs at break-

fast or mowing the lawn. They are photographed at every moment of their lives. One wonders how they find time between pictures to write their books.

Even book characters are "being taken." A recent number of a literary magazine has a picture of the "real Mrs. Wiggs." The public loves to cherish ideals, but it is not allowed to do so. It is bad enough to discover how different our favorite novelists are from our mental pictures of them. Our heroes and heroines might surely be left to our imagination!

DAVIS AND THE STAGE—He is said to have joined the noble army of playwrights.

A few months ago, while dining with friends at a restaurant in New York, Richard Harding Davis declared that he would never write a novel again. In future, he explained, he intended to devote himself chiefly to play-writing. To some of those who heard him, it was already known that he had for years had the dramatic bee in his bonnet. He had seen his friend Clyde Fitch earn at least ten times as much from his plays as he himself had made from his successful novels and stories.

In his short stories and novels, Mr. Davis has a large fund of material from which he can draw for stage purposes. "The Taming of Helen," produced by Henry Miller, was obviously developed from a story written several years ago, "The Lion and the Unicorn." It is said that in his recent work he has had the assistance of his brother, Charles Belmont Davis, formerly United States consul at Florence, for one season business manager of Weber & Fields' Music Hall, and fairly well-known as a writer of short stories.

NEWSPAPER SIRENS—We congratulate M. Le Roux on his narrow escape from one of the dangerous creatures.

Our social customs have had the honor of being misunderstood by yet another distinguished foreigner. This time it is M. Hugues Le Roux, a Frenchman who came to this country last year to deliver lectures. Following the time-honored habit of his compatriots, he has made of his misapprehensions a book which is much more entertaining than its author suspects.

M. Le Roux apparently fell foul of what is known as "American humor," but did not recognize it as such, and put down his friend's little jokes as solemn facts of economic value. For instance, a newspaper woman comes to interview him. His mentor warns him not to see her alone.

"It is a precautionary measure I must ask you to observe," says his waggish friend. "There must, of course, be many worthy young women in the list of reporters, but there are too many of the lot who are unscrupulous; they count on blackmail to bring them a dowry. And you know American law is a war engine manipulated by the woman against the man. You may be as innocent as the newborn lamb, it makes no difference. They take the woman's word. If you are accused, you are condemned, if not by the courts, at least by public opinion." He goes on to point out that "if the young woman waiting down-stairs" should, however falsely, accuse poor Le Roux of having tried to end the interview with the "innocent kindness" of a kiss, "there would be but one thing I would advise you to do—take the steamer back to France instantler."

Naturally, after this alarming disclosure, M. Le Roux refers to American newspaper women as "sirens" and "harpies." Of such stuff are the books made which pretend to inform other nations as to our manners and customs! In spite of travel, times have changed but little since the intelligent foreigner believed that wolves and buffalo roamed the forests a little way above Canal Street. The sirens and harpies of Park Row are almost as brilliant a product of the imagination as the wolves and buffalo of upper Broadway.

A CONTRAST—Between two kinds of popularity, spontaneous and forced.

The most interesting thing about the collection of sketches concerning "Wee McGreegor" is the manner in which they first managed to get themselves between covers. They are slight stories, rather appealing in their humor. Their author, J. J. Bell, first published them in a department of a Glasgow newspaper, for the filling of which he was responsible, regarding them as no more permanent a contribution to literature than other things that appeared in his column. But Glasgow liked them; and, discovering this, Mr. Bell sought to have them put between covers. None of the book people would have anything to do with them,

and finally Mr. Bell had the little volume printed himself. The result was such that publishers have been clamoring for the right to publish the book in other places than in Scotland, and falling over one another in their requests for Mr. Bell's next work.

It is a pretty story—prettier than the one that is circulating about another of the season's successes. A certain author who had achieved a fair sale with one of the distinctly mediocre books that often please a large mediocre audience, wrote another. He submitted it to a firm of publishers, who read it, paid him a large lump sum, turned the diffuse, commonplace manuscript over to an editor with instructions to cut it about one fifth and to correct it throughout, and then instructed their advertising men to force the novel down the public throat to the extent of two hundred thousand copies. The artificial popularity of such a tale as this is a sad contrast to the spontaneous public demand for Mr. Bell's rejected work. Fortunately, it may be doubted whether so brutally commercial a method would always succeed—or, indeed, whether it would succeed once in ten times without the aid of good luck.

"BRIGHT LINES"—In a play, they are seldom an augury of success.

The fact that the man of letters seldom succeeds when he tries to write a play has been for years a pregnant theme to those who make a living by discoursing learnedly about literature and the drama. Despite the erudition which these philosophers have brought to bear upon the subject, our embryo playwrights are still foundering on the rock on which so many have gone down in hopeless wreck. The worst of it is that this rock, known in the charts of the dramatically wise as the "Rock of Bright Lines," is not only dangerous enough to cause the shipwreck of any playwright who trustingly steers his course toward it, but also by its very nature prevents him from finding out why his craft went down.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the play which is praised by the critics for its "bright lines"—and the play of a man of letters generally is—is almost certain to fail. Those experienced in stagecraft know that these bits of clever writing have attracted attention because they stood out, as it were, from the play, and made a deeper impression than plot or situation; whereas the only wit that has any theatric value whatever must be

woven into the web of the drama, and remain subsidiary to its main interest.

The temptation to enrich his dialogue with witty lines which do not help along the action is one that stands ever close to the playwright's elbow. And when these same lines have provoked the laughter of his audience and received the praise of the critics, how is he to be convinced that they contributed to the failure of his work? He may be modest enough to accept the adverse decision of press and public, courageous enough to enter the field once more, and sensible enough to profit by his failure, but he is absolutely certain to console himself with the thought that at least he has learned to write good dialogue. But he will never succeed until he has learned, and learned thoroughly, that the proper wit of the stage is not mere verbal wit, but the wit of situation, and that it is valueless, even when it provokes laughter, unless it distinctly advances the action of the play.

A comparative study of the work of Boucicault, a trained and accomplished dramatist, and that of Oscar Wilde, probably the most gifted member of the modern school of epigrammatic playwrights, will show how futile verbal wit is in comparison with wit that helps to tell the story. "Lady Windermere's Fan" is one of the most widely discussed of modern plays, and it is commonly cited as an example of success won by means of "bright lines." At times, its whole action comes to a standstill in order that the characters may ask questions designed to provoke the witty answers that are waiting, ready made, for the moment of delivery. Now, it is a matter of history that "Lady Windermere's Fan" was never financially successful in this country, despite the amount of attention that it attracted. Its wit might have done admirably well in a book, but it is not what audiences like best upon the stage.

On the other hand, turn to "The Shaughraun," which was first given in this country in 1874, and has been running almost continuously ever since. Here we find admirable examples of the sort of wit that helps along the action of the piece, instead of obtruding itself as an artificial excrescence. For example, when Irish *Moya* tells her predestined lover, *Captain Molineux*, that she "remarked his misfortune" in having been born an Englishman, she actually helps to tell the story of the drama by indicating the hostility between the two races. When *Con's* sweetheart declares that it is no use to try to keep her lover

out of her thoughts by shutting her eyes, because she "shuts him in, too," she effectually removes all doubt as to the state of her affections.

The embryo dramatist—and where is the man or woman, nowadays, who is not or has not been one?—cannot do better than compare Boucicault's wit of situation with the unnecessary and often silly "bright lines" that receive such hearty praise from the unknowing, although the wise hear in the very laughter that they excite only the ominous moaning of the banshee, presaging the play's death.

AMERICAN AUTOGRAPHS—The good prices recorded at a recent sale.

Those who fear that this republic is ungrateful to its men of letters may take heart from the printed reports of the recent sale of pictures and autograph letters belonging to the estate of the late Peter Gilsey of New York.

In this sale an autograph poem of four lines by Oliver Wendell Holmes, signed by him, sold for ten dollars and fifty cents, while a letter signed with the initials of Nathaniel Hawthorne and addressed to his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Peabody, bought fifty-one dollars. In the same collection were sold a four-page autograph letter of George IV of England, dated Carleton House, June 19, 1806, and addressed to Count Hardenburg, a well-known German statesman. This specimen of royal handiwork went for five dollars and a half.

A letter written by Lady Hamilton shortly after the death of Nelson, complaining that the English government would do nothing for her, brought twenty-six dollars, about half of the amount paid for the note that Hawthorne signed only with his initials.

AN OLD-TIME NEW YORKER—An interesting type of ante-bellum days in the metropolis.

In his "Recollections of a Player"—a very interesting book, by the way—James H. Stoddart thus describes a Mr. James Smith, with whom he boarded in Marion Street in 1854:

He was a product of the time, not polished, but manly and good, a typical American of a class then common but now seldom seen—a Democratic politician, a contractor, a fireman, and, in fact, "one of the boys." He used to keep his fireman's helmet hanging over his head where he slept, and his boots close by, so that he could jump into them at a moment's notice; and when he heard an alarm of fire,

in three leaps he was at the bottom of the stairs. He was never so much in his glory as when "running wid de machine." As was the custom in those days, he would take a basket on his arm, go personally to Center Market, and there purchase all that was required for the household in the way of provisions.

In these few words, the veteran actor has sketched a character which was thoroughly typical of ante-bellum New York, but which exists now, if at all, only in a modified form in some quiet downtown ward. It is a character, too, that has escaped the clutches of the American novelist—a circumstance that is scarcely to be wondered at when we consider that the real life of the city is a field that remains to-day practically untouched by our writers of fiction.

Mr. Smith and his kind were the backbone of New York in the days when, as Mr. Stoddart explains, most people tried to live within their means; when a person possessed of a hundred thousand dollars was considered a rich man; when there was a native dislike for show and ostentation, and such a thing as a liveried coachman or footman was unknown. Negro minstrelsy, which was a flourishing institution at this period, got its death-blow from the Emancipation Proclamation, but the volunteer firemen remained a powerful factor in the affairs of the town until the establishment of the paid fire department in 1869. Very likely Mr. Stoddart's friend was one of the crowd that deliberately ran their engine into the Harlem River when the day came that put an end to its usefulness.

Historical novels we have had in plenty, and the periods of which they affect to treat range from the early days of Jamestown and Plymouth down to the Civil War. It may be that the time is at hand when a writer of historical fiction will venture a little nearer the thin ice of modern conditions and treat of the New York of a generation ago. And certainly no portrayal of those picturesque and exciting days will be complete that does not celebrate the deeds of the old volunteer fire department. One need only watch a parade of the veterans of this defunct organization, and note the enthusiasm which greets it along the line of march, to realize that it still, a third of a century after its demise, occupies a warm place in the affections of the town.

The fireman of to-day—a character fully deserving of the love and confidence of the people—has received as little attention at the hands of modern writers as his prototype of the volunteers. Both, however, have been seen on the stage; the

one in that favorite local drama of the olden times, "The Streets of New York," and the other in the modern play, "The Still Alarm." The fact seems to indicate a better appreciation of metropolitan life on the part of dramatists than literary men.

POETRY OF PASSION—Why does it figure so prominently in the literary monthlies?

It would be interesting to know why magazines of a so-called literary character should be the repository of purple poems of passion. Open almost any of these periodicals, and tucked in between book reviews and an article on Voltaire you will find a poem describing the latest phase of the amours of the Nightingale and the Rose. The air is full of the sobbing of disappointed lovers, and "clinging white hands" are plenteous enough to make one nervous. One dodges a flight of "scarlet spirits" as they sweep past only to fall into some tropical sea of emotion. It is disturbing to open a magazine for the purpose of finding out how the book business is doing, and to be greeted by the shriek of "murdered love." One page is fairly scented with musk and pomegranate and incense, and tells us of lovers who meet each other in perfumed groves, or grovel before the tombs of their dead flames; while on the opposite page one reads: "The most successful novel of the month, 'Aunt Sarah's Hennery,' and so forth.

It is nothing less than unseemly. Doubtless there is a place for the impassioned outpouring of the poet's heart, but why in the pages of a literary periodical?

AN AUTHOR'S TRIALS—The annoyances that are the penalty of literary fame.

An entertaining article might be compiled, by a popular writer who had no scruples in violating confidence, from the letters sent to authors by unknown readers. The number of such letters received by the most successful men of literature is astonishing. Many of them are merely friendly and complimentary; many others contain flattery designed to bring out autograph letters of thanks, or are frank requests for autographs. The most curious missives, however, are of a different class, including letters written by cranks, some of them insulting and threatening, and appeals for help—

for spiritual and intellectual comfort as well as for pecuniary aid.

One woman writer, who lives in New York, is so burdened with appeals from lonely and starving souls that her health, which at best is not robust, suffers from the drain on her sympathies. Another author, who is known for his interest in literary beginners, devotes a large part of his leisure time to answering letters from young writers, and to trying to place their manuscripts with editors of his acquaintance. He has succeeded in starting several of them on prosperous careers, but in other cases his kindly efforts have been in vain, and he has had to send his protégés letters that have caused him a great deal of misery. He suffers, too, from receiving copies of his books with requests for inscriptions on the title-page. This practise is the only tribute to his popularity that he openly deplores.

"The people who send the books," he says, "sometimes forget to enclose stamps; so either I must provide the stamps, or I subject myself to the possible charge of stealing the books, and to the inevitable necessity of writing letters of explanation and apology. In sending away the books, I have to wrap them up myself and take them to the hotel near my apartment house, as there is no place in the house where packages can be put into the mail."

TWO WILD WESTS—"The Log of a Cowboy," and more stories by Alfred Henry Lewis.

People who love the West in its rougher aspects will like two new volumes—"The Log of a Cowboy," by Andy Williams, and "The Black Lion Inn," by Alfred Henry Lewis. In the latter other phases of life are treated besides those of the range, the mining camp, and the frontier town, in the description of which Mr. Lewis' *Old Cattleman* is always so happy; but these others, however good in themselves, strike one as an interruption of the best.

"The Log of a Cowboy" actually seems to be what it purports. It is the story of a drive of cattle, more than three thousand head of them, lasting five months. The cowboys have all sorts of adventures. They meet cattle thieves, encounter drought, "see life" in the dance-halls of a town into which they happen, have passages with Indians, and altogether prove that the effete civilization of the

East has not done too much harm in the land of Buffalo Bill.

Mr. Lewis' Western tales have the superior charm over this log that the pictures of an artist have over a photograph. His *Old Cattleman* is a creation. The philosopher's shrewd, tolerant views of men and events, his slow dialect—one can almost hear the deliberate drawl of his words—his unexpected but somehow convincing phraseology, as well as the characters and happenings he calls to life, make him an inimitable personage, a real figure in American literature.

STEVENSON'S STEPSON—Lloyd Osbourne's auspicious beginning, and his failure to live up to it.

Lloyd Osbourne enjoys the distinction of having begun a literary career under perhaps the most auspicious circumstances recorded in the history of literature. While still hardly more than a boy, he was made a collaborator by the man who was probably the most popular of living authors at the time, Robert Louis Stevenson, his stepfather. The name of Mr. Osbourne was associated with some of Stevenson's greatest successes, and it would seem as if such an introduction might have established the young man as a popular romancer. As a matter of fact, it has not. Since Stevenson's death, Lloyd Osbourne has gone on writing, but he remains in the ranks of those who are struggling. The public insists on giving Stevenson credit for all the books with which his name is identified, and in practically ignoring his stepson.

During the past two years Mr. Osbourne, who now makes his home in New York with his sister, Mrs. Isobel Strong, has been devoting himself chiefly to play-writing—a field, by the way, in which his stepfather made a conspicuous failure. As he is not yet forty, he still has plenty of time in which to build up a reputation of his own, if he has the power to do so.

LITERARY PATRONS—Mr. Gosse says a good word for them, and Mr. Roosevelt continues to emulate them mildly.

Not long ago Edmund Gosse published an essay in which he sought to remove the stigma of ridicule from the literary patron of old days. "It is time," he said, "that some one took up the cause of the much-despised, miscomprehended patron." And then he eulogized Lord Halifax, who

is said never to have let a dedicatory poet depart from his presence without twenty guineas, and who bestowed many posts of lucrative ease upon authors who had an objection to starving while they wrote.

The literary patron of Queen Anne's day needs little apology, and the sharp-eyed political spoilsmen will see to it that he never returns in his most objectionable form. Official sinecures nowadays are monopolized by party workers, and poets and story-tellers must go without. If this were not so well-understood a rule of practical politics, the old guard of office-seekers might view the President's unofficial patronage of the literary with alarm. Scarcely was the ink dry upon his commendations of Charles Wagner and Mrs. Van Vorst, noticed before in these columns, when he was gladdening the hearts of the publishers of "The Blazed Trail." Hearing that its author, Stewart Edward White, was sojourning in one of the Pacific towns included in the recent Presidential itinerary, Mr. Roosevelt invited him to join the party for a distance, and on his departure said:

"That's the kind of young American who is making our new literature."

The kindly Mr. Howells must look to his laurels as the discoverer and encourager of budding genius if the energetic Mr. Roosevelt keeps on in his career of unofficial literary patronage.

MORE OF "ELIZABETH"—The thrifty publishers continue to make hay in the sunshine of her popularity.

"In Direct Descent from 'The Visits of Elizabeth,'" is the disingenuous way in which the publishers of "Elizabeth's Children" advertise their new book. Of course such an evasion is a confession. "Elizabeth's Children" was not written "by the author" of "The Visits of Elizabeth," but merely by some more or less clever hack who did not object to being advertised by her—or his—predecessors.

Perhaps when Mrs. Elinor Glyn published "The Visits of Elizabeth" she deliberately planned to profit by the confusion which might arise in the minds of those who had read and liked "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." If she had any such purpose in naming her chief character and her book, she has been duly punished. Her own sprightly heroine, who must have proved so difficult though so charming a guest, has in turn been relentlessly exploited by subsequent writers.

"The Letters of Elizabeth's Mother," rushed out to sell upon the popularity of Mrs. Glyn's book, was absolutely devoid of humor or cleverness. After being deluded into buying it, the average novel reader would be inclined to fight shy, for the rest of his mortal days, of all *Elizabeth* fiction.

"Elizabeth's Children" will probably suffer more than it will gain by this attempt to gather a second aftermath from the *Elizabeth* field. This is rather a pity, too, for they are amusing little half-breeds—part English, part French—and their adventures in the British society to which they are consigned for an educational visit do not make bad reading for an idle hour.

THE LITERARY MONTHLY—Why it fails to flourish, in spite of the popular interest in literature.

From long experience we know that this department of MUNSEY'S is one that commands a very wide interest. The question arises why, if such is the case, the "literary monthlies" are, speaking generally, neither attractive to the public nor remunerative to their publishers, while their influence on the young generation of writers is not perceptible? In older countries—in most of which the popular interest in books is small in comparison with ours—there are to be found literary reviews and periodicals which not only pay handsome dividends to their owners, but are widely read and generally respected. Their editorial utterances do much to influence popular taste, though they no longer revel in the despotic power that was theirs when Keats was stabbed to death, or when Byron was stirred to a resentful frenzy of ironic scorn.

The professedly literary periodicals of America are usually mere adjuncts to the publishing houses whose chains they wear and whose brand is upon their forehead; or else the relations between their text and the book advertisements are too cordial and sympathetic for any real interest. The *Critic* is not much more than a trickling stream of puffery, mingled with photographic reproductions of writers, persons claiming to be writers, and persons whose publishers pretend that they are writers. It publishes also a number of "appreciations"—the literary boomer's term for puffs—printed under such captions as "The Real Isaac Inkslinger," "How the Author of 'Tearful Tootsey' Gains Inspiration for His Work," and "The Silas Poppinjay That I Knew." Its

excellent dramatic review by Mr. Towse has recently been discontinued.

The *Bookman* is also sadly given to puffery; but it recently spoke of "Arthur Stirling" as "a vulgar and impudent humbug," thus showing that its soul is not wholly lost. Occasionally gleams of humor brighten its pages, but these are counterbalanced by innumerable columns of uninteresting reminiscence and by portrait galleries of literary nobodies. Many of its pages are devoted to correspondence with the salaried boomers of publishing houses relative to what are known as "sellers"—meaning books that enjoy a wide sale; and in these contests of imagination one is led to suspect that the influence of the advertising page is not altogether wanting.

The *Literary World* has recently entered upon a new lease of life under a new editor, so that it is not quite fair to judge it. Let us hope, therefore, that its recent puff of "The Cynic's Calendar," that knacker's yard of spavined and ring-boned jokes, was one of the "left-overs" of the preceding administration.

The *Dial*, published twice a month in Chicago, is sane, dignified, sensible, and not given to mendacious puffery. If it were seasoned with the spice of satire and humor, and brightened with pictures of real interest—in short, made more acceptable to modern taste—it might win for itself the position that it deserves as an influential organ of literary news and criticism. The *Lamp*, formerly the *Book-Buyer*, is also a worthy effort when we take into consideration the fact that it is primarily the organ of a publishing house; but it scarcely constitutes an exception to the general character of its class.

BIOGRAPHICAL WHITEWASH —

Another coat is applied to the memory of Edgar Allan Poe.

The whitewash brush with which Sir James Crichton Browne sought to blot out the dark revelations of Froude in regard to the Carlyles has been handed over to Professor James A. Harrison, of the University of Virginia, to use on Edgar Allan Poe. The new author uses it with vigorous strokes to correct the disagreeable impressions of the poet left by the biographies of Griswold, R. H. Stoddard, and George Woodberry.

In Professor Harrison's biography, Poe was not expelled from the University of Virginia; he was instead a sort of model student in a day of roisterers—almost a

college grind. As for drunkenness, perish the ugly thought! Not until he was broken by financial troubles, and by grief over his wife's death, was the author of "The Raven" anything but the most abstemious of men. His boyhood friends, his wife's mother, his business associates, he himself, and, above all, the progress of his genius, attest this. Debts? Yes, he had a few, as most men who are no millionaires do, but the old reports about his indifference in paying them are unworthy of credence. And to women his attitude was chivalry itself.

Certainly this is a much more moral Poe than the tempestuous, passionate genius whom we thought we knew. But so strong is the human tendency to believe the worst that the old traditions will probably survive all the contradictions, and the stormy, suffering, erring man outlive the model poet.

ATHLETICS AS A SCIENCE — A handbook which appeals to tyros in out-of-door sports.

That classic example of the prudent parent who declared that his children should never go near the water until they had learned how to swim should have lived until to-day. In "Athletics and Outdoor Sports for Women" he would have found as near an approach to the text-book for which he was probably looking as it is possible to have.

The volume, which contains sixteen chapters dealing with sixteen forms of indoor and outdoor exercise, each written by an expert, has been edited by Lucille Eaton Hill, director of physical training at Wellesley College. Miss Hill also contributes an introduction and writes the chapter on rowing, in which sport Wellesley claims preëminence among the women's colleges.

In some mysterious manner, which all authors should study, the work manages to impart both inspiration and detailed instruction. A woman can scarcely examine its numerous illustrations, which are diagrammatic in their clearness, without feeling that she has mastered the secret of the proper motion required for each part of each sport, while the text imparts a real enthusiasm for it. The fact that each expert confidently puts forward his own specialty as the best sport for the normal woman adds a touch of humor to the work without detracting in any serious sense from its trustworthiness.

When Mary McShane Was Sent For.

THE STRANGE STORY OF A "PSYCHIC," TOLD IN HER OWN WORDS.

BY GRACE MacGOWAN COOKE.

JOHN MCSHANE'S wife is what I call a psychic. It is likely that if you told her so, she would say, with her comfortable laugh: "A sigh-kick! An' what kind of a kick is that?"

But I will let her tell the story in her own words.

"I had been reading my Bible the night before. I had plenty of work to do, but it seemed I must read the Book. I felt as if I was looking up a text in it for some one.

"I kept hunting for verses about thieves and thievery. I read through some pretty severe talk on the subject in Proverbs and Leviticus. Finally, when I came to Christ's promise to the thief on the cross, I felt that I'd got it. I read that over twice, then said my prayers and went to bed.

"In the morning I had forgotten my reading, and was sewing at the machine, when all at once I felt that it was time for me to put by my sewing and go. I wasn't troubled, you understand; it was just as if I'd been sent for by a friend who wanted me.

"I got my bonnet and cloak, and said to my husband: 'I'm going somewhere, John. Somebody has sent for me. I don't know when I'll be back, because I don't know how much there is for me to do; but I'll come as soon as I can.'

"Father is so used to my being sent for in urgent cases of sickness that he never said anything but 'All right, Mary, we'll manage to make out;' and I took my shopping-bag and went down and waited for the trolley.

"When I go into the city, I commonly get off at Ninth Street. It's opposite Smith's, and I do most of my trading there. That day, as I had no idea of what I wanted, or where I was going, I didn't know whether to signal the conductor to stop at Ninth Street or not. I guess he would have stopped there anyhow, he's so used to my ways; but when we were half-way down the block I walked up to him and asked for a transfer to the Fairview line.

"The minute before I asked for that transfer, I hadn't a notion of doing so;

and the minute after, I was as astonished as you'd be if you'd do such a thing. You see, I didn't know a soul in the place. It's about the only suburb I haven't visited some time in the past ten years to hold meetings or nurse the sick.

"Well, I got my transfer all right, and went out to Fairview. I knew there was a big cotton-mill started there five years ago, and I kept trying to put myself in the notion that my 'call' had to do with that. I tried to think that I was wanted to go out and make a little talk to the mill-hands, as I'd often done before in other places. And then I says to myself: 'What's the use of thinking about it? When I get where my work is, I'll know it for my work.'

"When I got to Fairview, I walked down the main street and past a big buff house with green shutters. I had hard work to pass that house. Something kept saying to me, 'Here it is. Stop here!' But I went on to a little store, and asked the man that kept it if he knew where I could get board for a day or two. He told me of a place, and sent a child back with me to show me the way; and, sure enough, it was the buff house with the green shutters.

"Then I knew I'd found my work—or it had found me—and I was at peace. When I rapped on the door, I felt—just as clearly as I do sometimes when I'm sent for in sickness—that the folks inside needed me, and that there was some particular thing I was to do for them which they couldn't have got any other way.

"It was a pretty girl who opened the door to me. She was better than pretty, too. She had the kind of face that would make a person sure she'd make a good wife for some man, and a good mother to his children.

"She looked at me with a doubtful kind of a smile; and then her face changed, and I thought she was going to cry. 'Who are you?' she says. 'Where did you come from?'

"I told her my name, and that I was looking for board and lodging for a day or so. And then I says: 'What's the

matter with you, daughter? I'm not the sheriff after you.'

"With that she blushed up, and asked me in. 'I've seen you before,' says she, right in the middle of what I was trying to tell her about wanting board, and all.

"'Like enough you have,' I answered her. 'I hold meetings sometimes, and a good many people see me that I can't remember.'

"'No,' she says to me, 'I never heard you speak; but don't you know that I saw you last night, when you were reading in a big book about thieves and punishment for stealing? Why, I stood right behind your shoulder, and read with you!'

"We sat there and talked for half an hour. I never asked her what her trouble was, nor how I could help her. I just explained my work, and I saw she looked puzzled. I guessed right then that she couldn't see anything that I could do for her. She didn't know as much of the mysterious workings of Providence as I've seen.

"'Well,' I said, 'what is there for me to do here in this place? What do you think I ought to do?'

"Myra—that was her name—was a little puzzled over this. 'I should think you might make a little Wednesday evening talk to the hands,' she said finally. 'What you've said to me has done me good. I'm not in the mill any more, myself; I'm fixing to get married; but I know all the girls, and I can easily get a meeting together for you by to-morrow evening.'

"I spoke to the hands the next evening in a big room the mill-owners let them have, over one of the warehouses. I guess you know about what I usually say. Maybe I altered it a little this time to suit my listeners, for I worked in a mill myself once, and I know about what their troubles are.

"I told them their souls and bodies were just like the time machine they keep in all such places. 'You've got to go and put down your time on the time machine,' I said; 'and when it's read, the record is all there. You can't fool the machine.'

"'Now,' I said, 'you go and do a mean thing—you take what isn't yours; you tell what isn't true; or you cheat somebody out of what is really due them—and you think nobody knows it; but you can't fool the time machine.'

"'Your souls and your bodies are God's time machine; and when he comes

to read them, he will read these sins in them as clear as if they were printed in a book. It's just so with our good deeds. Don't think they will be forgotten or overlooked. You're making your records, for good or ill, all the time. Your bodies will show what kind of a record you're making, and anybody that loves and studies humanity can read it.'

"Then I called some of them up and read their characters, like you know I do, from the bumps on their heads and the lines in their hands. It seems I made a great hit in one or two of my character readings, and we had a deal of laughing over it, and some crying. More than a dozen boys and girls came to me after the meeting to thank me for the talk. They told me of little things they had been doing that they knew at the time weren't right, and that they intended never to do again.

"I felt I had accomplished a good deal. But somehow, after all, I was restless and unsatisfied; and when I was walking back with Myra, I said I guessed I'd better go home to my folks in the morning. It appeared to me that I was missing what I came for.

"'I can't bear for you to go without seeing Tom,' she says. Tom Calloway was the boy she was going to marry, and she'd told me a great deal about how good he was, and steady, and all that.

"'I thought he was going to be at the meeting,' says I.

"'He promised he'd come,' she answered; 'but Tom's so funny lately, he ain't like himself one bit.' And then she began to sob. 'Oh, Mrs. McShane,' she says, 'it's Tom I want you to help me about; it's Tom I'm worried over! If he doesn't love me any longer, or if he's found somebody he cares more about, I had just as soon be dead, right now!'

"We were passing a little cottage as she spoke. She turned in at the gate and took a key out of her pocket.

"'Here,' she says, 'I'm going to show you. This is the house he bought for me. We've been furnishing it together for three months past. I've been making lovely fancy things for it. Oh, we were so happy—until just a little while ago!'

"We had got to the porch by then. I saw some one sitting on the steps, but Myra is a little near-sighted, and when a man got up and stood there in the dark, she screamed and started back.

"'Why, it's Tom!' she said, when she got her breath. 'What a fright you gave us, Tom! Can't you get a light, and

come in and see Mrs. McShane here? You missed the meeting.'

"'I've got a lamp,' the man answered. 'I'll go in and light it;' and I knew, the first word he spoke, that he wasn't glad to see us; that he wished we hadn't come, and that he had come here to the cottage to be alone with himself, and with some trouble that was eating the heart out of him.

"When the lamp was lighted, I found him to be a big, strong, hearty-looking fellow, with a face that ought to have been full of sunshine. He looked so hard and dogged and resolute that I knew I had my work cut out for me; so I said to Myra:

"'You run along home, dear, and have a cup of tea hot for me. Tom and I will come when we've had our talk out.'

"She went without a word. I think she was glad to go. I guess Tom Calloway and I sat there staring at each other for five or ten minutes before either of us spoke. Then he began:

"'I heard you turn those fellows inside out, back there at the hall. I was outside, listening; and I will say for you that you hit the truth; but it's what you can't do to me.'

"I took his hand and looked it over for quite a spell. It was a good hand in some ways.

"'I see you love order,' I says.

"'You bet I do,' he answered.

"'And cleanliness,' I added.

"'That's what.'

"'You're a single-hearted man, too.'

"'There's just one girl in this world for me,' he said.

"We were getting along quite friendly. You see, I had begun on his good traits, and there were plenty of them there. But I knew things were not always going to go on smooth; for staring at me out of those big brown palms was what I call the thief's mark, a mark I've never seen yet in an honest man's hand.

"I told him a number of things that interested him, and I saw he was beginning to lose his distrust of me. Finally I said suddenly and without any warning:

"'What do you reckon Myra would think of it?'

"'Think of what?' he asked, surprised, but not a bit scared.

"Well, I had to make a guess; so I said boldly:

"'Why, this thing you are into now—what would Myra think of it?'

"He turned white.

"'Why, it's all for Myra,' he said.

'I couldn't have bought the cottage if I hadn't——' Suddenly he seemed to realize what he was admitting. He jumped up and stood staring at me. 'Good Lord, woman!' he said, 'who are you, anyhow? Who brought you here, and what is this you're accusing me of?'

"I talked to him, then, like a mother. I told him exactly how I came to be there, and that I believed God sent me. I told him of Myra's distress. I begged him to look at what it meant to her. Here he was deliberately ruining and degrading—who? Myra's husband—the man Myra loved.

"He put his head down on the table and cried like a baby when I talked to him about Myra. 'That's what I'm doing! That's what I've done!' he groaned over and over again.

"I let him suffer it out. Every human soul has to do that for itself, you know. And when he finally told me that he'd been led by his love for Myra, and by his ambition to give her a good home, into taking money, little by little, from his employers, and that he'd spent every cent he'd taken on the cottage and its furnishings, I just said to him:

"'You poor boy! Did you think you could build happiness on such a foundation as that?'

"While we were talking I heard the gate-latch click softly, and saw some one stealing up the front walk. I knew well enough it was Myra, and I was bound she should hear all about the matter right here and now, though every time I mentioned telling it to her Tom went into a perfect panic of terror. So when I knew she was standing on the porch by the open window, I said to him:

"'You kneel right down here with me, and we will pray over it.'

"I expect," Mrs. McShane went on with a humorous twinkle in her eye, "that I went more into details with the Almighty in that prayer than most folks would have thought absolutely necessary; but I was bound Myra should know every turn and twist of it. When I came to 'Amen,' and there was silence, we could hear the poor girl sobbing outside in the dark.

"Tom ran out and brought her in. 'Oh, my dear, you will never forgive me!' he kept saying to her.

"'It's God and your own soul you have offended against, Tom,' I said. 'If Myra is the girl I take her for, she won't marry a thief. And if you're the man I take you for, you won't be a thief.'

"At first, Myra and Tom were all for some foolish scheme of sending the money back anonymously; but I talked and talked against it. After a while, they began to see that such a plan as that wouldn't make an honest man of Tom, in any right sense of the word. Nor would I let them think of going away from the town. Being a coward, I told Tom, was the next worst thing to being a thief; and unless he had the courage to go to his employers with the whole story, I had no hope for him.

"He said the man who was boss above him, and into whose hands such a matter would be put, was a hard man. I could see he wanted me to go with him, but I thought it was better not to. At least, I considered it better for Tom Calloway to think he had it all to do for himself, without any help.

"But the next morning, after I had bid them all good-by, and they thought I had started back to the city, I slipped over and asked for a private interview with the boss whose name Tom had given me. I found him to be a just man, maybe a little stern, but he had his good side; and after I had talked to him for half an hour, I didn't believe Tom Calloway would have

much trouble with him. I went home very contented.

"Is that all? Why, yes, I suppose so. Oh, you want to know how Tom and Myra came out? Well, I was over there last month with Myra when the baby was born.

"Tom is doing well with his employers, and he has his debt to them nearly paid off. He made me show him the very mark in his hand that I call the thief's mark, and he used to tell me, now and then, when I'd be over there, that he believed it was growing fainter, and would go away altogether when he got the debt paid.

"When I took that baby out to Tom, I think he was the most anxious-looking father I ever saw. He never glanced at the child to notice that it was a big and handsome and healthy-looking boy. He just took its little mites of hands in his big, strong fingers, one after the other, and opened them and looked all over the little palm. Then he says to me in a husky, shaky voice:

"'Thank God, mother'—they've both taken' to calling me 'mother'—'it isn't there!'

"And I knew very well what he was looking for."

THE CYCLONE.

CLOSE grew the air, and closer yet,
 Fraught strangely with a vague unrest;
 But still, save for the muttered threat
 Of thunder in the brooding west—
 Which sudden nearer, nearer drew,
 Which sudden filled a low'ring sky.
 Where now the earth? Where now the blue?
 The cyclone! 'Tis the cyclone! Fly!

Of all the winds together made,
 Through trumps of all the tempests cried;
 By nothing ruled, by nothing stayed,
 It came at but a single stride!
 The forest oaks like straws were flung,
 And melted into space the town!
 Where'er the on-rush dipped and swung
 It left a world turned upside-down.

'Twas passed. Again a stillness, broke
 First by the lashing drops of rain;
 A monotone amidst which woke
 A welling note of grief and pain
 And pray'r—'tis such an hour unites
 A people in once-lapsed appeal;
 For He who with the whirlwind smites
 Is He who, soon or late, will heal.

Edwin L. Sabin.

ETCHINGS

AUGUST.

THERE is a languid luster in her eyes;
 The scarlet poppy flames within her
 hair,
 And though Time never waits, but on-
 ward flies,
 She seems to bid him pause while rest-
 ing where
 The long, long highways and deserted
 dunes
 Sleep through the passionless, hushed
 afternoons.

Oh, pagan princess, thus to dream away
 The hours of pain that every heart
 must know!
 Let me upon your breast my hot head
 lay,
 And drift, and drift, forgetful of all
 woe,

Oblivious of old sorrow, vanished love;
 Yea, give me dreams and the white bliss
 thereof!

Charles Hanson Towne.

COMMUNION.

WHEN the light of morning breaks,
 When the sleeping east awakes,
 And the great hills' lofty summits rear
 their banners' flaunting sign,
 Lo, where gray mists stop to dally
 Go I forward through the valley,
 And the spirit of the morning is a spirit
 one with mine.

When the morning's lady passes,
 And above the tall, hot grasses
 Noon arises, Noon the splendid, Noon the
 blazing, Noon the fair—
 When her fiery foot treads over
 Fields of corn and scorching clover.
 From the shade I reach my fingers for
 the glory of her hair.

When the partridge sounds its drum-
 ming
 Music, 'mid the insects' humming,
 And the pale moon halts her coming, peer-
 ing through her cloudy bars,
 Then I wander on the hoary
 Cliff, partaking of the glory,
 The compassion of the night-time and the
 fellowship of stars.

9.M

Then the moon forsakes her hiding,
 Up her starry pathway gliding
 To her post of patient vigil, with a quiet,
 nun-like pace;
 In the simple love of duty
 What a rare and radiant beauty,
 Writ in sorrow, writ in glory, in the
 shadow of her face!

Sun and moon and star—the glory
 Of the earth, her song and story—
 In the vagueness of her message let the
 heart divine from far
 Voice that, through the silence call-
 ing,
 Touch of hand that softly falling,
 Tell of love within the shadow, tell of
 God behind the star.

Joseph Dana Miller.

RETRIBUTION.

WHEN some high-minded editor shall go
 From all the work and worry here below,
 Thinking to dwell in fair Elysian climes,
 With surcease of bad stories and worse
 rhymes,
 What if St. Peter, at the golden gate,
 Giving each comer his allotted fate,
 Should, as the editor steps from the ranks
 Of waiting spirits, say: "Declined—with
 thanks"?

D. Aydelotte.

TO PEGGY.

THEY say that love is out of date;
 But, Peggy, if that's true,
 Why is it that my heart beats fast
 Whene'er I think of you?

Why is it that from my cigar
 The smoke will wreath your face,
 Which lightly floats anear, afar,
 Ere drifting into space?—

That from the most enthralling book
 By poet, seer, or sage,
 I see your eyes smile up at me
 From every single page?

Perhaps my heart's old-fashioned, dear,
 And that's the reason why
 This modern creed heretical
 Has lightly passed me by.

But, Peggy, if love has gone out,
 May Cupid grant it's true
 That 'neath the modern gowns you wear
 Your heart's old-fashioned, too!

Dixie Wolcott.

THE CORNER CANDY-STORE.

How good all candy seemed to me,
 Back in those days of memory!
 For then a nickel riches meant,
 An El Dorado to be spent
 In fit selection, not in haste,
 In careful choice 'twixt jujube paste,
 Pink checkermints, and lollipops;
 'Twixt heaps of yellow lemon-drops
 And figures made of sugar snow
 That stood in painted, sparkling row.
 All these there were, and many more,
 To tempt me at the corner store.

I now buy bonbons, nougatines,
 Munch marrons glacés and pralines;
 But I would give them all, I know,
 To taste the sweets of years ago.
 I long with wistful look to stop
 And eye the corner candy-shop;
 To stand with eager face again
 Pressed close against the window-pane.
 Oh, turn, kind Time! Be good to me!
 Bring back those days of memory,
 For I should like to taste once more
 That candy at the corner store!

Alice Van Leer Carrick.

THE ROUND-UP.

I—MORNING.

HERE are the ponies and there lies the
 work,
 Stretching for miles and away;
 Devils go riding with them that would
 shirk—
 Spur them and scourge them and flay!
 Lariats swinging, keen-cleaving the air;
 Boys at their singing, with never a care;
 Gray is the sage-land and dewless and
 bare,
 And the flush of bright dawn fills the
 sky.

II—NOON.

Pinto or sorrel, or roan horse or bay,
 Driving from northward or south,
 Upmost in all is the word of the day—
 "Meet at the Big Coulée's mouth!"
 Maddened eyes gleaming and horns flash-
 ing free;
 Cow-ponies, streaming, encircle the sea;
 Cloud-like the dust; each fierce man toils
 as three,
 And the sun overhead is white fire.

III—EVENING.

Made is the herd and the saddle-band out,
 Night-watches told off and set;
 Gay-hearted swaggerers, sprawling about,
 Think not of toil or of fret.
 Curlews, low-fitting, make wail for the
 sun;
 Coyotes, sitting, yelp their time is come;
 Darkness folds all; a deep, short sleep is
 won,
 And a crescent of moon rises pale.

Francis Hill.

THE CONQUEROR.

SEE, there he comes!
 Oh, the gay pride of him,
 Youth in the stride of him,
 Trumpets and drums!

All the street stares,
 Turning to glance at him,
 Soft eyes askance at him;
 Little he cares!

Never a pause,
 Taking as due to him
 What may accrue to him,
 Love and applause.

Careless and proud—
 That is their part of him;
 But the deep heart of him,
 Hid from the crowd!

Simple and frank—
 Traitors, be wise of him!
 Are not the eyes of him
 Pledge of his rank!

Vigor and tan—
 Look at the strength of him;
 Oh, the good length of him!
 That is my man!

Marian West.

A QUATRAIN OF GOOD LUCK.

I FOUND a four-leaved clover on a green
 Old meadow rug, spread out before the
 hearth
 Of morning's sun. Said I: "What can it
 mean—
 This quatrain of good luck, of joy and
 mirth?"

But ere that sun had burned to evening
 ash,
 Each quarter leaf had given me a share:
 A love to keep, a friend to trust, a flash
 Of life's achievement, and a heart to
 dare!

Aloysius Coll.

The Great Paris-Madrid Race.

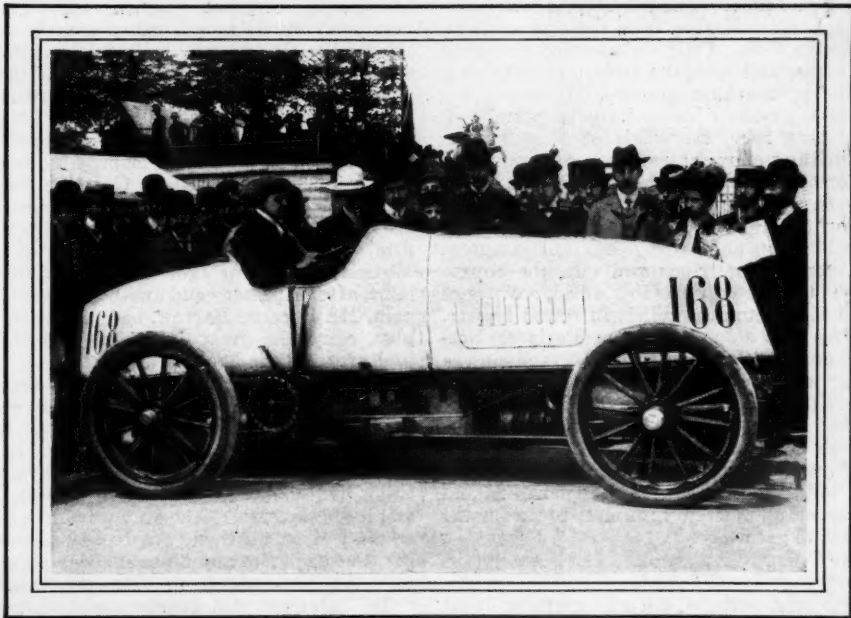
BY JAMES P. HOLLAND.

THE MOST MEMORABLE AND PROBABLY THE LAST OF THE GREAT OPEN ROAD RACES FOR AUTOMOBILISTS—THE TWO HUNDRED COMPETITORS, THE MARVELOUS SPEED MADE BY THE WINNERS, AND THE TERRIBLE LIST OF ACCIDENTS.

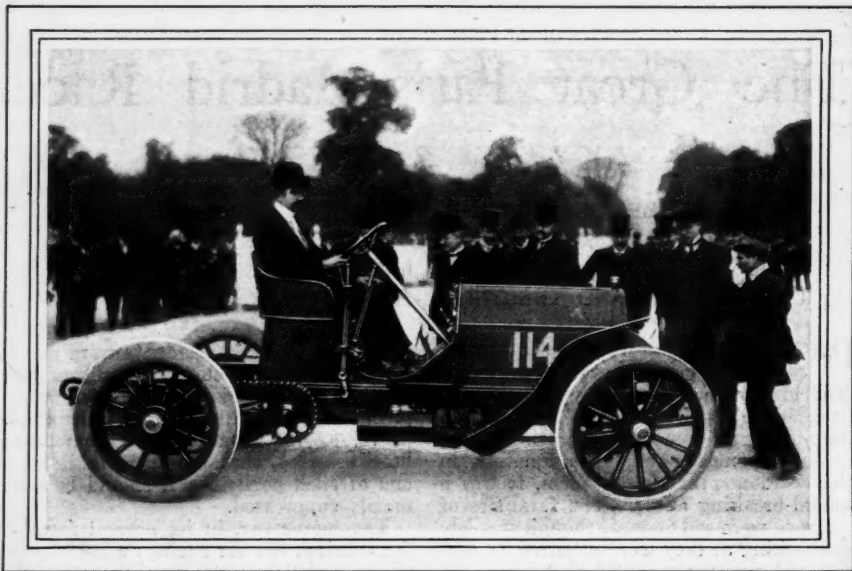
PROBABLY the greatest speed contest the world ever saw was the Paris-Madrid automobile race which started from Versailles on the 24th of last May. In the number of competitors, in the terrific speed they made, and, unfortunately, in the accidents that befell them, it was a record-breaking affair. The fatalities of the race were sad indeed, though scarcely so shocking as they were pictured by sensational newspapers. Of that aspect of the contest enough has been printed already, and it is sufficient to say here that the percentage of serious mishaps was less alarming than many people supposed, as the starters numbered more than two hun-

dred; and that the accidents were due to avoidable causes—chiefly to mismanagement of the contest and lack of proper precautions along the route. They do not prove, as the enemies of automobiling have asserted, that the sport in itself is one of such peril that it should be summarily suppressed.

The motor car, in its normal form, is for touring, not for racing; a business or pleasure vehicle, not a speed machine. Its misuse should not bring discredit upon its use. But the Paris-Madrid race showed to the world what experts have long realized—that the man who enters a road race with his hand on the steering-wheel



M. GABRIEL, WINNER OF THE FIRST AND ONLY STAGE OF THE PARIS-MADRID RACE, AND THE CAR WITH WHICH HE MADE THE DISTANCE TO BORDEAUX, THREE HUNDRED AND FORTY-TWO MILES, IN FIVE HOURS AND THIRTEEN MINUTES.



FOXHALL KEENE AND THE CAR WITH WHICH HE STARTED IN THE PARIS-MADRID CONTEST—MESSRS. KEENE AND VANDERBILT WERE THE ONLY AMERICANS IN THE RACE.

of one of the modern high-power cars, whose cylinders may represent the muscles of a hundred horses, does so at the risk of life and limb. The bursting of a tire, the slightest deviation from the course, mean destruction. Only on specially prepared tracks, and with the fullest preparations and precautions, should contests between these gasoline locomotives be permitted.

As a race, the affair of May 24 was thrilling enough; and it is of special interest as being probably the last great open road contest that will ever be held—for the Gordon-Bennett race, of course, belongs in an entirely different category.

As originally mapped out, the course was to be from Paris to Madrid, a distance of eight hundred miles, in round figures. The first stage was from Paris to Bordeaux, over some of the finest roads in the world. Three hundred and fifteen competitors had entered, including the very best talent of Europe and two of America's experts. The cars were started from Versailles at intervals of one minute, beginning at 3.45 o'clock in the morning, and taking up to twenty minutes to six for the last to get away.

THE START FROM VERSAILLES.

Never, perhaps, did any sporting event attract such a crowd as that which journeyed over night from Paris to Versailles to witness the start of the great race. It

is safe to say that half a million people were congregated along the route to be traversed when the first car, driven by Charles Jarrott, the English champion, tore away on its long journey exactly as the carillon in a near-by belfry chimed the third quarter after three. Scarcely had the cheers which greeted the first departure died ere Chevalier René de Knyff, in a big French machine, was seen passing the starting-post, his machine leaping at once into a mile-a-minute gait. Quick on his heels, in a light car, came Louis Renault, the star representative of the Renault firm, which won first honors in the Paris-Vienna race a year ago. A few minutes later, after M. Thery and another Englishman, Mr. Loraine Barrow, had passed the post, came the great Fournier, still the idol of the Paris boulevardier.

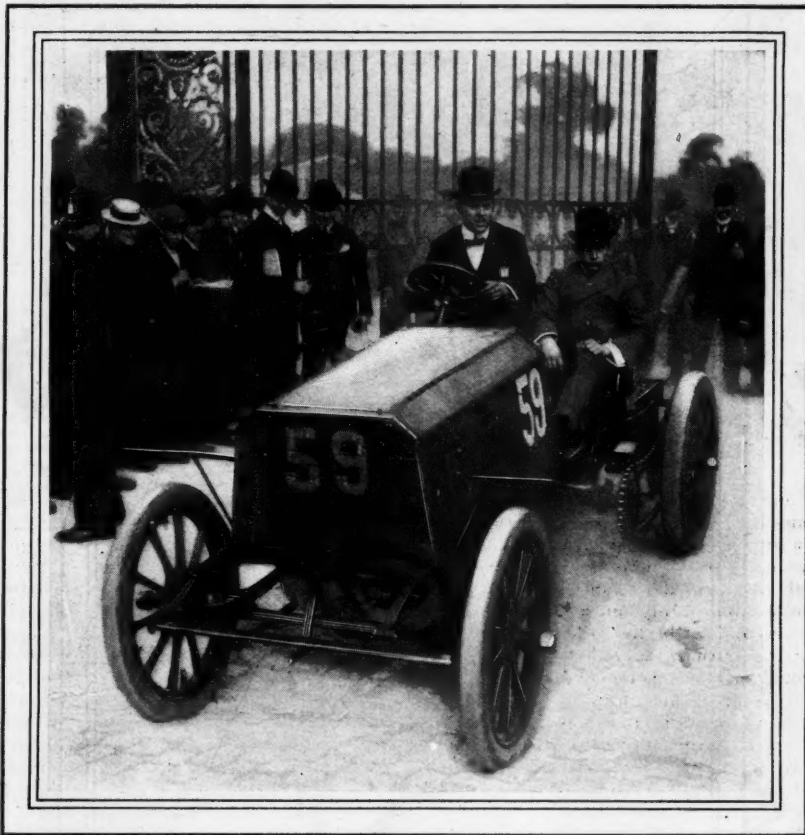
Two places after Fournier should have come the first American representative, Harry S. Harkness, in a car of his own design, the only American-built vehicle entered in the race. Unfortunately, something had gone wrong with the machine, and it did not start. The only woman contestant, Mme. du Gast, was No. 29 in the list, but owing to absentees she was actually the seventeenth to take the word "Go." Her car was gorgeous with floral decorations—destined to become mere wisps long before she reached Bordeaux.

To the many Americans who had gone

to Versailles to see the racers leave, two entries were of special interest. These were W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Foxhall Keene. Their respective places in the original drawing were Nos. 60 and 114, but owing to absentees their actual start-

though his machine was marked "168"—the number of his original allotment for place.

Long before the last of the string of contestants had shot past the judge's stand, the crowd, wearied with its two



HON. CHARLES ROLLS, SON OF LORD LLANGATTOCK, A LEADING ENGLISH AUTOMOBILIST, AND THE CAR WITH WHICH HE STARTED IN THE PARIS-MADRID RACE.

ing numbers were thirty-seven and sixty-one. Both received hearty cheers from their compatriots, and good wishes which should have hastened their arrival at Bordeaux. Neither, however, was destined to get so far. Two places after Mr. Vanderbilt came Marcel Renault, the winner of last year's race, who smilingly acknowledged the heartiness of the salute that greeted him—the last he was ever to hear.

M. Gabriel, the winner of the Circuit of Ardennes race, who was destined to achieve a still greater performance that day, scarcely attracted attention as he passed the starting post, No. 81 in line,

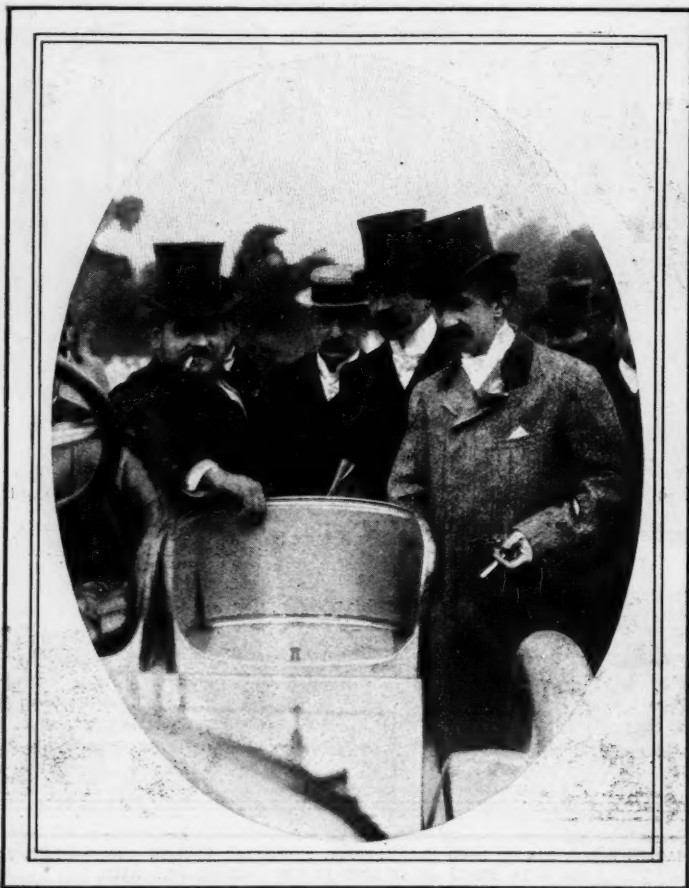
hours' wait, had begun to disperse. Already the trail of the departed racers, an opaque dust-cloud stretching away into the distance like a great yellow serpent, awoke misgivings as to the perils of that long, mad rush across central and southern France. Enthusiasm at witnessing the greatest automobile race ever organized was tempered with doubt, or worse than doubt, as to its successful termination. Stories of the terrible places to be encountered in crossing the mountains did not tend to reassure the public mind; and long before the telegraph brought tidings of the first arrival at Bordeaux,

reports of disaster along the route began to multiply on every side.

THE LONG LIST OF ACCIDENTS.

One of the first wrecks on the road was that of the car in which Marcel Renault

and several other prominent competitors were reported to have dropped out of the race, none of them personally injured, but all with machines more or less completely wrecked. Other mishaps were still more serious, some of them being due to strange

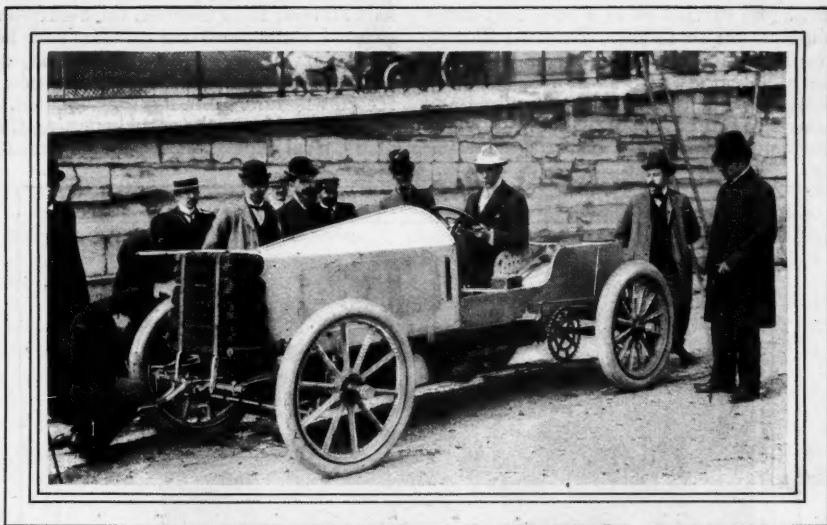


IN THE CROWD AT THE START OF THE PARIS-MADRID RACE AT VERSAILLES, ON MAY 24—BARON HENRI DE ROTHSCHILD, A PROMINENT FRENCH AUTOMOBILIST, IS ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE, WITH A CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH.

was attempting to repeat his victory of last year. In striving to pass another machine he was obliged to make a slight turn, and ere he could recover control his car had crashed into a tree, hurling both driver and mechanic into the ditch. Renault lingered for three days, but died on Wednesday night.

The list of accidents grew more appalling as hour after hour passed. Messrs. Vanderbilt, Keene, Fournier, de Knyff,

bits of ill luck. Mr. Barrow's car ran over a dog, turned sideways, and struck a tree, killing the chauffeur and mortally injuring the owner. Mr. Porter, an Irish representative, had a somewhat similar accident, his machine being upset in the road, where it caught fire and burned his companion, Mr. Nixon, to death. A Frenchman, M. Tourand, lost control of his automobile, which plowed into a crowd of spectators and killed three of them—a tragedy

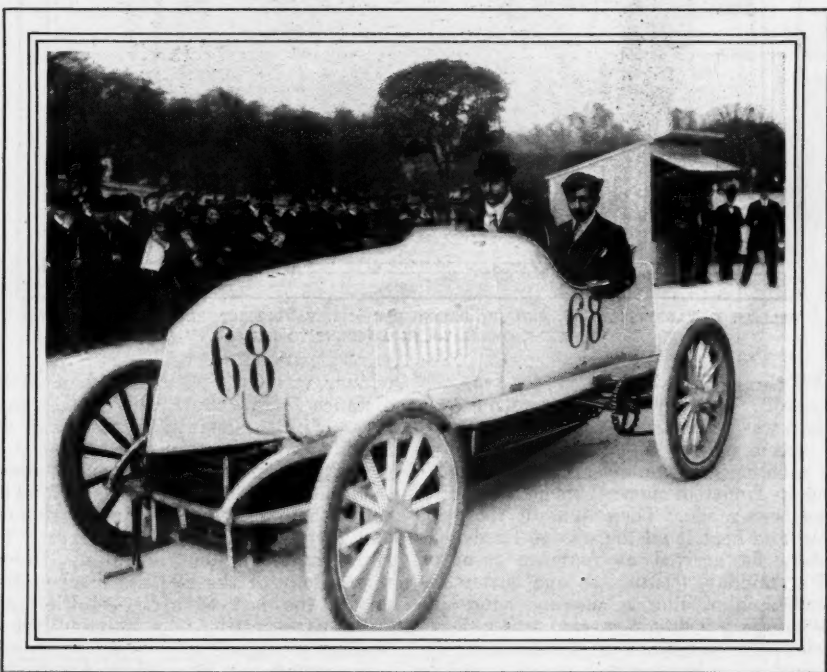


CHARLES JARROTT, THE ENGLISH CHAMPION, AND THE CAR WITH WHICH HE MADE THE FOURTH BEST TIME FROM PARIS TO BORDEAUX.

that drove its horrified author temporarily insane. Such a series of fatalities left no cause for surprise when it was announced

that by order of the French government the race was not to be continued.

Meanwhile the contest among the leaders

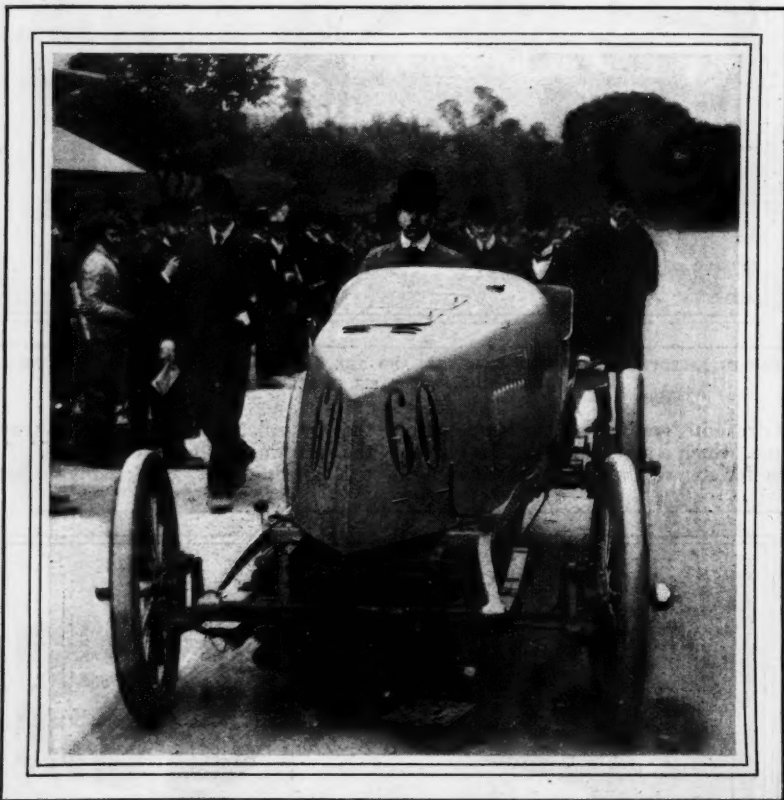


THE BARON DE FORREST, ONE OF THE PROMINENT FRENCH AUTOMOBILISTS WHO COMPETED IN THE PARIS-MADRID RACE.

was being carried on at a pace that defies imagination to follow. Between Jarrott and Louis Renault, the first and third to leave Versailles, it was a neck-and-neck race every inch of the three hundred and forty-two miles to Bordeaux. The arrangement of the race allowed something

half an hour later Gabriel, the eighty-first to leave, came pounding in. His pace had been terrific, something like sixty-six miles an hour for the entire distance, a record which no train has ever equaled.

On counting up the actual running time of the rival experts, it was found that the



WILLIAM K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND HIS RACING CAR—MR. VANDERBILT LEFT THE RACE NEAR CHARTRES, OWING TO AN ACCIDENT TO HIS CAR.

like three hours' time at the various controls, or at places where decreased speed was necessary. Between the leaders it was a matter of only a few minutes at each of these controls, Jarrott remaining in front till more than half the trip had been made. Then Renault took the lead and kept it all the way to Bordeaux, where he arrived at fourteen minutes after midday, looking, as one writer described him, like a moving sand-hill. Renault's joy at his success was quickly dampened by tidings of the shocking accident to his brother.

Sixteen minutes after Renault passed the winning-post, Jarrott arrived; and

winner was Gabriel, who had made the distance in five hours and thirteen minutes. Louis Renault, whose time was five hours and thirty-nine minutes, stood second, and won premier honors among the light cars. Two other competitors did better than six hours—Salleron, five hours and forty-six minutes, and Jarrott, five hours and fifty-one minutes. In all, ninety-four of the starters reached Bordeaux, the last to arrive—Lillie, in a steam car—getting in at three o'clock on Monday morning.

So ended the Paris-Madrid race, the last event of the sort that the world of automobiling is likely to witness.

THE STAGE

THE COMING SEASON.

"Never say die till you are dead," seems to be the managers' motto. No matter how unsatisfactory the preceding season may have been financially, extravagant preparations are always made for the one to follow. You never see a pov-

erty-stricken actor. When a member of "the profession" is at his lowest pecuniary ebb, then is the time he must look his sprucest, or fail to get the credit that is as the breath of life to him. Hence, after the very poor dramatic year closed last May, the coming one starts out with an unusually loud flourish of trumpets. THE



MABELLE GILMAN, WHO STARRED LAST SEASON IN "THE MOCKING BIRD," AND WHO IS TO BE SEEN NEXT IN "LADY TEAZLE."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

MUNSEY will take the New York theaters in alphabetical order, prefacing its list, as of yore, with the reminder that prospectus and performance do not always mate. The metropolis will have some half dozen new houses of good standing added to its list this autumn, so that the number of theaters figuring in the subjoined forecast is twenty-five, more than any other city in the world possesses.

The one big novelty scheduled at this

sion used by Sarah Bernhardt. Vance Thompson is best known as a New York newspaper man. "The Five Little Pilgrims," by Martha Morton, may be mentioned as a possibility for the Belasco.

William Collier is booked for twenty weeks at the Bijou, under the management of Weber & Fields. His play, which is called "Personal," is being written by Eugene Presbrey, and Mr. Collier's leading woman will, of course, be his clever



LAURA BUTLER, OF THE FRANCIS WILSON COMPANY.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



NEVA AYMAR, OF THE ROGERS BROTHERS' COMPANY.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

writing for the Academy of Music is Charles Frohman's production of the Drury Lane melodrama, "The Best of Friends," which will bring back to that stage that delightful comedian, Mrs. Agnes Booth. At the American, no longer in the repertoire list, "Checkers" will be given. The Belasco will reopen with a revival of "The Darling of the Gods," to be followed either by David Warfield or by Mrs. Carter. The latter will after all do "Du Barry" once more. Last fall it was rumored that three men—Vance Thompson, Eugene Morand, and Marcel Schwob—had collaborated upon a play for Mrs. Carter, but of late nothing has been heard of it. Morand furnished the book for the opera "Messaline," in which Calvé sang at the Metropolitan the season before last. Morand and Schwob were responsible for the "Hamlet" ver-

wife, Louise Allen, although Nannette Comstock will have an important part. Collier will be followed at this house by Alice Fischer in a new American comedy, and the Bijou may also see Mabelle Gilman back again, this time with "The School for Scandal," arranged for music by John Kendrick Bangs under the name "Lady Teazle," the music being done by A. Baldwin Sloane, who wrote the score for "The Mocking Bird."

The Broadway is scheduled to open with Fischer & Ryley's production of the London Savoy comic opera, "A Princess of Kensington," to be followed by another English attraction, a no less notable one than Henry Irving. The dean of the British stage will appear for three weeks in Sardou's "Dante," a production which, ambitious and elaborate as it is, does not appear to have set the Thames afire.



KYRLE BELLEW AS "ROMEO" IN THE ALL-STAR PRODUCTION OF THE SHAKESPEARE LOVE TRAGEDY LAST SPRING.

From a photograph by Sarony, New York.

The Casino management, of course, hopes to keep "The Runaways" on that stage for a long time to come, but if it shows signs of flagging in its paces, Manager Shubert has on hand "Winsome

"The Infant Prodigy," by Clyde Fitch. A little further up Broadway, the Criterion will reopen with the English star who closed it in the middle of May—Charles Hawtrey. Mr. Hawtrey will ap-



GRACE GEORGE, STARRING IN "PRETTY PEGGY."

From her latest photograph by the Burr McIntosh Studio, New York.

Winnie," which the men who wrote "Erminie" have turned out for the use of Paula Edwardes, she who was *Carmenita* in Daly's "Runaway Girl." Fay Templeton may also be starred here in

pear in the comedy by the author of "Vice Versa" which he has been holding up his sleeve for nearly two years now. It is called "The Man From Blankley's," and made a hit when he played it in



AMELIA STONE, APPEARING AS "THE PRINCESS ANGELCAKE" IN THE CASINO'S MUSICAL COMEDY,
"THE RUNAWAYS."

From her latest photograph by Otto Sarony, New York.



MINNIE SCHWARTZ AS THE CHICAGO GIRL IN
"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."

JEANNETTE FRENCH AS THE BOSTON GIRL IN
"THE PRINCE OF PILSEN."

From photographs by Rice & Fromm, Chicago.

London the season before last. He will be followed by Julia Marlowe, with another British offering—"Fools of Nature," written by the clever H. V. Esmond, who has "When We Were Twenty-One" and "The Wilderness" to his credit side in the memory of American playgoers. Virginia Harned, in a new play, is also booked at the Criterion.

At Daly's another English musical comedy will set the ball rolling in September—"Three Little Maids," which was a great go at the London Apollo, but which, to the writer, did not seem to possess half the beauties of "A Country Girl." It is not booked for a very long run, as Ellen Terry is expected at this house in November, after which Onoto Watanna's "A Japanese Nightingale" will be seen there.

Unless the strike in the building trades interferes with the completion of the new theaters, Oscar Hammerstein's absurdly-named Drury Lane will be in the ring with an extravaganza gilded by the magic wand of Belasco. Mr. Belasco proposes to take the old pantomime of

"Humpty Dumpty" and bring it up to date. It is to be hoped, however, that he won't try to be so modern as to dispense with the clown and the harlequin, as has been done in the case of recent shows transplanted from the real Drury Lane. But as he is reported to be negotiating with a musical comedy star of some brilliance to play *Columbine*, he apparently intends to respect the traditions.

Charles Frohman's pet theater, the Empire, entirely redecorated and without any vision-obstructing pillars, will begin with John Drew in a play which the English dramatist, Henry Arthur Jones, has had in preparation for some time. Unless, however, Mr. Arthur-Jones can turn out better work than he has lately set behind the London footlights, Mr. Drew will have some cause for worryment over box-office receipts. Following Mr. Drew will come Maude Adams, who is sure of a rousing reception after her year's absence from the boards. She will have for a leading man Edgar Selwyn, who created *Tony*, the Mexican, in "Arizona." Her play will probably be a new one by the

man who has given her two successes already—J. M. Barrie, author of "The Little Minister" and "Quality Street," and it is also on the cards that she will be seen in "As You Like It."

Miss Adams' season will extend beyond the holidays, and then will come the Em-

pire stock, but in what is now all in the air. Indeed, the composition of the company is at this writing not fully determined, although a leading man to replace Richman has been secured from London. This is Henry Ainley, who was with George Alexander at the St. James, and



MABEL CARRIER, APPEARING AS "TOBASCO" IN "THE RUNAWAYS."

From a photograph—Copyright, 1903, by Tonnele, New York.



ROBERT LORRAINE AS "DAVID GARRICK," WITH GRACE GEORGE IN "PRETTY PEGGY."

From a photograph by Eddowes, New York.

a very handsome fellow he is, as is proved by his choice for *Paolo* in the St. James' production of "*Paolo and Francesca*." It is altogether unlikely that Margaret

Anglin will continue with the troupe. Possibly Mr. Frohman will bring Evelyn Millard from London to replace her. Mr. Frohman has spoken of a Shakespeare season, and it looks now as if there would be nothing else for him to fall back upon.

A MIXTURE OF GRAVE AND GAY.

One of the earliest New York houses to reopen will be the Fourteenth Street, which has a musical affair called "A Son of Rest" booked for August 17. Nat M. Wills, evidently a recruit from vaudeville, is to be starred in it as the *Happy Tramp*, and, of course, he and his managers are hoping that he will be as successful as the Four Cohans. Then will come Andrew Mack for eight weeks in a revival of Boucicault's "Arrah Na Pogue," which will give way in turn to "Lights of Home," by the author of "Way Down East." This is Mrs. Parker's first new piece since Grace George brought out her "Under Southern Skies" last year. It is to be a story of New York life. Most plays purporting to portray existence in the metropolis are very sad affairs, as witness "Life," last year at the Garden, and "Skipper & Company," a few months ago at the Garrick; but Mrs. Parker may have some new rays to turn on the old theme. After Christmas the theater is reserved for a revival of young Brandon Tynan's success of last season, "Robert Emmett," which Mr. Tynan no longer owns. He is said to have agreed to write another play on the same subject, but under another name, for David Belasco—a curious development which is probably one of the many more or less peculiar consequences of the strife between the Syndicate and the Independents.

The Garden Theater will have an offering postponed from last season—"Ulysses," the poetical play by the English dramatist, Stephen Phillips, which ran for a long time at Beerbohm Tree's London theater. Possibly the Garden may also see William Faversham in a dramatization of Owen Wister's "The Virginian."

Late August is the opening time for the Garrick, with a new farce calculated to display the fun-making abilities of two men who have been cavorting around the country in "Are You a Mason?" These two men are John C. Rice and Thomas Wise, and their new vehicle, already tried in the South, is called "Vivian's Papas." It is written by Leo Ditrichstein, author of "Are You a Mason?"—and at one time was to be entitled "Caught With

the Goods." The Garrick's next succeeding attraction will be a strong one—Maxine Elliott as a lone star, in a new play by Clyde Fitch called "Her Own Way." Miss Elliott has handsome Charles Cherry for her leading man, and will be followed at the Garrick by what is termed a special season by Charles Frohman, which will doubtless make it easier to extend Miss Elliott's booking in case she makes a big strike. The next star on the Garrick's list is Mary Mannering, who may present a modern society play—"Judith," by Ramsay Morris, author of "The Ninety and Nine."

A SCURRY TO SHAKESPEARE.

The Herald Square Theater, now under the management of Charles Frohman, will be the scene of Nance O'Neil's return to New York, where she was seen last at the Murray Hill under McKee Rankin. Since then she has toured the world, doing well in Australia and South Africa, but failing in London. She has recently been playing to big houses in her native California. She will appear in the metropolis under Mr. Frohman's direction, in a revival of "Macbeth." Shakespeare is to have more done for him next winter than in many moons, at least in the number of stars who will take him up. Besides Miss O'Neil and Maude Adams, there will be Miss Crosman's *Rosalind*, Nat Goodwin in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and a *Viola* by both Viola Allen and Grace George. Moreover, the "Vikings" having proved a broken reed for Ellen Terry in London, she will doubtless use "Much Ado About Nothing" during her season at Daly's.

The new Hudson in Forty-Fourth Street, close to the Criterion, and under the management of young Henry B. Harris, is scheduled to open on Labor Day with Ethel Barrymore. At this writing it is announced that Justin Huntly McCarthy will furnish the play; but nowadays managers leave themselves a loophole, even with such tried and tested dramatists as the author of "If I Were King." In case the new piece proves disappointing on reading, Miss Barrymore will be seen in something else, possibly a piece that may be brought out in London during the summer. Marie Tempest will follow, on November 30, with the play in which she appeared for two hundred nights last winter in London. It is called "The Marriage of Kitty," and is not a musical affair, but a straight comedy. Miss Tempest will be succeeded at the Hudson in January by Mr. Harris' own

star, Robert Edeson, in a new play of American life.

Stars will be the mainstay of the Knickerbocker during the coming season. In October Nat Goodwin will appear there as *Bottom* in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," having Florence Rockwell for his leading woman. Next will come Mr. Goodwin's sister-in-law, Gertrude Elliott, and her husband, Forbes Robertson, bringing from London their latest success, "The Light That Failed." Then, between Christmas and New Year's Day, the well-known English actor-manager, George Alexander, of the St. James' Theater, will arrive, opening probably in "Paolo and Francesca," and possibly producing his version of "Heidelberg" before he leaves. Another possibility for the Knickerbocker is Viola Allen in "Twelfth Night."

AT SOME OF THE NEW HOUSES.

The new Lyceum, in West Forty-Fifth Street, is to be inaugurated by E. H. Sothern, who for so many autumns opened the old Lyceum on Fourth Avenue. He will be seen in a new play by his lucky author, Justin McCarthy, "The Proud Prince," a dramatization of Longfellow's poem "King Robert of Sicily." It shows Sothern as an old man who becomes a young one. The Lyceum's next succeeding attraction is William Gillette, not in "Hamlet" after all, but in J. M. Barrie's great London hit, "The Admirable Crichton."

Another of the new theaters for next season is the Lyric, on Forty-Second Street, adjoining the Belasco, and under the management of the Shuberts, who also control the Casino, the Madison Square, and the Princess. Their new house is to be opened by Richard Mansfield, who will hereafter play his annual New York engagements at the Lyric, a fact which has been taken into account in devising the star's dressing-room. During the coming season he will be seen in Tolstoy's "Ivan the Terrible" and also in a special version of "Heidelberg," the German play which has already been done by Aubrey Boucicault in New York and George Alexander in London. Following Mansfield, Grace Van Studdiford, lately leading woman with the Bostonians, will be starred at the Lyric in a De Koven comic opera, called "The Red Feather."

"Girls Will Be Girls," a new musical comedy, may be the opening late summer bill at the Madison Square, which house is booked for a dramatized form of Hallie Erminie Rives' "Hearts Coura-

geous." Miss Rives is not to be confounded with the author of "The Quick or the Dead," of whom she is not even a sister, but a twentieth or thirtieth cousin, according to Amelie Rives herself. Orrin Johnson, lately with Annie Russell, is to be the star in the new production, and there is danger that Miss Rives will herself essay to be his leading woman. Beginning October 4, Grace George has twelve weeks' time at the Madison Square, most of which will be devoted to "Pretty Peggy"; but she also plans to give matinées of "Twelfth Night."

Happy is the theater without an opening date, for this means that it has not been closed. It is the present intention of the Majestic's management to keep the house open all summer with "The Wizard of Oz." When a change of bill is needed, another show of the same sort will be put on—"Babes in Toyland." The music is by Victor Herbert, who has given nothing to the stage of late, and the book by Glen McDonough, who owes the public something particularly good to atone for "Among Those Present," with which he weighted down poor Mrs. Le Moyne last season. The Majestic people have also under consideration another piece by the author of the "Wizard," called "King Jonah the Thirteenth."

A varied list of offerings has been arranged for the Manhattan, the New York fortress of the Independents. Mrs. Fiske will start the season in a revival of "Mary of Magdala," after which Henrietta Crossman arrives with the Shakespeare production which she did some time ago at the Republic—"As You Like it." Then will come the season's first novelty in "Captain Barrington," the Colonial play by Victor Mapes, which is to serve as the starring vehicle for Charles Richman. And still another Mapes play will be seen at the Manhattan when James K. Hackett appears there in "Alexander the Great." An elaborate production of a Spanish drama is also on the tapis for this house, as is the second American tour of Martin Harvey, who hopes to present a new play by an American author.

Heinrich Conried will start his first season of grand opera at the Metropolitan on November 23 with "Rigoletto," among the singers concerned being Sembrich, Caruso, and Scotti. It is at this writing too early to learn the names of all the other artists Mr. Conried has engaged for his test year. He has announced, however, that after this one time he intends to cut down the exorbitant salaries demanded by favorite artists

when they come to America. We shall see what we shall see. Already Mr. Conried is being called a pirate in some quarters because he proposes to disregard Frau Wagner's protest against "Parsifal" being given outside of Bayreuth. His plans include the presentation of that music drama about Christmastime, with *Ternina* as the prima donna.

SOME DOUBTFUL ENTRIES AND A WINNER.

The Murray Hill, bereft of the Donnelly stock that made hosts of friends for the house during the past five years, has been leased by Liebler & Co., and will be turned over to Edward Harrigan for the greater part of the season. Harrigan is to appear in a play of his own making, called "Under Cover," and built on the lines that made the Mulligan series so popular twenty years ago. But even if actors don't die, tastes change, and the Lieblers are risking almost as much on the venture as if they had a new man on their hands. A similar experiment was tried about five years ago at the Bijou, when Harrigan made a fiasco of it in a piece of his own called "Marty Malone." The Murray Hill is to be redecorated and placed in the higher priced category.

Klaw & Erlanger's home theater on Forty-Second Street, opposite the Belasco, will be opened with "The Rogers Brothers in London," which ought to afford room for more fun than Mr. McNally has managed to inject into the last two pieces he has written for the brothers Max and Gus. At any rate, the management must anticipate success for it, as they have saved a block of time extending into late November, when the newest Drury Lane pantomime, "Mother Goose," is to be put on. If a hit of "Blue Beard" dimensions is scored, the theater will probably need no further change of bill during its first season. For their older house, the New York, to be completely done over, Klaw & Erlanger announce a revival of "Ben Hur" in September, with more chariots in the race scene, and Henry Woodruff in the title rôle. Meantime, pending the chaos in the auditorium, audiences are entertained in a Crystal Garden on the roof.

The Princess bookings are a matter of pure conjecture just at this time. It is rumored, however, that the Lieblers have reserved several dates there, which may mean that this house will see Kyrle Bellew in "The Amateur Cracksmen" and Madge Carr Cooke as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*. Amelia Bingham may also play her annual New York engage-

ment here, although this is doubtful. Her new play is of quite an unusual order for her—"The Canterbury Pilgrims," dramatized from Chaucer by Percy Mackaye, son of the late Steele Mackaye. This was the piece rehearsed by E. H. Sothern last winter simply because he personally liked it; he had no thought of producing it.

At this writing there is some doubt whether Mrs. Langtry will return to America next autumn or the one following. She was booked for the Savoy during September in "Mrs. Dering's Divorce," an English play which she tried in Providence last spring at the eleventh hour to avoid a forfeit, and found to be a nugget. Another Savoy entry is William H. Crane, in a new comedy—his first new play in three seasons. The fresh venture, which must live up to "David Harum," is another dramatized novel, this time Harry Leon Wilson's "The Spenders." At the Savoy there will also be exhibited a new star—Ada Rehan's nephew, Arthur Byron, who tried his wings last year, but was brought to earth by the ill fit of "Petticoats and Bayonets." The military will figure, nevertheless, in his new vehicle, which is "Major Andre," written by Clyde Fitch for Sothern several years ago.

At Hammerstein's Victoria, where his Paradise Gardens have been the roof of the past three summers, the plays are as yet visionary. It is only a guess to give to this house the twin-star attraction of Otis Skinner and Ada Rehan in "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The School for Scandal." It is barely possible, too, that the play made from the late Frank Norris' wheat novel, "The Pit," may be seen here, both these attractions being in the hands of the Lieblers, who have lost Viola Allen.

Wallack's, with fresh paint and new additions, will open on September 12 with what promises to be the surest winner of the new season—a legitimate successor to "The Sultan of Sulu." This is George Ade's new musical comedy, "Peggy from Paris," which has a record of more than two months in Chicago and a summer's run in Boston. The music is by William Loraine, another young composer, and the book is said to have more of the slang for which the writer is famous than he deigned to supply in "The Sultan." At any rate, the manager of Wallack's should not be accused of culpable neglect if he does not look very hard for a show to follow "Peggy" in the near future.

A Daughter of the States.*

BY MAX PEMBERTON.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

JESSIE GOLDING, the daughter of a wealthy American, is a passenger on the Winona, chaperoned by her aunt, and bound for England, where she is to marry Lord Eastry, when she meets Murray West, who interests her, despite the fact that his somewhat unprepossessing appearance has made him known to the other passengers as the Rogue. In conversation with her, West cheerfully owns up to being a man "with a past," and then angers the girl by characterizing her approaching marriage as the selling of her birth-right for a castle and three generations of blackguardism. But later there is an accident on board the steamer, and West is instrumental in saving a number of lives; whereupon he is restored to favor. Among the other passengers are Herbert Laidlaw, a friend of West's, and Marx and Sedgwick, two gamblers, who inveigle Laidlaw into a game of poker and are despoiling him when Murray West, an old gambler himself, takes a hand and turns the tables on them. In revenge Marx threatens to tell Jessie Golding of West's connection with the death of her brother Lionel, which occurred during a fracas in the frontier town of Jackson City, but West defies him. Later Jessie herself tells Murray of her grief at her brother's death, and bitterly denounces his slayer. Murray acknowledges having witnessed the shooting of Lionel Golding, and tells the girl that her brother was not murdered, but refuses to give her any further details of the affair. This causes another rupture in their friendly intercourse, but it is resumed later when they are thrown together during the confusion resulting from another bad accident which happens to the steamer. She has broken her propeller shaft, and is helplessly adrift on the ocean.

VIII.

MURRAY WEST went off to his cabin without looking back, and found his friend Laidlaw sitting up in his bunk sipping a strong glass of brandy and water. The two occupied an inside cabin, and the electric light was turned up there; nor could the thunder of the seas upon the steel be heard as clearly as in the staterooms above. The rolling of the ship and the quiver of her plates, however, had already alarmed a man who had bartered his nerves for strong drink and its attendant vices; and Laidlaw began to question Murray with the feverish restlessness of a coward.

"What's up now?" he cried, almost before the cabin door was shut. "What are we rolling about like this for?"

Murray went straight to the bunk and looked at the glass in his friend's hand.

"So you feel that way? A little early, isn't it?"

"I want to know when this rolling tub is going to steam again. Good Lord, we can't roll about here for a week! It's criminal. Why don't they do something?"

"Oh, trust them, they are—drinking brandy and soda in their bunks, perhaps. Say, Herbert, you're a good plucked one, aren't you? Nothing frightens you, my boy! I used to think you were a bit of a man; that was over yonder, before you

met Lionel Golding. We'll have to lay in some petticoats now; they're more in your line, it appears."

Laidlaw set the glass down with an oath, and rolled himself up in the bed-clothes again.

"I don't like you, Murray, when you cant," he said quietly. "You know I'm not as well as I was. Why do you always mention Golding to me? Are you determined to give me up? Well, let it be so!"

Murray sat down by the side of the bunk and took the feverish hand in his own.

"You know you're talking nonsense, Herbert. If I shield you, it is because I don't believe that you are altogether guilty. In England you will begin again—at the bottom of the ladder, but still you will begin. I shan't start any higher up, for I have no claim at all to do so. Let us forget Lionel Golding from this minute. We can do it if we try."

"Yes, and that sister of his prying about all day! She'll let you forget, Murray! Why, good God, they'd shoot me like a dog if they knew! Are you going to keep it up with her if we land at Liverpool?"

"If we land—well, in that case she'll just run off to church, and in a week she'll be honeymooning. I want you to leave her out of the account, Herbert. If there's any trouble with Golding's sister,

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it shall be my affair. Do you suppose I can't manage a bit of a girl like that? It's no compliment to me that you should think so."

"I don't think it, Murray; you were always a wonder with the women. But did you say, 'If we land'? Is the chance as black as that? You don't want to frighten me, do you?"

"Nothing of the kind. I wish to be honest with you. This gale is not quite what any of us wished. Here we are rolling about helplessly a thousand miles from land—screw gone, rudder broken, and three pocket-handkerchiefs for sails! Ask yourself if a man can be quite easy."

"I've been asking that all night. Do you know, I dreamed that the ship went just as Jessie Golding found out the truth? You and I were in this cabin, talking about it. The water came through the port hole there and eddied round the place like a whirlpool. My hand was out of the bunk, and it touched the jet and it was cold as ice. We tried to fight our way out for life and breath, but the door was locked; then we felt the ship sinking, heard the decks burst open, and the darkness closed about us. It was an awful dream, Murray! I'd sooner throw myself overboard than believe it was true."

Murray regarded his friend a little wistfully. His own brow was puckered up, and he appeared to be thinking deeply.

"Dreams are all nonsense," he said presently. "I dreamed almost the same thing, but I know quite well why. We were all thinking of the ship last night; the accident unnerved us. Naturally we went to bed ready for anything. A dream under those conditions counts for nothing. It would be perfectly childish to put any faith in it. Get up and eat a beefsteak, Herbert. That's the remedy for dreams. The day's for work, not bed, at your age!"

He turned away and busied himself in the cabin while Laidlaw struggled out of his bunk and began to dress himself with the languid air of a man who wishes he was still in bed. The rolling steamer, meanwhile, appeared to become more helpless every moment. Listing heavily to port, she lay trembling like a great wounded lion in a hollow of the stubble. Though none were permitted on the deck who had not good business there, Murray persuaded the second officer to let him up to a shelter by the engineer's skylight; and there, an empty pipe in his mouth, and his hands deep in the pockets of his overalls, he watched the enveloping seas

and faced the tornado which swept upon the Winona.

So blinding were the mists of driven rain about the sagging ship that the eye could distinguish little beyond the mountains of water which the western gale drove headlong upon the doomed vessel. Unnumbered, infinite, those mighty walls of spray and foam and solid water rolled on with thunderous report as of cataracts meeting. It was an appalling revelation of nature in her mood most terrible. The steamer herself trembled to her very keel-plates; she who had steamed so proudly by the statue of Liberty, the giant of a great company, the maker of ocean records—now no spar upon the deep sea was tossed with less effort; was made to appear more puny and impotent. Relentlessly the waves rolled over her, flooding her decks with a boiling torrent of mud-brown water, or bursting in clouds of the drenching spindrift. No man could stand there who had not a safety line; the eyes were blinded, the tongue bitten by the salt, the voice lost in the howling of winds.

Murray, unable to face the tempest longer, fought his way to the companion, and saw that the ship was doomed. The doctor, meeting him at the ladder's foot, was of one mind with him in that opinion.

"They're under water in the steerage," he said. "God help them, they shot at me, and meant it, too! Come forward, will you, and see what's to be done? The captain can't help us—they're working for their lives above. I count upon you men—Trew's with them already. He's a trump, that parson, now it comes to it. I shall sit under him just now—damn it, sir, he's a man!"

"There's generally something in these public school men, if you know how to get it out," said Murray as they went. "Imagine what Napoleon would have been if they had educated him at Eton. Let's go and help the parson—he deserves it."

They descended to the steerage, and beheld a fearful spectacle. A motley crowd, Italians returning to Italy, Frenchmen to France, Germans to London, Irishmen to remembered cabins, lay sprawling about the steerage cabin in all attitudes of fear and rage. Some had drawn their knives and were boldly inciting their fellows to fight their way to the decks and handle the ship themselves. Others cried out piteously for a priest and the sacraments; while women, hysterical in fear, raved perpetually, or held up children to the

doctor that he might first save them. Murray never forgot one burly Irishman, stripped to the waist and armed with a huge bludgeon, who swore by unknown gods that the whole thing was a conspiracy against his nation, and that if the door were not immediately opened he would open it for himself.

"Come, my good fellow," said the parson, "you're a man, and there are women to help. Do you think, if there were any talk of dying, our captain would keep us below here? Not a bit of it. We'll dance together in Dublin town yet, and all the better for being friends. Shake hands, my man; you're not for the mermaids yet!"

"The devil take me if I am! 'Tis a poor lost Protestant ye are, but sure, they'll keep a cool place for ye if I've any say in it. What can I do to help you, sir?"

"Tell these silly women there's no danger. Some of you play the concertina—I know you can, for I've heard it. Get your instruments out and make them dance. I'll sing you a song, if you like, though it's years since I sung one. Come! Let's have 'Father O'Flynn.' It's the very tune."

The suggestion was received with acclamation by every one capable of hearing it; and presently the parson began in a full, pleasing voice which resounded through the cabin. One by one the men took up the lilt of the song and forgot their own troubles. Soon those who had been weeping and wailing bestirred themselves and showed laughing faces to the company. An Irishman struck up a wild Erse dance; instantly feet were going, and a very saturnalia of half delirious intoxication battled with panic and dismay. The doctor stuck his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, and posed as a benevolent spectator.

"Didn't I tell you that parson was a good 'un?" he whispered to Murray. "He's saved the day! I thought it was bullets, and they give me—a fiddle! Well, the two are allies sometimes. Let's sneak off and see what the ladies are doing. It's all right here for another hour or two."

Murray assented readily.

"Yes," he said; "there's no fiddle in the saloon, doctor. Let's go and see the ladies."

They made their way aft with difficulty, for the rolling ship defied even a trained seaman's balance. More than once Murray found himself embracing the doctor, while the pair of them waltzed serenely toward the first open door or the

nearest convenient pillar. Few of the ladies of the ship had left their bunks upon such a day; but Jessie Golding was already in the saloon, and one of the Casino girls had taken refuge by her side. The doctor pointed to the spectacle with a certain triumph.

"Look," he said, "Fifth Avenue takes Broadway to its bosom! Isn't the sea a grand old leveler?"

"Yes," said Murray, "sometimes. It doesn't matter much whether you're drowned in the saloon or the steerage, so far as I can see. It's equally unpleasant either way."

He crossed over to Jessie's side and addressed the girls as they sat together upon the sofa.

"Not very comfortable, is it?" he asked. "I should have thought your bunks would have been better."

"Do you think we're safe, sir?" asked the young actress, abjectly afraid.

Murray answered her with a cheery nod.

"As safe as on the stage of the Casino in New York. Come, don't think about it—get your books. It's always better to do something if you're uneasy."

"I never can," replied the girl pitifully. "It's so dreadful. The thought of the water makes me shudder. Oh, it would be awful if anything happened, wouldn't it?"

Jessie drew the girl's arm through her own and tried to comfort her.

"Don't say horrid things, dear, and don't be foolish," she exclaimed. "If anything happens, I shall expect Mr. West to look after me."

Murray raised his head and looked at her very earnestly.

"Oh," he cried, "but I shall hold you to that!"

She laughed as if it had been a jest.

"What could you do?" she asked, with just a suspicion of patronage.

"I will tell you when the moment comes," he said.

The gale was at its height by five o'clock that afternoon. Thereafter it abated with almost dramatic suddenness, and before long a stillness like the aftermath of death prevailed. Where foaming seas had beaten upon the helpless steamer, nothing more than a long Atlantic swell now troubled her. At two o'clock on the following day, she lay in a white mist; so dense, so impenetrable, that one man could scarce see another upon her decks. At that hour her search-lights played vainly upon the clouds of vapor; the siren shrieked dolefully, like the wail-

ing of the spirit of the deep. None, however, but her crew faced the rigors of the night, and those, when opportunity served, asked a little anxiously how long it would be before help was found.

Nearly thirty hours had passed now since the accident befell them; but the storm had forbidden even the thought of aid. It was not until the wind fell and the raging sea abated that weary eyes began to scan the fog which defied them, and unwilling lips to confess the truth of their position. Never once during that long night of watching did Captain Ross quit his place upon the bridge. He was there still at eight o'clock next morning, when, with overwhelming suddenness, a strange ship loomed out of the phantom mists and sent the Winona to her doom.

One long cry there was, echoing over the still waters like the voice of the lost. Then utter, unbroken silence—a drifting hulk in a great wet cloud, and all about the unchanging face of the restless ocean.

IX.

MURRAY WEST had been dozing in his bunk when the strange ship struck the Winona, but he sprang up at once, divining the truth. Picking up his clothes haphazard, he ran up the companion to learn the best or the worst of it. A few shadowy forms were already visible in the dimly-lighted corridor. Here and there men opened their cabin doors to ask excited questions which could not be answered, but none seemed to know quite what had happened, nor was there upon the instant any evidence of panic. The ship herself listed heavily to port, and a rushing sound, as of waters eddying, provoked nothing more than a grievous suspicion.

Murray sprang up the companion and beat heavily upon the locked doors as he went. One glance at the position of the Winona, with the shadow of a tramp steamer cast upon the screen of the fog, satisfied him and sent him below again. Straight as an arrow he went to Jessie's cabin, and there his blows upon her door awakened other sleepers and spread the alarm.

"What is it?" asked Jessie. She had been sleeping heavily, but she knew that Murray waked her, and was in some vague way prepared for the summons.

"Dress yourself at once," the cool voice said. "Don't lose a minute; there has been an accident. Get all the ladies you can and take them on the upper deck. I fear it is very bad."

She said, "Yes, yes," and listened to the sound of Murray's footsteps as he passed briskly along the corridor. For an instant, perhaps, she resented this desertion, but the chief officer himself now came below and began to hurry the passengers up. Amid the growing alarm and confusion, the agitated voices, and the piteous appeals of the timid, her attention was distracted and directed to her own necessities.

"Wake up, aunt," she said, crying a little wildly, to her sleeping relative. "Don't you hear them knocking? How you do sleep!"

Aunt Eva opened her eyes, but she was not permitted to indulge in so much as one pious reflection upon the fitness of things or the indecency of Jessie's behavior.

"Good Lord, child——" she began, and then, hearing the sound of hurrying footsteps, of men's voices and women's entreaties, she sat bolt upright in her bunk and looked at Jessie as one who could not trust herself to speak.

"Get up, aunt! Why don't you get up when I tell you to? Mr. West says we are to go on deck, and I am going right now."

Murray, in the mean time, had gone from cabin to cabin like some swift messenger of fate, awakening men from their heavy sleep and women from their dreams. He would not be detained or linger for any questioner. "Get up," was his message; "the ship is sinking!"

In his own cabin he shook Laidlaw roughly by the shoulder, and so dragged him from his bunk.

"We're in collision," he said shortly. "You have not an instant to lose. Shake yourself, man; wake up! Here, take your coat and carry your shoes. Get aft, if you can, and keep out of the crowd. I'll be with you in two shakes."

Laidlaw obeyed like a child; but he trembled while he dressed, and his teeth were chattering.

"You'll stand by me, Murray? You won't leave me, will you, old chap? I can't swim a stroke, you know. Good God, the dream's true after all—just think of it, we'll drown like rats! Well, I said this rotten tub was going. Oh, where's my coat?"

Murray did not pay any attention to him. The electric light having failed them, he groped blindly in the darkness, and from the depths of his cabin trunk he took his revolver and a covered water-bottle, such as a trooper uses, and other little necessities which he believed the

night would demand. The bottle he filled maladroitly at the washing-stand, and then, pausing only to take a pocket-book and his watch and chain from beneath his pillow, he bundled Laidlaw out of the cabin, and started off to find Jessie.

"Wait for me by the wheel-house!" he cried after the cowed man. "The boats won't take half of us. It's suicide there. We must fish for ourselves."

Laidlaw hesitated a moment, exclaiming, "You'll stand by me, won't you?" but Murray was already out of hearing.

Overwhelmed by a sudden consciousness of his isolation and peril, Laidlaw climbed the companion and came out upon the deck. Here already the omens of disaster irretrievable were many. Half-dressed men, death-white women, shivering in the searching mist, laughed or prayed or babbled unceasingly in the first excitement of the truth. The officers moved among the throng, silent figures upon a silent errand. In the steerage, where panic had prevailed at the beginning, the graver crisis exercised a sobering influence. The second officer was there, and he carried a revolver in his hand.

"The women first, and one by one!" he roared at the ladder's head. "If any man goes out of his turn, I will shoot him like a dog! There's a place for all of you in the boats if you will only keep quiet. Come out now, and behave yourselves!"

The women answered him with a low, wailing cry, while some of them thrust their children forward with the piteous entreaty that he would save them. Of the men, a few carried themselves with dogged courage. Life had not been so kind to them that they should fear to lose it; others, however, cursed the captain and the ship and the day that had set their faces toward England; while a few, bereft of reason, raged like maniacs and were held back by the strong arms of their comrades.

As quickly as might be, these poor people were brought up to the main deck, and there marshaled into companies. The unbending courage of an English crew seemed to shame the terror even of the weakest, and although the witnesses to fear were not lacking, there was a discipline wholly unlooked for.

Murray had found Jessie at the door of her stateroom. Helping her to collect her wraps, he told her frankly what he thought of the case.

"A steamer ran into us—I think it must have been a tramp. We are struck between the two forward bulkheads, and

may last ten minutes. If they stand by us, the mischief won't be much. It depends on that. I am not frightened of the boilers going, for the fires were drawn when the shaft broke. We'll keep out of the mob and look after ourselves. It's odd, isn't it, but I dreamed of this last night, and here I am doing just what I meant to do! Let me go first—I know the place."

Running on as if he were talking of an every-day occurrence, Murray took the wraps from the two women and led them along the main deck to that old place by the wheel-house where Richard Marx had made him an offer little more than forty-eight hours ago. Jessie did not understand why he went there, or why he kept them from the others upon the promenade deck, but she had an unshaken faith in his judgment. She followed him despite the zealous third officer, who clutched her aunt by the arm at the very cabin door and thrust her unceremoniously toward the group.

"Now, you ladies, get forward, if you please!" was his order.

Jessie shrank from him and appealed to Murray.

"Shall I go?" she asked. "Do you think it is better?"

He put his hand upon her arm and told her the truth.

"I don't think the boats will hold you all," he said.

"But my aunt has gone," she said, a little wildly; and then: "Are we to be separated? Do you think it is wise?"

"I can only use my own judgment. When the propeller broke I thought there might be an accident, and I counted the boats. They won't hold half of us. At the best, they will take the women, but it is a poor best. If you trust yourself to me, I will try to save you."

Her upturned face revealed the distress of the doubt and separation. The deepening tragedy found expression in the wailing voices of women and the broken encouragements of men. From the bridge the great search-light, driven by its own dynamo, still played mockingly as an emblem of power and sovereignty. Its arc fell upon the terror-stricken company, and showed new phases of agony as in some weird light which the hand of death uplifted. All the characters who played their flippant parts upon the Winona since she steamed from New York were here called at time's instant to reveal themselves in this ultimate trial. Friend scarcely recognized friend at such an hour.

Jessie perceived the three dancers from the Casino lying huddled together in one another's arms upon one of the seats of the promenade deck. The Bantam addressed them in wild words, scarcely coherent, though well-meaning and not wanting courage. The Rev. St. John Trew, bareheaded in the center of a willing audience, prayed in a strong, melodious voice for those in peril upon the deep. Forward among the steerage passengers some one started the opening verses of a hymn, and the trembling chords floated upward musically in the mist-girt stillness of the night.

Jessie, put to the proof, asked why she should stand apart from those friends who at least could solace one another with words of farewell and courage.

"My aunt is there," she exclaimed aloud. "Why should I leave her, Mr. West?"

"I will not say a word to compel you," he answered frankly. "Perhaps you would be better in the boats—I don't know. It is only my idea, but there are too many. Do you care to wait and see, or to go up at once?"

She did not know what to say to him. Already the great lifeboat had been drawn down from the davits and the women were swarming into it. They fought like wild animals. Neither the persuasion nor the commands of the officer in charge served to keep the timid back. The boat went down to the water loaded until its gunwales were lapped by the smallest waves. One young girl threw herself from the decks and fell screaming into the sea. They dragged her into the already over-loaded boat, and pushed it off.

"Look at that!" said Murray quietly. "They will float for perhaps an hour, if the wind keeps down. When it rises, God help them! Some day we shall compel these liners to carry sufficient boats, and decent ones. Luck has been their best friend so far. If you prefer to go into the boats, do not hesitate to say so; I will get you a place."

She took a step forward, and peered over into the mist. Save for that spreading arc of gold which the search-light commanded, the sea lapped like a great black carpet beneath the enveloping clouds of rolling vapor. The lifeboat itself had been already swallowed up by the dense veil of the fog. It was as if this doomed steamer had been cut off by a pillar of cloud from all the open seaworld about, and its fate hidden in this clinging curtain of black obscurity. Jessie drew back, trembling.

"My God, what shall I do?" she cried.

Murray pointed to the ladder and to the place where the other women were waiting.

"You shall go into the next boat, if you like," he said quietly. "After all, it is only my idea, but it must be the next boat. We shall never launch a third."

"Do you mean that the ship will sink?"

"I mean that it is sinking now."

This had been in his mind all along, though he would not tell her so. He did not believe that the boats would ever be launched, and now, warned by a sure instinct that the end was at hand, he dragged her aft almost roughly. Coming to the wheel-house, he cast off his coat and began his work.

"The life-belts are here," he said, speaking and working at the same time. "Hold up your arms so—now we make them fast. I spotted this raft two days ago, and have regarded it as my property ever since. It will float like a cork. Lucky they've forgotten it, isn't it? See, I am just strong enough to get it down. Now, if you will try and lift that end, we'll get it overboard. There she goes splendidly! Can you swim, girl? Can you keep yourself afloat for just two minutes? Then over you go; for your life—jump!"

The sentences followed one another, broken and disjointed, as he cut the raft free from the side of the wheel-house and, with Jessie's aid, flung it into the sea. It was one of those rude contrivances of wood and rubber which passenger steamers sometimes carry to satisfy inspecting officials; a contrivance which few would remember in an hour of crisis. There were many of a similar kind on the Winona, but this raft, slung up to the wheel-house, had been forgotten in the emergency by all save Murray. He had marked it yesterday, when there came to him the idea that fate had claimed the steamer, and that she would never see land again; and this foresight enabled him to carry out his plan without a hitch. Working like a navvy, he cut the raft free and cast it into the sea. He believed it to be the only means of safety, and this belief the girl shared when she took one fearful look behind her and realized what was passing upon the terrible deck.

The hour of discipline had gone by now. As the Winona settled down by the bows, the steerage passengers came aft with one wild shout, and, mingling with the others, fought their way toward the boats. Neither Captain Ross' trumpet-

like command from the bridge nor the revolvers of the officers by the boats kept the panic-stricken people from what they believed to be the way of escape. One upon the other, pell-mell, trampling the women down, they surged along the promenade deck and took their stand by the gangway. Fierce cries were heard, curses, imprecations, the report of pistols, and the screams of the dying; but the mob prevailed, and the timid few were driven down toward the water and death.

All this Jessie saw while she heard Murray's frantic cry that she should save herself.

"Jump or drown!" he shouted almost brutally, for he knew that but an instant lay between her and death. "Jump or drown—you must take the choice!"

She suppressed a cry, clinging to him for an instant in one last appeal. She did not lack the courage to battle for her life, but the black sea below her, the lapping water, the chilling mist, and, above all, the belief that death would claim her in any case, drove her back from the ship's side and left her cowering at his feet.

"I can't! Oh, my God, I dare not!"

Murray stooped and lifted her in his arms.

"I will take the risk for you," he said quietly.

Holding her close to him, he clambered up the bulwarks and leaped into the sea. Jessie felt the water surging in her ears like a torrent of ice. She thought that she was sinking down, down, as if a great weight held her remorselessly. This was death, she saw; and as the intolerable pain in her lungs increased, and visions passed swiftly through her brain, she fell to thinking of the most trivial things, as drowning people will sometimes do. Odd faces passed in review before her; she recalled the last good-by she had spoken to Lord Eastray when he sailed by the Teutonic from New York. She could hear his laugh like a gurgling of water; and this sound recurred and recurred until it became like a mania of the mind which she could not shake off.

In the end she lost consciousness, and remembered nothing more until she opened her eyes to discover the cloud of white vapor for her heaven and the still sea for her cradle. For a little instant of time she did not realize what had happened, or why the sea rocked her thus in such a chill embrace. Then a strong arm lifted her up, and put a flask to her lips; she knew that she was drinking brandy, but the fire of it made her shudder.

"Don't!" she cried protestingly, and pushing the flask away. "It chokes me. Please leave me alone."

Murray let the pretty head sink upon his knees, and, curling himself up on the fragile raft, peered out into the darkness like one who had found a stronghold and would protect it. An ominous silence everywhere prevailed. His keen ear could not detect the splash of an oar or any human voice. The Winona, he saw, lay at the bottom of the Atlantic, a thousand fathoms down, it might be. In a week or less London and the cities would blaze with the newspaper reports of the calamity. He wondered who would live to relate the story truly. A man of iron nerves, the dreadful isolation, the peril of the position, appalled even him. Only this frail raft, six feet square, perhaps, between them and eternity! His arm unconsciously closed about the girl's figure upon his knees, and vainly he sought to shield it from the night.

"The brandy would do you good," he said at last. "I wish you would try to drink it."

She raised herself with an effort, and, escaping from his close embrace, cast one quick glance all about her; and then, as if terrified by what she saw, she sank down again and hid the terror from her sight.

"The steamer has sunk, then?"

"It went down five minutes ago—we were just in time to escape the vortex. There are some saved, I trust. Two boats got away. I hope our friends were in one of them."

"Oh, I hope so, I hope so," she said, trembling while she spoke. "I will not believe they are all lost."

"The fog is so thick, I could see little. If the tramp stood by, there should be many saved. I hope she did—but we mustn't think of it now. We have ourselves to look after, and we want all our courage. If the wind will keep down, it's all right. I shall lash you to the raft in any case, because it's safer, and we might sleep."

Jessie wondered that he could speak of sleep at such a time; but the night had been kinder to her than to him, and he was still unnerved by the terrible tragedies of which he had been the unwilling witness. Not passively had he kept possession even of so frail a shelter. Others had striven for it with him; strong swimmers battling for their lives, drowning men clutching at the hope, even the dead whom the sea washed to that haven. But Murray had driven them away without

pity. He had a woman to save, and he thought of no other. A third upon the raft would have sunk it, he said. So he thrust the drowning men down, and beat the swimmers off, and unloosed the hands of the dead which had closed half convulsively upon his own. The inanimate figure at his side robbed him of the common impulses of the human instinct. He cared nothing who died, if she might live.

He had gained the raft, as he saw, but a moment before the steamer plunged headlong; and, dragging Jessie upon it, he took the short paddle with which he had provided it and worked for dear life to escape the vortex of the whirlpool. The ship sank by the bow, so that her stern was poised for an instant high above the swell and then engulfed in a chasm of foam and rushing eddies. Two of the boilers burst as she went down; and in the path of that explosion fire was shot toward the heavens like some signal of her dire distress.

It was ironical, Murray said, that her great search-light should burn almost to the last, and, rocking its arc of translucent beams, should show the frenzied faces of the drowning and limbs thrust up above the still sea. But thus it was; and even as the steamer went, the great arc seemed to linger an instant and then to be rolled away like a quivering carpet of watered gold which an unseen hand snatched up.

The steamer sank with a roar of escaping steam, a shuddering cry from five hundred throats, and that last mighty roar of sound which her rending decks gave out. Thereafter, for many minutes, no voice was heard, no eddying of waters, nor any movement of the lapping swells. The drenching fog muted the piteous cries, and shut out the awful scene.

X.

MURRAY, kneeling upon the raft and chafing the deadened limbs of the woman he had saved, saw nothing of that which befell upon the hither sea, nor did he hear the distracted voices of those in their agony. The task he had set himself seemed already, to bear this bitter fruit of death and regret; for he believed that Jessie was dying, and he worked with the strength and frenzy of a madman for her recovery. When at last she opened her eyes, he ceased his occupation like a man discovered in a guilty act. The sweat fell from him like rain. He feared that he would slip from the raft, so great was his exhaustion.

"You speak of sleep," she said, taking up the thread of their talk when long minutes had passed. "Do you think you and I will ever wake again, Mr. West? I don't—I don't think I want to, either. How cold I am—how wet!"

"And all our clothes drenched," he said, driven a little way toward despair in spite of himself. "That's why I wanted you to drink the brandy. We'll get the inside of these oilskins dry when the sun comes up, but we must try and keep going until then. I wonder if you could use the paddle; it would keep you warm if you could. There's nothing like exercise when you are wet. I remember once being in a tight place in the Dolomites—an Oxford don and myself kept ourselves warm on a six inch ledge by riding imaginary bicycles with our dangling heels. It looked ridiculous, but it was useful. *Pickwick*, you know, when he fell through the ice, ran for the cup—I wish we had some of that warm punch now! Just the old milk stuff, with plenty of rum in it. I guess we shall have to wait. If there's rum and milk on board the steamer that picks us up, I will brew you some. Now, just try to work this paddle. You will get wet, but you'll keep warm. Do you think you can? Well, try."

He went on like a man who must divert her thoughts at the expense of his own reputation for common sense. Jessie knew that he was talking nonsense, but she did not resent it. Obeying him without question, she took the paddle in her numbed hands, and began to scull vigorously. The raft answered to her touch, and turned clumsily in the lazy swells; she ceased her labor to laugh at its results.

"It is like a circus, and you are the audience," she exclaimed defiantly. "But what are we going to do, Mr. West? Where will it end?"

"It will end upon the deck of the first steamer that has the decency to come this way. I don't pretend to imitate that humbug, the ancient mariner, but this fog promises fine weather, and fine weather is everything to us. Look, the clouds are drifting already, and there is our old friend, the Great Bear. It is only at sea that a landsman remembers the stars. He has a sentimental regard for the moon, and he records the hours of sunshine in his newspapers, but the stars he leaves for melodrama. It is odd, too, because to my mind there is no suggestion of infinity so wonderful or so awful as that of the stars. Just look up yonder—millions of worlds, with peoples, cities, kingdoms,

and just the same little pettifogging troubles, perhaps, as we have here below; or is it something altogether different, and is all that we see, suns and stars and this great celestial sphere, but the heart of a greater world of which we do not even know the nature? My thoughts go that way whenever the pointers show me the north star. I ask myself if the secret is eternal, or merely for a day. If death answers that question, then my curiosity has been the neighbor of knowledge more than once in my life. I remember six positively thrilling escapes, and this is the seventh. If it were the ninth, I should be uneasy."

Jessie ceased to row that she might ask him a frank question.

"What did you do in America?" she said. "Why were you there? I think I should like to know, if you won't hate me for the question."

"Not at all; much better ask it than think it. I went to America to make a fortune. A good many were there on the same errand. We did not always agree. I believed in change of occupations, and necessity saw to it that I was obliged. Some day I will write a book for you—the career of a man who lands in New York with sixpence halfpenny. I will show you how he can turn his hand to anything on God's earth—float a mine, run a bar, be the attractive genius of a dive, black a millionaire's boots, cook for a cattle ranch, start a city, run a paper, break a prison—in fact, live through a melodrama, and come out with a whole skin and some shreds of character. If you don't agree with that, I will not be hard on you, but I am going to ask you a question in turn. What made you call me the Rogue? Oh, I know you did. It is astonishing how fast malice travels, and always straight back to the victim. It is just like an electric current, the positive pole to set it going, and the negative to receive it. I knew what you were calling me the very first night you did it. Now, let's hear you defend yourself."

Jessie turned her face away.

"I don't defend myself," she said doggedly, "and you should never ask a woman for reasons. If we called you a Rogue it was because of the others, your friends. Don't you think they deserved it?"

"Perhaps; it is a question of degree. One man plays poker with railway stocks, and is made mayor of his city. Another plays poker with dollars in an observation car, and is shot in the leg. I never judge superficially. Decent men will do

strange things for money. I am not going to judge Richard Marx to-night, and I will tell you why. He is dead, Miss Golding."

She shuddered at the words, and sat for a little while silent and afraid. She would not ask how Marx had died, nor could she hide it from herself that all the common proportions of life were changed in that dreadful hour. Wealth and station and the trivial ambitions stood so far away. A surpassing sense of loneliness and isolation froze her heart. She tried to tell herself that there was hope, but the voice of the sea mocked her. She did not believe that she would see the sun again.

"Yes, yes, you are right," she said. "I will judge no one to-night; and I am sorry, Mr. West, I am really sorry for what I said."

"There is no need to be that. We shall understand each other by and by. I often think it is a good sign if you take to any one slowly. First impressions of men, and, for that matter, of women too, aren't worth much."

Murray dived into the pocket of an oilskin coat and produced a pipe and tobacco pouch.

"Do you know," he said, "that I planned all this nearly thirty hours ago? It is true, though. I knew it was an off chance, but I took it. There was a helpless ship in an ocean highway, rudder gone, and a heavy sea. I said she might be struck—well, she has been; she's gone, and here am I, just as I saw it all."

"Do you mean to say that I figured in your calculations?"

"You did. I was three hours prying about the ship for some sort of raft which no one else would remember. I saw a hen-coop forward, which would have been the very thing; but it was too heavy, and I could not lift it. All the rafts on the promenade deck were so hitched up that a squad of marines could not have set them free. I went aft and found this thing bent up to the wheel-house. It is just the thing, said I, and Jessie will have to put up with it."

"You said 'Jessie'?"

"I took the liberty. It occurred to me that if two people were drifting round on a six-foot plank, the common formalities would sound a bit out of place. I shall call her Jessie and she will call me Murray, I said. When we are picked up we can be strangers again—that will be very natural. She is going to England to marry Lord Eastry, and I am going to the devil. Perhaps the roads don't lie so far apart, but I must not say so. The

first thing is life; the formalities may come afterwards. So I was telling you I spotted the raft, and after dinner, the night before last, I hitched these two life belts to it and strapped my oilskins just where we found them. It wasn't possible to do much in the way of provisioning, but I have a water-bottle, three tins of beef extract, and just as much biscuit as I could lay hands upon. We shall make an *al fresco* meal and feel better for it; but we are not going to cut the ropes, for we don't know what might happen. We shall only loose them—just so."

He cast off the end of the rope which lashed his own body and hers; and thus getting some freedom of movement, he took his treasures from the canvas bag and spread them upon the tarpaulin sheet which was a part of the raft.

The banks of chilling fog had now been carried away by a light breeze from the south, and all the arc of the heavens was revealed with its radiant stars. Deep and infinitely blue, that mighty vault, thus uncurtained, seemed to uplift their hearts and to awaken new hopes. Jessie asked herself if after all she had not the right to hope.

"Why," she cried, "it's just like a picnic. It was thoughtful of you to think of all these things; it wanted a man for that."

"Of course it did. What else are men for? The thinking women belong to a past age. Hate me, but admit that it's true. In America no woman ever thinks. She does the first thing that comes into her head, and isn't sorry for it afterwards. I like your women, though, chiefly for their impudence. There is nothing in heaven or earth which an American girl respects except the dressmaker. You are a new thing in life, quite delightful, utterly shallow, and generally dangerous. You kill your men at forty, and they like it. In England we are beginning to imitate you—God help us!—but we shall never be more than poor imitations, for our homing instinct is too strong. Now perhaps you will take some brandy; I prescribe it, and I intend to be obeyed."

He poured a little brandy into the cup of the flask, and, mixing it with water from the leather bottle, forced it upon her. She drained it to the last drop.

"That was like drinking fireworks," she said. "Mr. West, you will never marry an American girl, will you?"

"Not in the ordinary course of things. Please don't call me Mr. West; my name is Murray."

"Then, Mr. Murray—"

"The 'Mr.' is superfluous."

"Well, Murray, then—oh, isn't it ridiculous? What are ordinary conditions?"

"That I am sound and sane in mind and body, and that the American girl is of the ordinary type."

"Why, and what's that?" she asked.

"Flaxen-haired, frivolous, expensive, shallow, ambitious, gaudy, incapable of affection, unworthy of love. That is the common type."

"You think so? Well, I don't. American girls are lovable, and that is the best thing about them."

Murray covered a biscuit with beef extract and commanded her to eat it.

"When you are through with that," he said, "I will listen. No doubt you have something to say for them."

Jessie finished the biscuit to the last crumb.

"The American girl is clever," she said, "you can't deny that. She is not afraid to go anywhere. When I was twenty, I traveled from Rome to London alone, and held my own all along. The young English girl wouldn't do that. She'd want an aunt and two brothers, and then she'd be frightened. I'm sure you will see more pretty women at Newport any day in the season than you will see in England in a year. We know how to dress, and we don't make up, because heaven has been kind to us and we don't need it. Then you say we're not fond of our homes. It isn't true, except among a very few silly people who call themselves smart. There is more real home life in America than anywhere, and I don't care who says there isn't. We're very fond of pleasure, but why should we not be? Do you think it is a virtue to be sad? I don't. If a nation is light-hearted, it is happy. We are rich, but we cannot help that. You would not love us any more if we were poor, and you would not talk about us. It is just envy, and we can laugh at it. When I get to London—shall I ever get to London?—I will tell Lord Eastry what you have said; if he thinks the same, I shall go back to New York."

"If he thinks it, you may be sure he won't tell you so. He is a charming man, but I should be surprised to hear that he thinks much. Of course we must get you to London in time for the wedding. It will depend on the ship that picks us up. We are right in the track of ocean-going steamers here, and I don't think anything can happen to us. Look how beautifully calm it is. It's just as if the sea said, 'I will help you.'"

Jessie looked away at the ridges of foamless water, and thought that they justified Murray's words. The sea would help her; she knew not why or how, but she dared to believe that some kindly fate watched over her, and would lift her up even from this menace of the waves. She was not ashamed to confess as much.

"Oh, yes," she said, "the sea says that, and I'm listening all the time. Do you know, Mr. West——"

"Murray, I think you said."

"Well, Mr. Murray——"

"With the unnecessary prefix——"

"Oh, then, Murray, if you like! Do you know we've been talking a great deal of nonsense, and shall I tell you why?"

"I'm all ears to know."

"Why, just to make me forget all this. It's brave of you, yes; but as if one could forget! Think of it——"

"The very last thing you should do. I forbid you to think of it. That's why so many people have no nerves—they think of it. No, you and I are going to try a new plan. We are not going to think of it at all. Here's a smooth sea, a warm south wind, a starry night, and a foothold that will keep us above water, however much it blows. Why should we think of it at all? Just a few hours of cold and wet, and then the dawn, and a steamer in sight, and hey for London! That's the situation, if you must think of it; but I'd much rather that you slept."

"Sleep! Dear God, how could I sleep?"

The exclamation, betraying the depth of her suffering, escaped her despite a resolute determination. Murray pretended not to hear it; but the words struck him like the blow of a knife.

"We can do anything if we try; at least, the schoolbooks say so, and perhaps they don't lie so badly. I know that I am a dreadful chatterer, but I will reform. Let me try to make you comfortable. We'll take watch and watch about, as the seamen do. You sleep until you wake, and I'll sleep afterwards. I'm going to make my ample chest into a pillow—why, see, formalities may be left on shore to-night, and you'll sleep just so. If I don't keep you warm, wake up and tell me so. Man's a clumsy brute at any time, but he's particularly so when he handles a woman."

Jessie looked at him in amused astonishment.

"Am I to be sent to bed like a child?"

"Just so—like a child that has caught cold and must be nursed."

"But you are cold, too—your hands are like ice."

"Leave me out of the question; my hide is pachydermatous. I have the digestion of an ostrich, and the skin of a polar bear. Please do as I tell you; I am the captain of this ship."

Jessie hesitated for an instant, and then obeyed him without another word. His own acts were methodical and prudent. He drew tight the ropes which bound them to the raft; and, lashing them again and again, he knotted them at last so that even a hurricane would not unloose them. The wraps with which he covered the shivering girl were the oilskins from his own back and the large tarpaulin which he himself had provided. Satisfied at last that he had done everything possible, he drew the girl close in his arms, and pressed her trembling limbs to his own.

"Now," he said, "it is my watch—the sooner you sleep, the sooner shall I. Will you obey me, Jessie?"

"Yes," she said, and she knew not why the answer pleased her. "Yes, I will obey you, Murray."

She lay close in that strange embrace, the embrace of a man who must be a stranger to her hereafter; and as the blood began to course more swiftly through her veins and a sense of security to quiet her mind, she gradually lost consciousness in that middle state which is neither sleep nor wakefulness, but only a great content with time and place and the desire of rest. At last she slept.

In her dreams she thought that she sailed the seas alone, and that he had left her. She cried pitifully for his return, but no voice answered her. No ship sailed upon that dark horizon—none but the figure of fate which passed her by unheard. Jessie remembered the dream long afterwards. She would set it side by side with the truth, and wonder what links in that chain of shadows escaped her.

But Murray sat like some figure of stone, motionless, the red light from his pipe glowing ever and anon in the darkness, his face immovable and betraying no emotions. None, watching him, might have said whether love or hate, hope or despair, suffering or content, dominated his mind and dictated his acts. From time to time he scanned the horizon with the quick eyes of a man who has been both hunted and hunter; and from that he would look down upon the girl's face lying so near his heart, and, pressing the slight figure still closer to him, would resume his old attitude of stubborn patience and fatalistic indifference.

Dawn found him thus, when a lagging sun came up from a bank of cloud, and all the waste of waters spread out before him like a revelation of the infinite. He turned his haggard eyes east and west, north and south, but beheld no ship. And the raft drifted helplessly, a thousand miles from land, on the lonely desert of the ocean.

XI.

CAPTAIN KEEN lay all his length upon the red velvet sofa of the chart-room, which was next door to his own cabin upon the bridge deck of the ocean steamer *Royal Scot*. It was two bells in the first dog-watch, about the captain's customary hour for a jug of tea and a more or less genial reckoning with his first officer, Fenton, the one able officer upon his ship.

From dinner-time until this hour no one dared as much as to whisper in the neighborhood of the captain's bivouac. He was studying the beatitudes, the men said, and he needed a third glass of neat whisky to keep them in his head. A fourth led him sometimes to insane outbreaks, when he would emerge from the chart-room with a great riding-whip in his hand, and, striding about the deck like a maniac, would slash the crew right and left.

A little man, he had the manner and the strength of a great bully, and his horrible evil eye, his deformed left arm, and his fearful oaths obtained for him a mastery which mere physical superiority might never have achieved. Complaints and threats were alike a matter of supreme indifference to him. If a seaman spoke of courts, he knocked him down out of hand.

That these things should be done upon an ocean steamship in the first days of the twentieth century has been the subject of great marveling, now that Captain Tod Keen's exploits are more widely known, and that Germany and America have nearly come to blows over the adventure he embarked upon. The plain fact was that the *Royal Scot* could not rightly have been called either royal or Scottish, but was just a substantial ocean tramp bought by the insurgents of Venezuela to run a cargo of arms to the Gulf of Paria.

At the moment when we discover her, she was prepared to show her heels to any war-ship that should be espied upon her horizon, be it American, Venezuelan, or British. She was manned by a crew

of many nationalities, Swedes and negroes and Germans, and no common action was possible against her captain's brutalities; for Sweden would laugh when a negro was down, and Germany guffawed that Sweden's back should be lashed. So Captain Tod stormed the decks, bellowing and striking and playing the maniac's part; and none but Fenton withstood him—Fenton, the silent, sleek-haired Englishman, who never answered, never argued, but only looked. Tod Keen turned away from that glance as if it would burn him where he stood. He never lifted a hand against Fenton; he knew by instinct that such a blow would probably be the last he would ever strike.

It is Captain Tod, then, that we find in the chart-room of the *Royal Scot* at two bells in the first dog-watch. He wears a gaudy uniform, and a cap with a golden eagle for its badge is tilted back upon his spiky red hair as he lies. Strange to say, of all books in the world, a copy of the "*Pilgrim's Progress*" is on his knees; but do not assume that the little man is reading it or contemplating the virtues of *Christian* and the narrow way. Not at all; he is using the margins of its leaves to work out certain mundane calculations, and these concern his own profits when the arms which the good ship carries shall be safely landed and her crew of nondescripts shall be sent packing. Captain Tod figured it out that he would make nearly ten thousand pounds; while Fenton's profit should be one third of his own. Already he schemed how to swindle Fenton of his share, and add it to his own. It is to be done, Captain Tod says, but how it is to be done his whisky-fuddled brain refuses to tell him.

It is just at this exciting moment that Fenton enters, a freckled-faced man from Grimsby town—blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, with the shoulders of one born to the sea life and a servant of it from his youth up. His manner now is, perhaps, scarcely as well controlled as usual. He speaks first, and that is an unusual thing for him to do.

"Come to report, sir—there's a haze of smoke on the port bow, and it looks like a small boat afire."

"Well, let it burn! What's it to do with me? I ain't in it,"

"No, sir," said Fenton; "I am quite aware of that."

"Then what do you come whimpering here for? Am I to be trotted out every time a porpoise dives? What's the boat to do with me?"

Fenton was quite accustomed to this

kind of question, and he replied without any display of temper whatever.

"The boat's got this to do with you, sir—there's a man and woman alive in it. Shall I tell the hands to stand by, or will you?"

Captain Tod laughed with noisy and brutal bravado.

"You ought to have been a woman, Fenton," said he. "You'd have looked well in petticoats, by thunder! What do you suppose I'm going to do? Waste a day cruising around for poor shipwrecked mariners when every hour's precious? Let 'em burn or drown—I don't care a dime!"

Fenton regarded him with undisguised contempt.

"Then I'll give the order myself," he said, with insistent firmness. "The men are waiting for it. They're not saimps, I know, but they're not bad enough to see a man and a woman left to perish. You will have a poor time with them if you hold out much longer, sir."

"What, do the swine show their teeth? Just you point out to me the man that does it! I have a whip somewhere; I'll look for it. Here, give me a hand yourself. That back of mine catches me if I get up sudden. Let's see what it's all about."

Fenton smiled, but offered his hand, nevertheless, for he knew that Captain Tod's back generally afflicted him in this inconvenient way after his third or fourth glass of whisky.

From the bridge whereon the chart-house stood they had a fine view of the narrow decks below, and of the great expanse of the sea, white with surging rollers. A group of the hands stood in the bows peering out at a heavy cloud some mile and a half away to port; and the second officer, a mere lad by the name of Kelly, had fixed this object with his glass. He was an American from Gloucester, who had passed no examination, but who was good enough for Captain Tod and the Royal Scot.

"I can't make it out, sir," he said, when the two came up; "the seas run too high. It looks to me like a hen-coop, though it may be a raft. But that's a signal right enough."

Captain Tod put up his glass and observed the distant cloud for some time without speaking. There certainly was a drift of fine smoke rolling away in thin blue wreaths upon the freshening breeze; but what lay beneath the smoke? Whether it were boat or raft or merely

burning timber, those on the bridge could not for some time make out.

"Better give the word to lower a boat and have done with it, sir," said Fenton quietly.

Captain Tod pretended not to hear the suggestion.

"An old barrel half burnt out, as likely as not," he said, to make a pretense of decency. "You'll be running after the duck-weed next. What makes you think there is any one alive there?"

"My eyes, sir," said Fenton coolly. "I can see a man standing up."

There was a low cry of "Aye, aye!" from the men grouped forward, and they did not take any pains at all to hide their uneasiness.

There are few sailors afloat, whatever be their nationality, good men or bad, honest or rogues, who will turn their backs upon a shipmate in sore need, and the crew of the Royal Scot were no exception. Fenton, watching them closely, put the question once more.

"Better hold on, sir, and have done with it."

Captain Tod said, "Very well," and the bell to stand by rang loudly in the engine-room. The sea was fresh and choppy, but they got a boat down without much difficulty, and Kelly, the second officer, took charge of her.

Captain Tod's last words to him were a threat.

"If you don't come back inside of an hour, I'll leave you to find your own way in!" he bawled. "It would do some of you no end of good to work a bit, you lazy hounds!"

He waited until the boat was lost to view behind a towering wave before he entered his cabin and cried to the cook to bring his tea. When the half-caste who waited upon him hurried up with the tea things, Captain Tod amiably kicked him down the ladder, and sent the hot water after him to keep him in a proper frame of mind. He was out on the bridge again in ten minutes' time, stamping and bellowing like a trapped bull; and his inseparable companion the whip whistled through the air within an inch of Fenton's ear.

At this the chief officer turned like lightning, and, taking a step toward his chief, raised his glass threateningly, as if he contemplated knocking the captain's brains out.

"For two pins I'd throw you into the sea!" he said savagely. "Go into your cabin, you drunken beast!"

(To be continued.)